Collier's

May 10, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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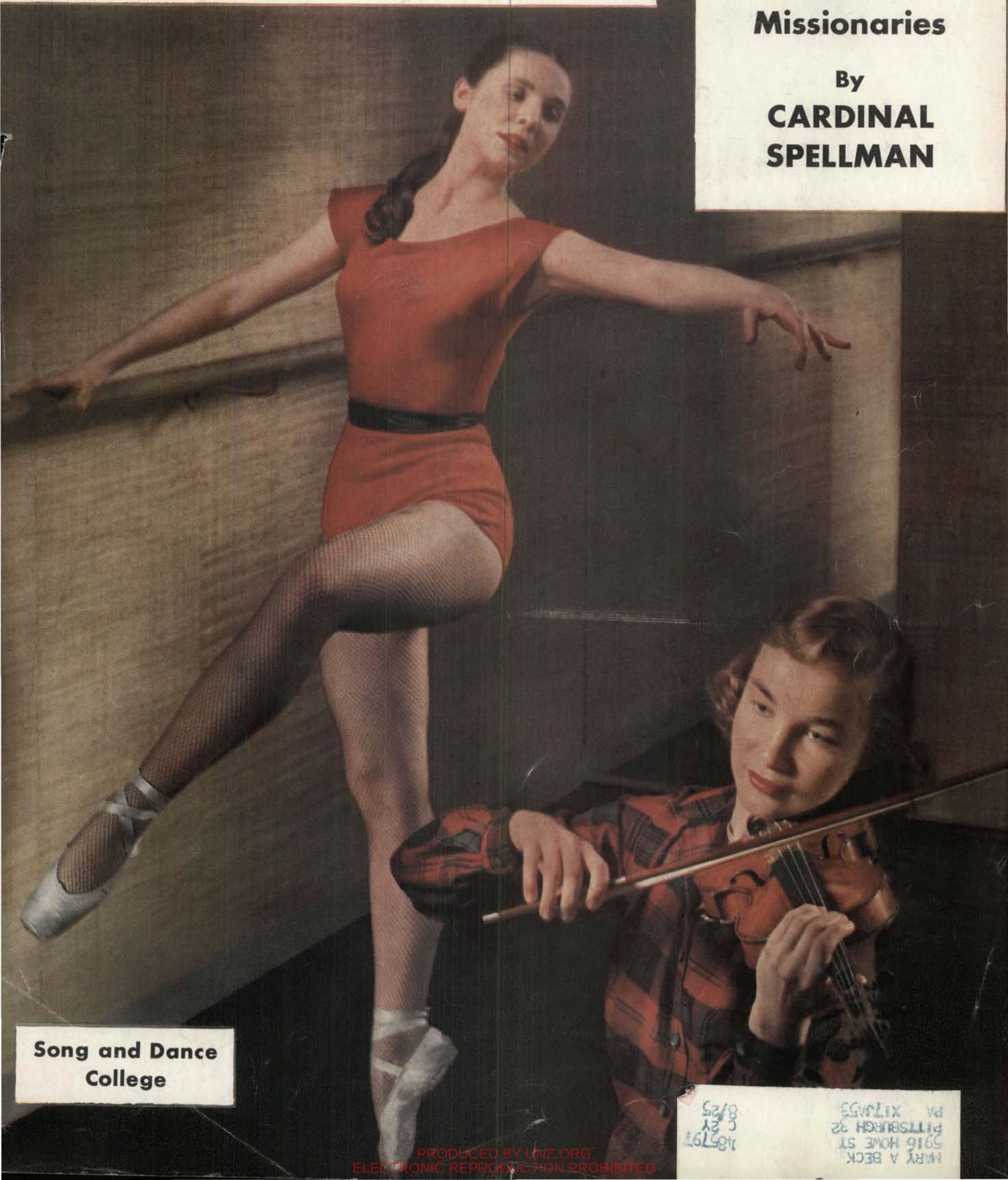
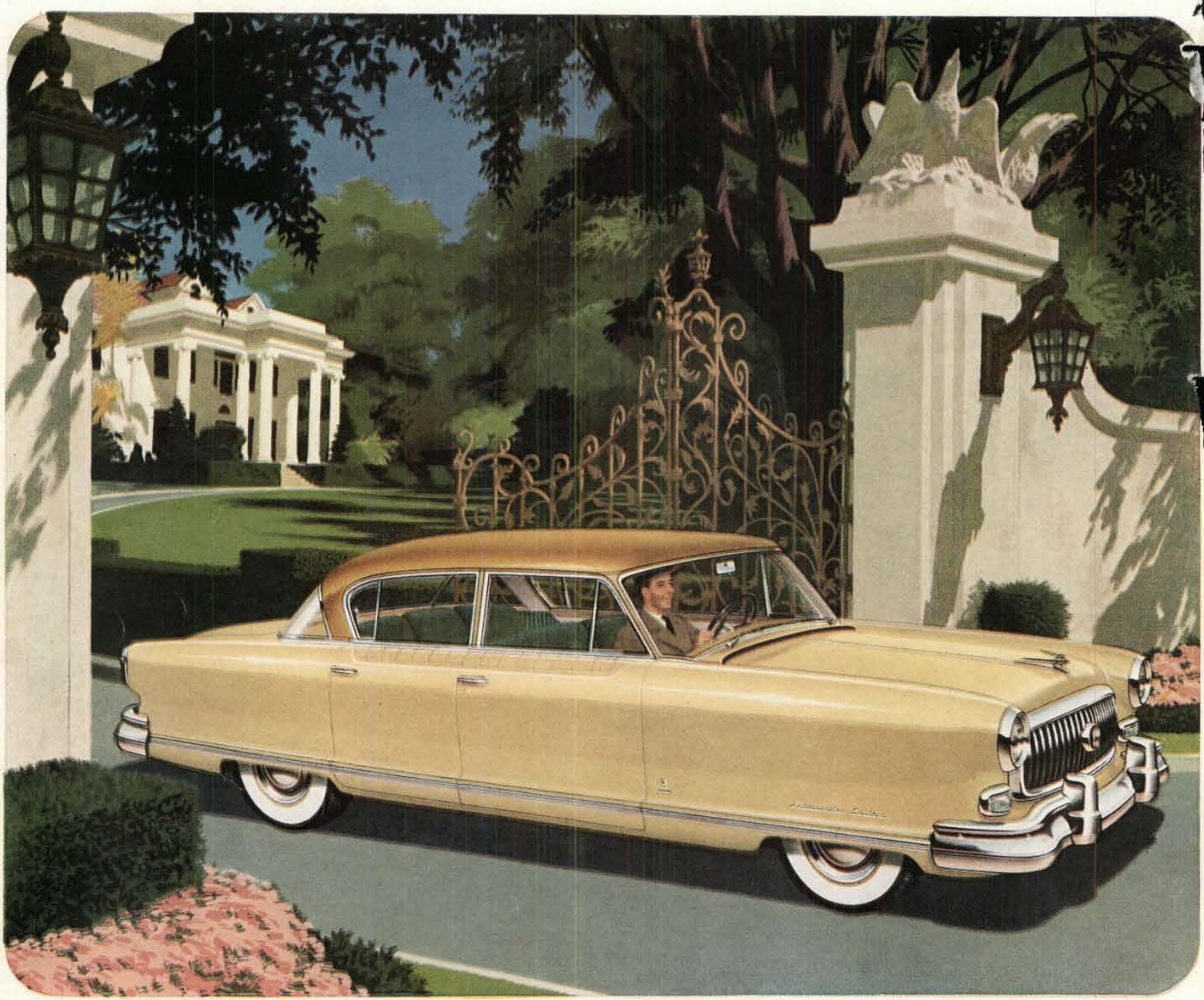
How Red China Tortures Protestant and Catholic Missionaries

By
CARDINAL SPELLMAN



Song and Dance College



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Drive the Golden Airflyte, and learn how much *newer* a new car can be . . . how much *finer* a fine car can be . . . how much prouder and happier *you* can be!

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For this, the Fiftieth Anniversary Nash, is *your* Golden Airflyte. Take command!

TV Fun—*Watch Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club. See your paper for time and station.*

THE AMBASSADOR · THE STATESMAN · THE RAMBLER

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Golden Airflytes
GREAT CARS FOR FIFTY YEARS
1902
1952
GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

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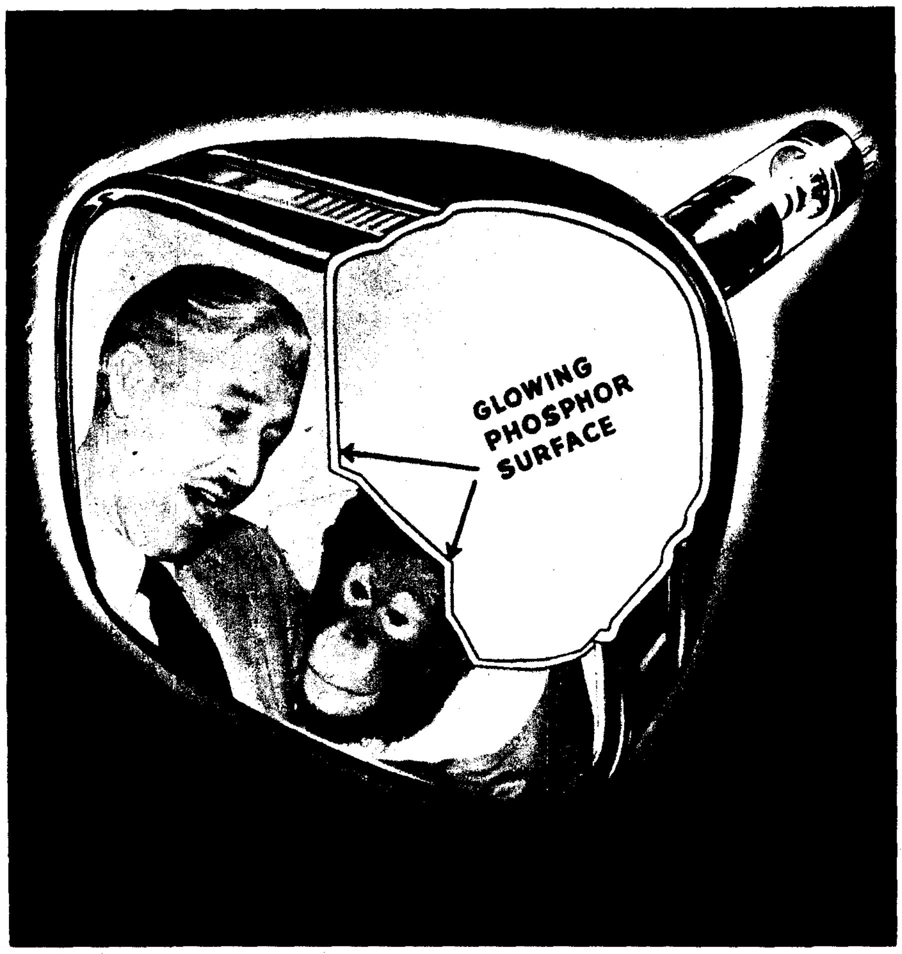
Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

"Our friends can't believe it's our old TV set!"

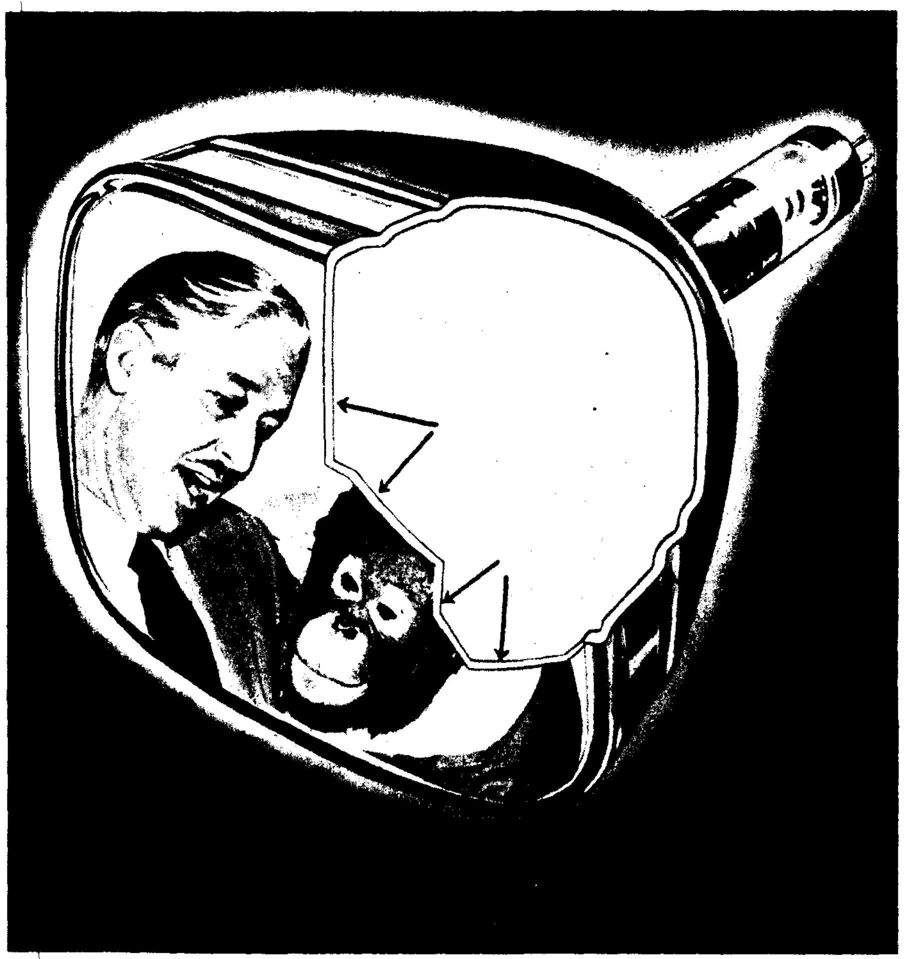
Mr. Richard C. Larko, 5526 Hutchinson Street, Chicago 41, Ill. says: "Fact is, the picture is better than the day our set was delivered 3 years ago. That wonderful new G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE makes the difference—we never had such a clear, bright picture before!" No ordinary tube matches the brightness and contrast of the G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE.

Pictured is Marlin Perkins, star of the Zoo Parade

The picture is better than new with a G-E Aluminized Tube



EVEN WHEN NEW, ORDINARY TUBES often give faded, hazy pictures like this . . . because the phosphor surface on which the image glows sends light two ways: (1) Forward, directly toward you (2) Backwards, inside the tube. Ordinary tubes bring you only the first part of the light; the rest is lost. The picture degraded. White areas are too dark. Black areas are too gray. Contrast and realism are poor. The dim, dull picture is hard on the eyes. . . . may cause eye strain.



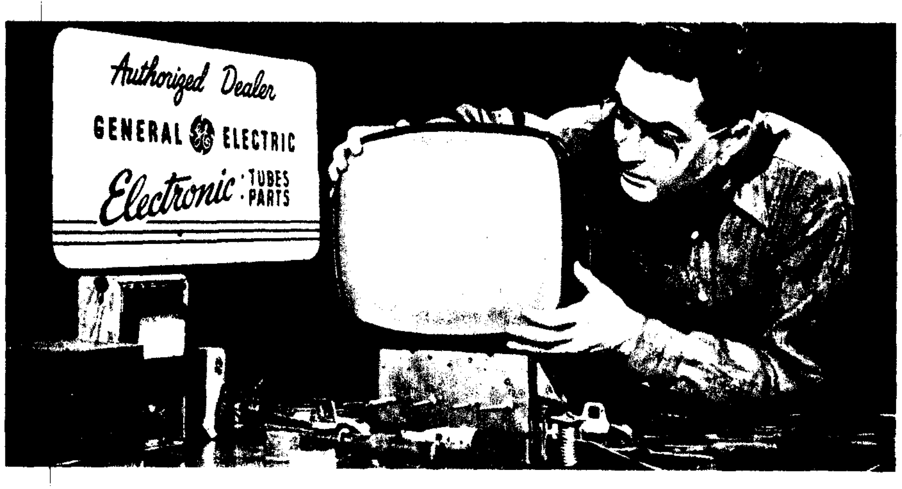
THE G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE INCREASES PICTURE BRIGHTNESS UP TO 100% with no increase in voltage. Revolutionary in design—a mirrorlike film of aluminum behind the phosphor surface reflects—toward you—the light ordinary tubes waste. There's no comparison in sharpness, contrast! Be sure you get the G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE warranted by the quality name in TV—GENERAL ELECTRIC. No ordinary tube—new, rebuilt or reconditioned—can assure the same result.

THE SIGN AT THE RIGHT identifies authorized dealers for genuine General Electric TV and radio tubes . . . in the familiar blue and orange cartons. Easily, quickly installed in any make of set at low cost. For prompt and reliable service, call the service dealer who displays this sign. *Tube Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, New York.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

166-1A2



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Miracle Power used in the gas assures upper cylinder lubrication because it deposits colloidal synthetic graphite on vital surfaces. This special graphite lubricates effectively at temperatures higher than ever found in any automotive engine.

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Prevents "Engine Ulcers" caused by DRY STARTING*

*During stops, oil drains into the crankcase, eventually leaves parts dry. When you start, it may take up to five minutes before oil returns to all moving parts. Meantime, dry metal grinds against dry metal. This, plus acid etching, causes "Engine Ulcers"—and sooner or later, costly repairs.

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May 10, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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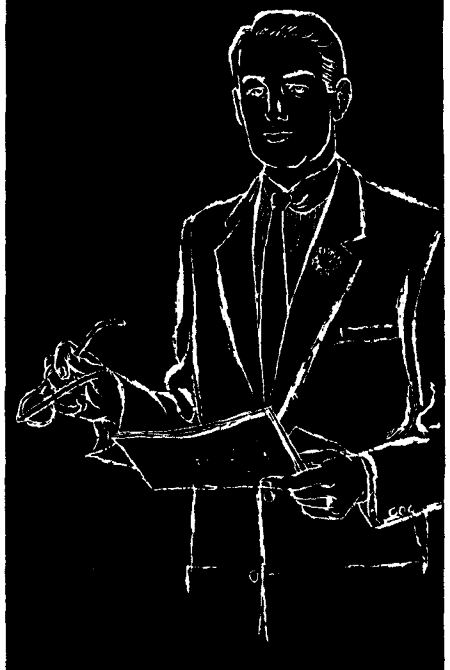
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Men who care...



Suave their hair

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Suave FOR MEN

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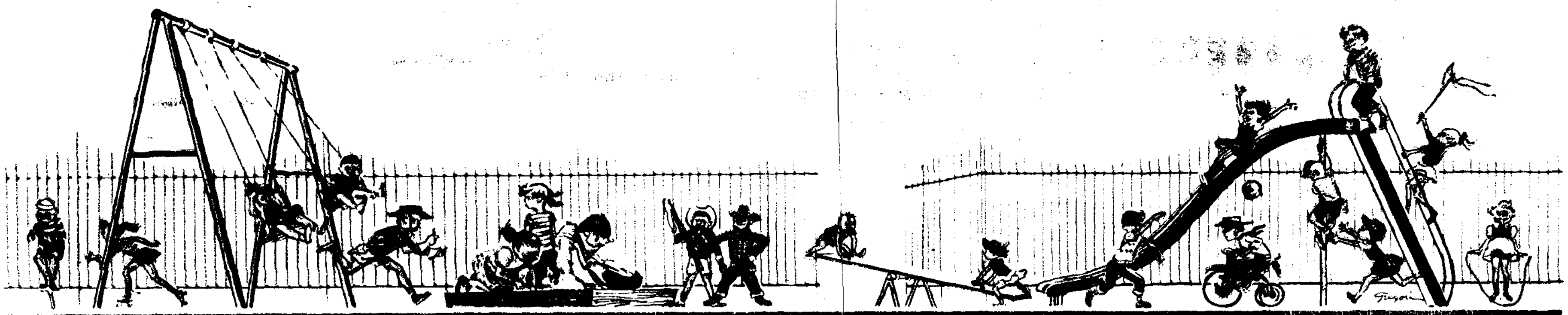
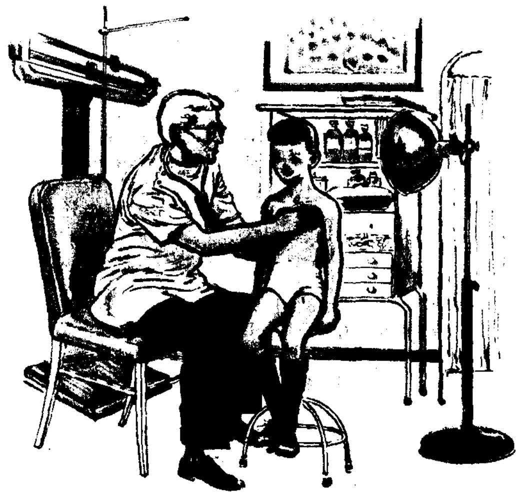


T

Great progress has been made in protecting the health of children, especially among those aged one to five. Since 1900, for example, the mortality rate for measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and diphtheria *combined* has been reduced more than 95 percent. In addition, treatment for many other illnesses has improved so much that the years of childhood are safer today than ever before.

As a result of these advances, doctors and other specialists are now working toward a new goal—to bring *all-round health* to every child. This means more than protection against disease and correction of physical defects. It includes equal recognition of all the factors that will help the child achieve a healthy emotional life.

In order to give the child every opportunity to develop and maintain *all-round health*, authorities stress the importance of the suggestions given below.



For the child's physical well-being

During the early years, good health habits can be developed that may be of benefit throughout life.

Doctors believe that if the child is taught to eat the essential foods, and if plenty of sleep, rest, relaxation, and exercise are included in the daily routine, the child will be more resistant to certain illnesses that occur during the growing years.

Specialists also say that safeguards against communicable diseases must not be relaxed. Fortunately, most of the common childhood diseases are under control—thanks to various immunizations. However, since certain inoculations must be repeated at intervals, it is wise for parents to keep in touch with the doctor. In this way, the child's protection can be kept up to date.

Often a child's health is impaired by physical handicaps. If these are recognized early, it may be possible to correct them before they become serious.

For the child's emotional well-being

A child's reactions—his fears, his resentments, his sorrows—play a vital part in his personality development.

In fact, specialists generally agree that a healthy adjustment to life often depends on how the child's emotional needs are met. They say that if the usual anxieties and conflicts of early life are dealt with patiently and sympathetically, the child will be better prepared to meet troublesome situations in later years in a mature way.

Of course, all children experience some of the emotional problems of growth. Usually they do not lead to lasting trouble. If, however, a *persistent* behavior problem develops, the help of a specialist may be advisable.

Periodic medical check-ups are also important in maintaining *all-round health* among very young children. These give the doctor a chance to detect both physical and emotional difficulties early, and to give treatment or advice when it will be most effective.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of Metropolitan's new booklet, 652-C, "Understanding Your Young Child."

Name____________________________
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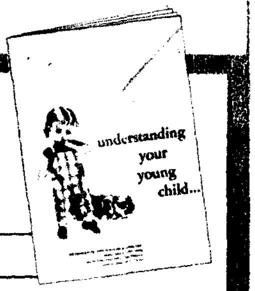

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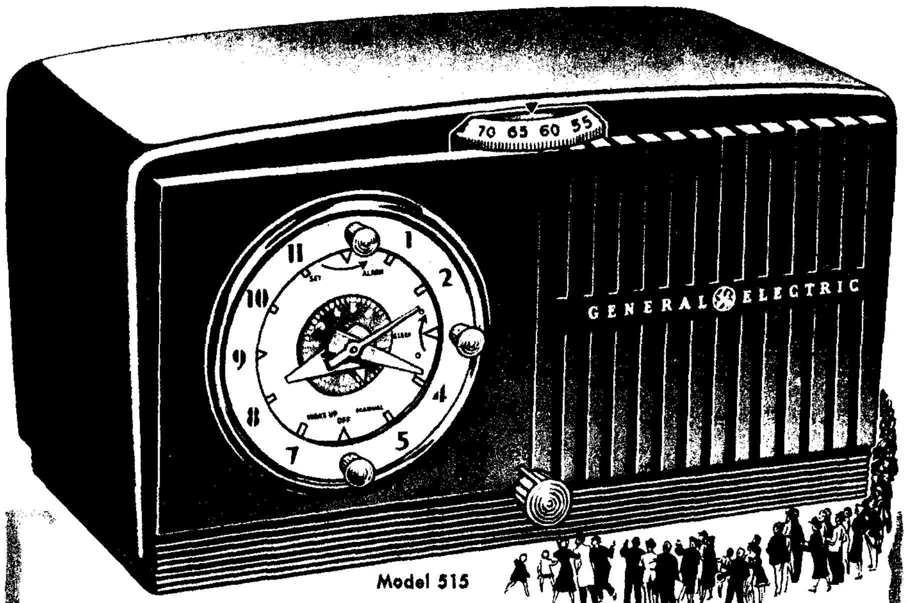
...more than all others combined!



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It's a new world's record for popularity, and no wonder! The amazing G-E Clock-Radio wakes you to music—starts the coffee perking. Automatically turns appliances on or off. At night it lulls you to sleep—then turns itself off. Tells time in the dark. It's the world's most *useful* radio! In alabaster ivory, Congo brown, Persian red or porcelain white—at same low price. See it today.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, New York

G-E CLOCK-RADIO PRICES START AT $29.95*

Turns itself off after you go to sleep!

And wakes you to music without resetting!

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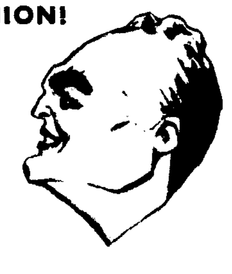
FREE WEEK END WITH FRED WARING FOR YOURSELF AND COMPANION!



- Celebrating the 2,000,000th G-E Clock-Radio! First prize—week end at the Waldorf-Astoria, fall wardrobe including a beautiful fur coat, big G-E Television Console, plus other big awards including the 2 Millionth G-E Clock-Radio itself. Valuable prizes for 99 other winners. No obligation. Get your Official Entry Post Card today from your G-E radio dealer, listed in the classified pages of your telephone directory.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

Dancer Nancy Anne King and violinist Joyce Robbins are students at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, long known as one of the country's foremost producers of great musical talent. Dancing courses are a new thing for Juilliard, but the students of dancing and the students of music have found that they have a great deal in common—as is indicated by the cover picture, and as you can discover for yourself by reading all about this famous school in the story, Song and Dance College, on page 20.

Week's Mail

Man Will Conquer Space Soon

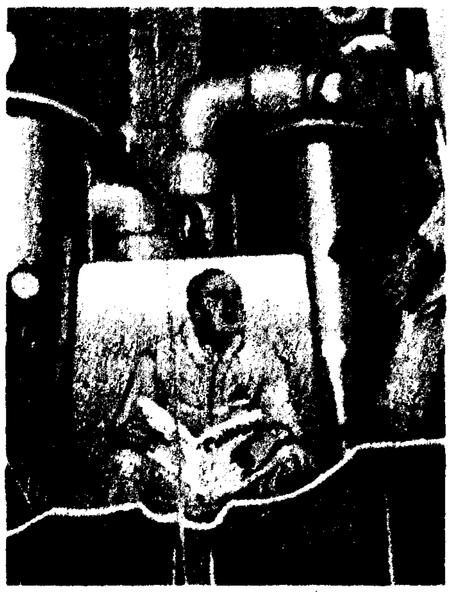
EDITOR: YOUR MARCH 22D ISSUE OF COLLIER'S AND ITS FINE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON HOW MAN WILL CONQUER SPACE IS AN OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENT. CONGRATULATIONS. RALPH S. DAMON, New York, N.Y.

... Of course, being an explorer ... (the issue) ... fascinated me. I congratulate you for the effort, time and great detail that you must have put into this ... I have never seen anything like it before in a magazine. For the past two years I have been working on defense matters ... and that, of course, gives me an added interest in your articles. Congratulations. RICHARD E. BYRD, Department of the Navy, Washington, D.C.

... You have H. G. Wells lashed to the mast! ROBERT MOSES, New York, N.Y.

... I read the March 22d issue and it's a smash. The material is absolutely fascinating. I found myself chilled and thrilled and scared—and I think it's a helluva job of editing. My congratulations.
DORÉ SCHARY, Culver City, Cal.

... The extensive work you have put into the preparation of these articles is very *apparent. Certainly it is* the most comprehensive thing that has been done by any publication to date.
LAWRENCE D. BELL, Buffalo, N.Y.

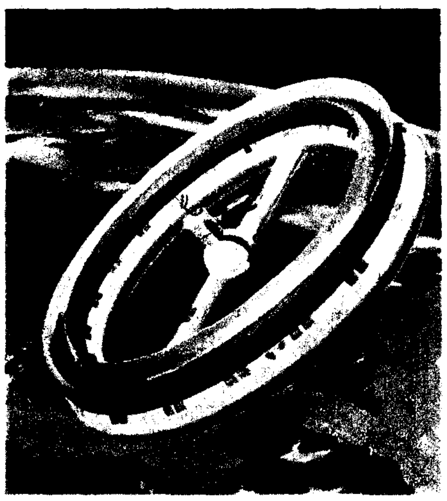


... Who's the goldbrick in the water recovery plant room reading the space edition of Collier's? The artist who drew the diagram?
M/SGT. EDWARD M. BERGQUIST, Lockbourne Air Force Base, Columbus, Ohio

That's Kilroy—he was there too.

... Considering the many unbelievable things that have happened during my sixty-three years on earth, I am almost ready to buy anything, although at times I feel like the mountaineer who had just seen the first railroad train. He said: "I seed it and I heered it but I'll be gosh durned if I'll believe it."

So I'll make a deal with you. You can have all the cash that remains unstolen in the U.S. Treasury to build what you need, on the condition that your scientists build a gadget which, at one fell swoop, will wipe out all public debts in the U.S. I fear that the publication of those articles during Operation Income Tax was untimely!
ARTHUR H. HASCHE, Watertown, S.D.



... From military considerations alone, it would seem criminal negligence for our government to refuse to embark on a (space superiority) program once confronted with the facts. If the Russians become the first to have an earth satellite, our whole program of national defense would be in serious jeopardy, if not made entirely useless.
H. C. TREMAIN, Stockton, Cal.

... I wish I could tell you that I am enjoying the March 22d issue, but so far all I have seen is the cover and a quick glance inside—over the shoulder of my sixteen-year-old David.

Please can't you produce a separate publication of Man Will Conquer Space *Soon* for these budding young scientists? MRS. CARL G. JOHNSON, Fredonia, N.Y.

Arrangements are now being made with Viking Press to produce the issue as a book for publication in October.

... Delusions of "progress" via trips to outer space are now the occupational disease of our best scientists. That's my conclusion on scanning the stop-the-presses feature about moon trips and space platforms and related hooey as printed in Collier's. I believe that the scientists responsible for all this moonshine "science" ought to take off and stay away from the earth until the rest of us can work out the solution of our own miseries.
I. H. SCHWARTZ, Cincinnati, Ohio

... My youngest son, aged thirteen, took Collier's to school and this led to his class having a complete afternoon of relaxation—the teacher became spellbound with the text ... My sincere thanks for a most splendid night of reading. I have not been so thrilled since reading Jules Verne, 30 years ago. FRED H. PEMBERTON, Cornwall, Ont., Can.

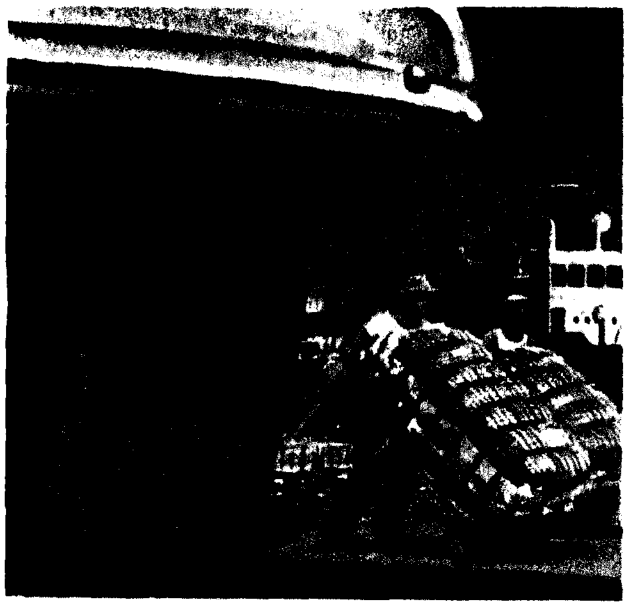
... I commend your magazine for the vision, bold imagination and adventurous spirit exemplified in the editorial comment, articles and illustrations ... By a happy

(Continued on page 10)

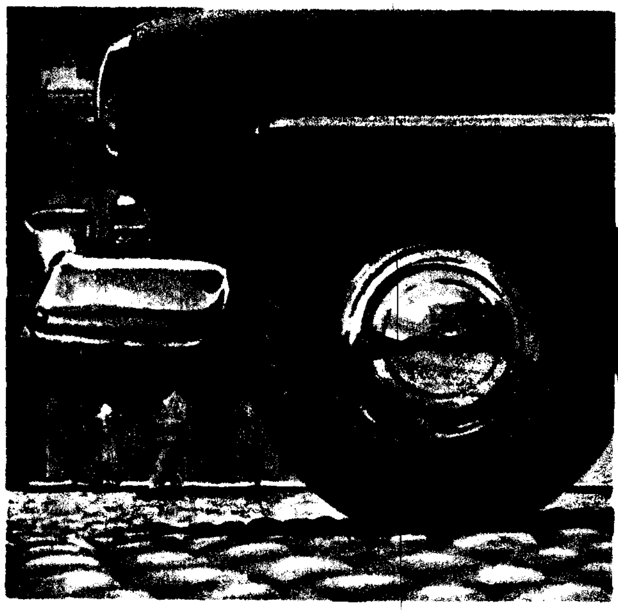
"I ran a 30-year tire marathon... and ATLAS came out on top!"

says I. E. Wild
of Akron, Ohio

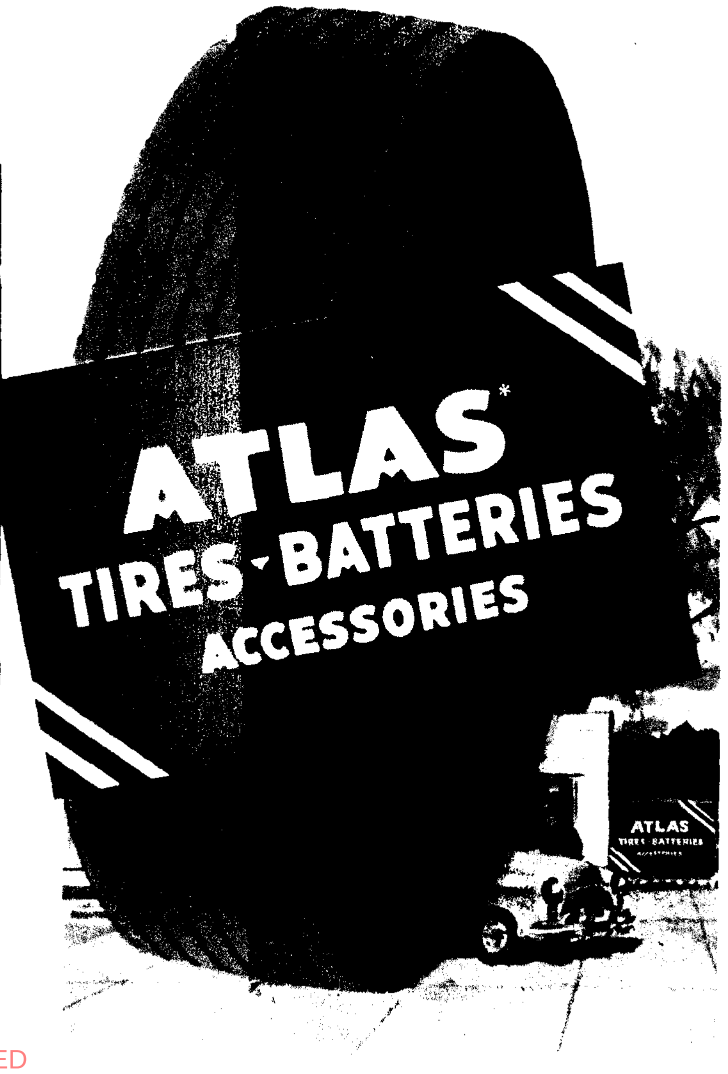
"I've driven through the South as a salesman since 1922, covering up to 50,000 miles a year. In 30 years, I've tested almost every make of tire and I've found that you can't beat Atlas Tires for rough, tough driving!"



The wide, flat tread of Atlas Tires puts more rubber on the road. That means long wear and safety!



Atlas Grip-Safe* and Cushionaire* Tires have buttressed sidewalls for cool running. See your Atlas dealer!



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That cushiony feeling lasts longer with— MARFAK Lubrication

Make your Spring driving "cushiony" driving! Get *Marfak* lubrication. It lasts 1,000 miles or more — gives longer lasting protection to points of wear and friction. Tough, stretchy *Marfak* resists jar-out and squeeze-out, stays put when Spring rains and road water splash away. And that "cushiony" feeling tells you *Marfak* keeps on protecting from one lubrication job to the next. Today, get *Marfak* lubrication from your Texaco Dealer — *the best friend your car ever had.*

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Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

Faithfully yours for Fifty Years 50

TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Home from a winter in the West Indies, Mrs. Waldo B. Coughlan, of New York City, says: "Down there you can find simple, ignorant natives who beat drums to chase away demons who get in their way. Up here we're highly civilized. We merely lean on our automobile horns."

★ ★ ★

And a gentleman in Plainview, Texas, gave his wife a good, hearty piece of his mind at breakfast. When he had said all he could think of, she launched into her reply. He immediately removed his hearing aid and went ahead with eating his cereal, in what he quite foolishly thought was the bliss of the deaf. So she shot him. Nothing serious. And no arrest.

★ ★ ★

So the Camden, Maine, Chamber of Commerce decided that its latest membership drive should have sex appeal. And Mr. V. B. Crockett, of there, hastened to send us the slogan that they adopted: "Your Chamber of Commerce is like a kiss—what you get out of it depends on what you put into it."

★ ★ ★

Before getting into the more serious aspects of the nation's somewhat fluttery state of mind, we pause to thank Mrs. Josie Stackhouse. From Jackson, Michigan, Mrs. Stackhouse sends us a leaflet, of which she's the author, instructing us How to Climb a Ladder in Five Easy Lessons.

★ ★ ★

Anyway, we know of a guy who, having successfully argued a politician into getting a judge to kill a traffic summons he'd received for speeding, hurried downtown to orate to an indignation meeting called to consider what to do about the problem of juvenile delinquency.

★ ★ ★

Old 48 is a bit baffled again by that report of the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee that sometimes it costs $6,000 to fire a government employee. But maybe it's only because we've been fired a couple of times for free.

★ ★ ★

Incidentally, if you are dying to know what the "patterns of child-bearing in the United States" are, we're prepared to tell you how to find out. Maybe you're interested in "crude birth rates with frames for reference" or the "dynamics of family formation." It may be that "estimates of parity-specific birth trends" are just what you need or the "cohort or generation analysis approach to the birth rate." The Federal Security Agency in Washington has published a couple of truckloads of this indispensable information, written in pure bureaublah and the hell with the paper shortage. We have a copy. Don't understand it, but are heavily impressed.

★ ★ ★

Mr. George F. Braunhaus, of Springfield, Massachusetts, is prepared to give "a valuable prize" (character not stated) to any of you who can tell him what's new about the following announcement in his newspaper: "A California scientist has found that in general adults are easier to fool than children or dogs."

★ ★ ★

Correction. Some time ago we spoke of Duane Bradley, of Henniker, New Hampshire, as "Mister." Wrong. Duane Bradley is the mother of four children. Says Mrs. Duane Bradley in part: "A New Hampshire woman of uncertain age looked in the mirror one day, decided she was tired of looking like an old woman, and went to a beauty parlor where she had a new short haircut. Now she looks like an old man." Sorry.

★ ★ ★

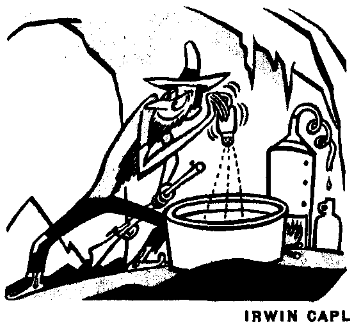
And our roving eye in southern California, Mr. Bob Diedrich, reports a Hollywood café sign: Air-Conditioned Hot Dogs. Also, that there's the energetic real-estate firm of Young & Strong in Maywood. Furthermore, a Los Angeles gentleman is suing the city for $74.60. He complains that he caught cold changing a flat tire, which would have been unnecessary if he hadn't driven his automobile into a hole in the street.

★ ★ ★

The account of the doctor's success started out all right in the Worthington (Minnesota) Daily Globe, but down toward the end of the story came an unfortunate typographical error. We quote herewith: "He used to feel a patient's *purse* before making a diagnosis."

★ ★ ★

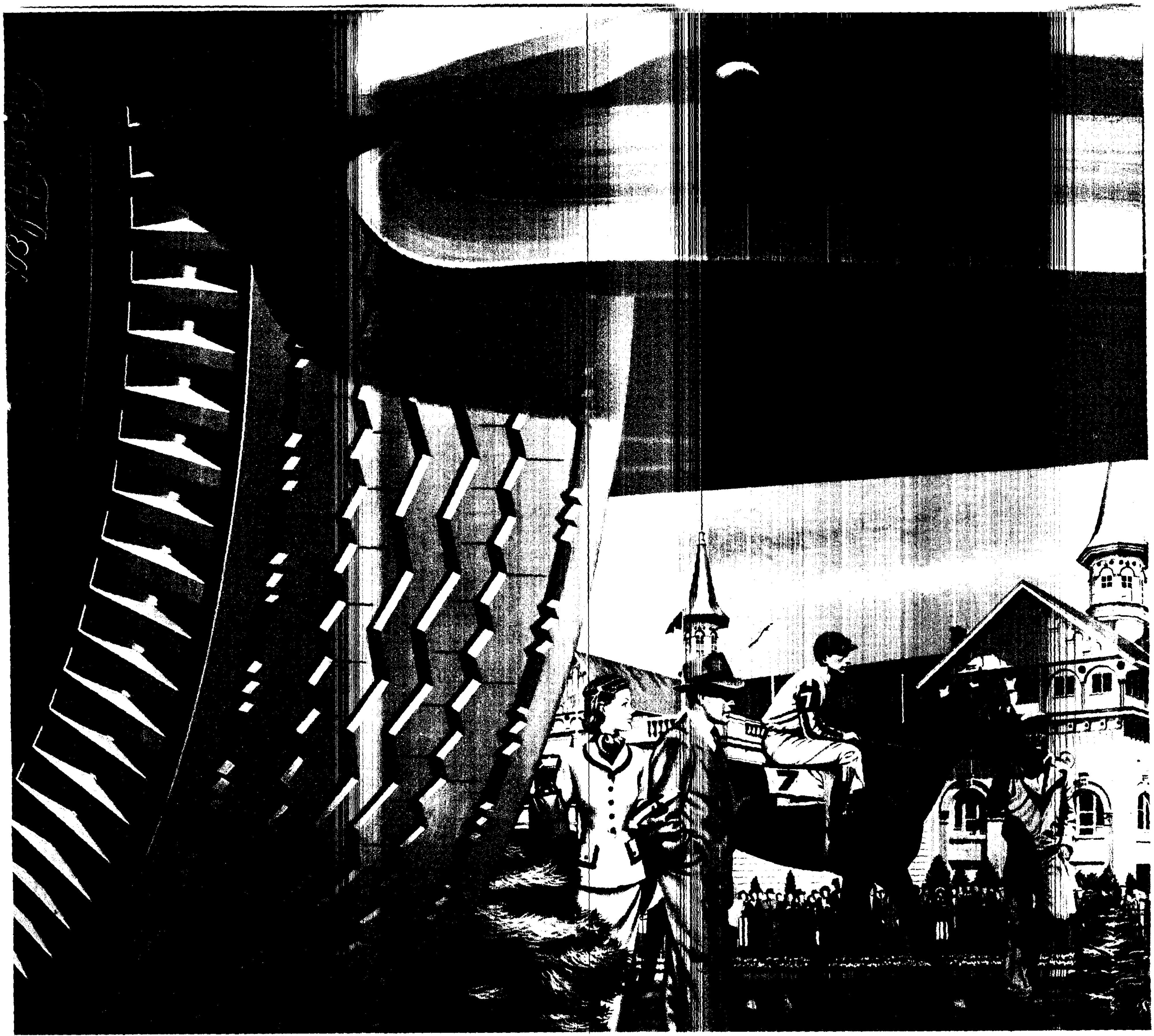
And our North Carolina ear reports a nasty situation in his state. Wildcat corn whisky, or popskull, distillers are salting one another's stills. A moonshiner will sneak up on a rival's cave, throw salt in the mash and scurry back home only to find that his rival's been there and salted his. Thus, each has ruined or ruinated the other's run of swamp-stagger. This Tarheel agent of ours says that a considerable number of the shiners are thinking of appealing to the cops for protection.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

She doesn't know what started the argument but Mrs. B. V. Larkin happened to be in a drugstore in Lima, Ohio, and overheard a man say: "Then why don't the United Nations do what it's supposed to



FAMOUS FOR PERFORMANCE: KENTUCKY DERBY . . . KELLY TIRES

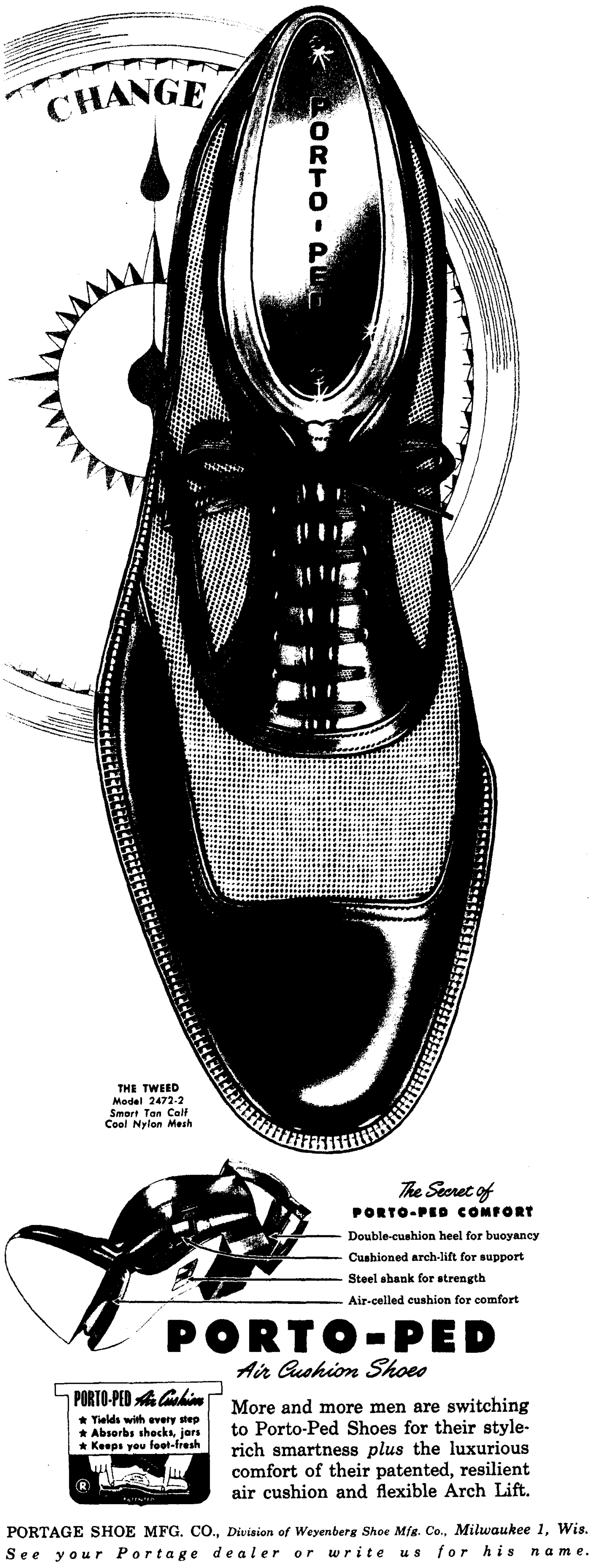
Wherever you go . . . GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS!

You've picked a sure winner when you've got Kellys on your car! They're strong, tough, *dependable*—backed by 58 long years of the tire-building "know-how" that pays off in *extra* thousands of miles! Your Kelly Dealer will give you an excellent trade-in deal on your present tires—allow *full* credit for *all* the mileage left in them. So don't wait till they're worn smooth and risky. Swap them today for safe, new Kellys and enjoy *worry-free* driving!

KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

Proved and Improved for 58 years

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND



THE TWEED
Model 2472-2
Smart Tan Calf
Cool Nylon Mesh

The Secret of
PORTO-PED COMFORT

Double-cushion heel for buoyancy
Cushioned arch-lift for support
Steel shank for strength
Air-celled cushion for comfort

PORTO-PED
Air Cushion Shoes

PORTO-PED Air Cushion
★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot-fresh

More and more men are switching to Porto-Ped Shoes for their style-rich smartness *plus* the luxurious comfort of their patented, resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., *Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis.*
See your Portage dealer or write us for his name.

do?" And his companion patiently explained: "It would, only its members won't let it." When this had sunk in, the first fellow said: "Why don't it get members who will?" Still trying to be helpful, the other replied: "It's like I said—they won't let it." That seemed to satisfy the first man, Mrs. Larkin says. He said, "Oh."

★ ★ ★

And Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, finds that the campaign has now reached the stage where it is unfair to ask candidates what they stand for until they have had a chance to reread their speeches.

★ ★ ★

There was a time, we're told by Mr. William B. Lammerkin, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when a patriot howling for a spot on the public payroll could hit the hustings bareheaded. But times seem to have changed. Today, says Mr. Lammerkin, a candidate for political office has to have at least four hats—one to throw into the ring, one to pass, one to wear and, of course, one to talk through.

★ ★ ★

Ever anxious to be helpful, we now turn our attention to hotel managers. Mrs. L. M. Coffman, of South Bend, Indiana, is just five feet one inch tall—with shoes on. She's also a much-traveled lady, having toured 40 of these 48. She'd like to know why the lower edges of hotel bathroom mirrors are "always about five feet from the floor." Thus, says Mrs. Coffman, "I wash my face by guess, because I've never seen anything but the top of my head in a hotel bathroom mirror." We leap forward with a number of clever suggestions: longer mirrors for shorter women. Or, maybe hotels could install elevators in the bathrooms. They always seem to have a few in the lobby that aren't running.

★ ★ ★

You've no idea, according to Mr. Sam Gelbwitz, how happy the Beech Aircraft employees in Wichita, Kansas, were when they learned that a total of $32,933,724.74 was withheld from their wages for federal income taxes. And their delight knew no bounds when a plant statistician told them that this sum would keep the government running for three minutes and 20 seconds.

★ ★ ★

"Being a husband," says Wes Izzard, of Amarillo, Texas, "is like any other job. Easier if you like the boss."

★ ★ ★

About all those surplus government-ship juggles (including oilers): Mr. Phil Axelrod, of Bismarck, North Dakota, says only that it all reminds him of what the taxi driver said to his lady fare. She handed him exactly what the meter had registered —no tip. At the same time she said: "Is that correct?" Replied he: "Maybe correct, lady, but it ain't right."

★ ★ ★

"You're so darned smart," sneers Mrs. T. L. Murphey, from Bucyrus, Ohio, "suppose you tell us why it is that all babies look like Winston Churchill."

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

union of authoritative writers and gifted artists, the imagination was stirred and a desire aroused . . . to burst through this most challenging frontier in mankind's struggle for a larger and clearer picture of God's universe and our place in it.
J. W. LITTLE, Pelham, Ga.

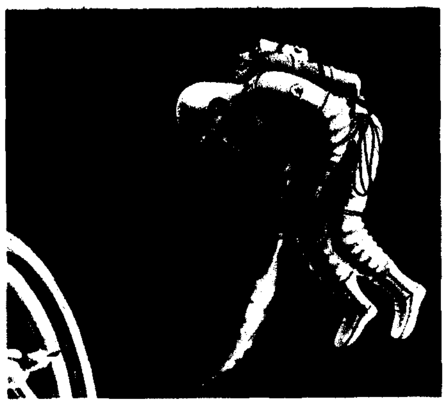
. . . *I predict that it will be impossible to* produce men willing to let themselves be disembarked a thousand miles above the earth. To put it bluntly: no one is going to be that crazy. VAN CORT, New Paltz, N.Y.

. . . Could a crew really be found who would be competent and courageous enough to man a space rocket? Wouldn't each man have to have the genius of an Einstein, the physical stamina of an Olympic champion, the . . . fearlessness of Admiral Byrd, Lindbergh or Columbus?
LOUISE F. WHITE, Charleston, W.Va.

. . . I am a boy of only thirteen years of age, but I am seriously interested. My ambition is to become a lawyer, but if I had the opportunity to go into space I would jump at the chance. If, and when, I enter the armed forces of the U.S., I *will* join the Air Force because I am thrilled at the speed of jets . . . piston engines are so old-fashioned.
WALTER CUTLER, JR., Leicester, Mass.

. . . Why not an organization for boys like me (eighteen years old) who want to go in for that form of future flying? All the necessary subjects could be taught them and eventually we would have an unbeatable "fleet" of boys ready to go out and "conquer space." KEN DURBIN, Chicago, Ill.

. . . After reading the articles I remembered the hazard of meteors striking the wheel. Then I remembered Silly Putty. It is a plastic material which stretches . . . I thought to prevent a leakage of air you could take one layer of steel and then put a one-inch layer of Silly Putty and then another layer of steel thus making something like a sandwich. The Silly Putty would seal any leaks and plug up any holes. I am twelve years old.
DICK HEINE, JR., Fort Wayne, Ind.



One side of the space station always faces the sun. The two men shown in the drawing are working on the sunny side of the platform. They are actually floating in space between the sun and the station, thus the shadows are correct.

. . . We have been reading your March 22d issue with interest. The verdict is that we are short of lunatic asylums for the scientists who are cooking all this up. They have reached beyond the harmless stage of cutting up paper dolls and should be put away in some safe place . . . It would be hard to find a more idiotic "15 Startling Pages" than those I've just read.
PELHAM BARRETT, Southern Pines, N.C.

. . . It is by all odds the most fascinating issue of a magazine that I have ever read in my life . . . I'm insisting that everyone in my family read it. Congratulations.
JACK H. SAWYER, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I am a boy thirteen years old . . . and I would like to make a correction in Mr. Bonestell's drawing (page 25). If I am correct, *in space there is no light*—then how could the figures cast shadows?
JAMES ROGERS, Detroit, Mich.

"Singin' in the rain"

...about the fabulous new

FABRIC THAT HOLDS ITS PRESS

...even in the rain!

Milliken's

DACRON*-WOOL Tropical

*DuPont's trademark for its polyester fiber

Singing and dancing star, Gene Kelly, in a costume scene from the new MGM motion picture hit, "Singin' in the Rain".

Milliken takes DuPont's amazing new Dacron and scientifically blends it with the *right amount* and the *right kind* of wool (55% Dacron—45% Fine Wool) . . . to give you a summer suiting that performs in an almost incredible manner.

You can get drenched in the rain and the trouser crease remains sharp. You can wear Milliken's Dacron-Wool *continuously,* without pressing, through a string of summer's stickiest days... and still look neat and presentable. Even when you travel, wrinkles fall out overnight. The fabric cleans easily, too... greatly reduces cleaning and pressing bills.

Milliken's Dacron-Wool is unusually cool—actually *20% lighter* and *twice as porous* as most summer suitings. Yet, it's a stronger, longer-wearing fabric, with a soft, luxurious feel... styled in many refreshing new pattern effects and colors.

Last summer, 5,000 men wore suits of this fabric. When asked in a DuPont survey at the end of the summer, "Will you buy again?", their enthusiastic "Yes" was overwhelming.

Why Milliken selects wool—and only wool—to blend with Dacron. *Because, to date, no other fiber combined with Dacron produces a fabric with all the plus features of Milliken's 55% Dacron – 45% Wool!*

WEAR 55 45 OR *wilt!*

WHERE TO FIND SUITS OF MILLIKEN'S DACRON-WOOL

Milliken, with 87 years' experience in quality textiles and the originator of the Dacron-Wool blend, calls this fabric VISA. It's available through the country's finest stores in suits and slacks of a number of leading clothing manufacturers. The fabric is not identified as Milliken's in every case, but you will find the Milliken label in Viracle suits by Hart Schaffner & Marx, Stratoweigh suits by H. Freeman & Son, Terrapin suits by Eagle Clothes, Froslax slacks by Esquire Sportswear. Also in men's sport shirts and ties by Damon Creations, and in women's suits—Marvira by Ben Gaynes, Inc.

Suits range from about $55 to $69.50, according to the make. Slacks, about $20. Write for names of retailers nearest you.

DEERING MILLIKEN & CO., INC. • WOOLENS, WORSTEDS, SYNTHETICS, BLENDS • MEN'S WEAR DIVISION, DEPT. C • 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

He watches a

to make

To measure fineness of a tiny wisp of fiber, scientists place it behind this microscope and set it vibrating over a range of frequencies. By observing the frequency of vibration which produces a full wave, scientists can quickly determine *the fineness of a single filament which is too small to weigh by ordinary methods.*

Du Pont fibers are planned

fiber dance

sure it performs for you

Better clothing for you begins with a textile fiber as fine as five-thousandths of an inch.

If you peeked into that microscope, you might see the start of frothy-light tulle for Mom's spring hat . . . a comfortable fabric for Dad's suit . . . or a soft, warm one for Daughter's jacket.

They all start with a fiber—and here a Du Pont scientist is measuring denier, or fineness, of a fiber that's many times finer than a human hair. It's done by sending sound waves through this wisp. When the right wave length strikes the fiber, it begins to "dance," just as a piano string vibrates at the sound wave of a certain frequency.

Just as the textile technologist measures and controls denier, he can control other qualities to give you better clothing—qualities that give longer wear, wrinkle resistance, comfort, more variety in color and texture. These qualities are built into the fiber itself to last the life of the fiber in your fabric.

Du Pont now makes five man-controlled fibers: *Nylon*, *Rayon*, *Acetate*, *Orlon* acrylic fiber*, *Dacron* polyester fiber*. Each has properties that make it best for certain uses . . . each does its job in bringing you "better things for better living . . . through chemistry."

Textile Fibers Department, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington, Del. Du Pont makes only the fibers—not the fabrics or finished products shown.

*DU PONT TRADE MARKS

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

150th Anniversary

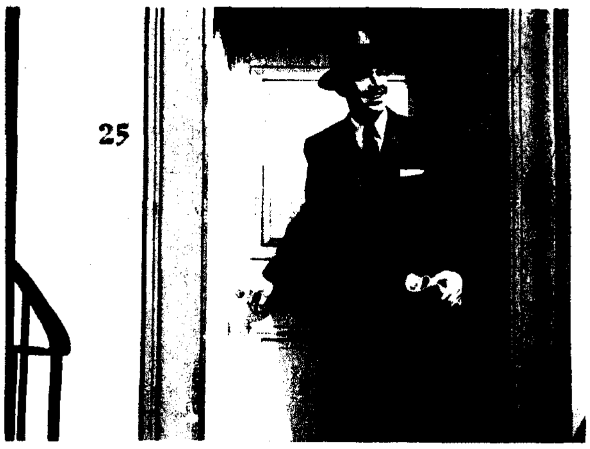
Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

A new man-made fiber is "Dacron," into which Du Pont chemists have built a unique set of helpful properties. It's appearing now in suits, dresses and blouses that are wonderfully wrinkle-resistant.

"DACRON"

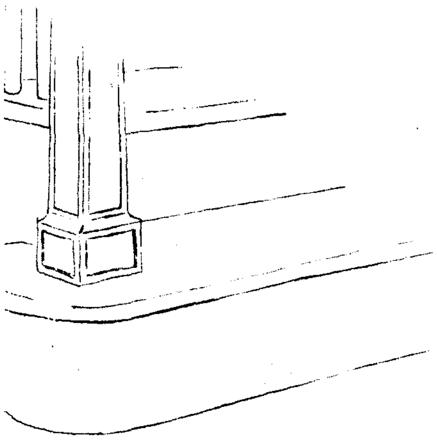
Luxurious fabrics at a practical price are yours with Du Pont acetate. In lingerie and in outerwear, this man-made fiber has helped to make American women the world's best-dressed.

ACETATE



The rich, soft fabric of this light-weight suit is made of "Orlon," a fiber planned by chemistry. Suits of "Orlon" are long-wearing, keep their shape, hold a crease well, resist wrinkling.

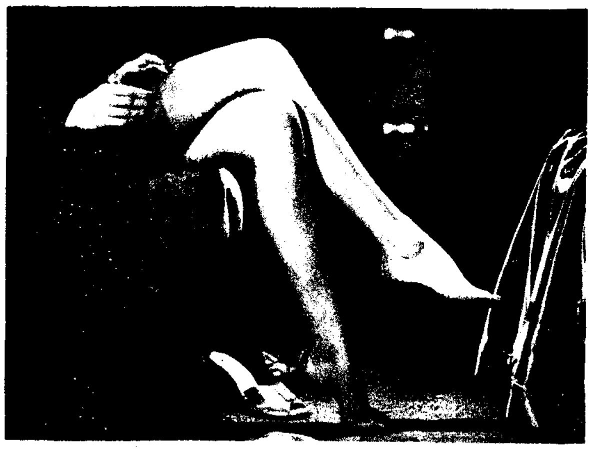
"ORLON"



for better living

Wherever you go, you'll see rayon with all its versatility. In women's suits, upholstery, draperies, this fiber contributes smart appearance, dependable wearability, practical economy.

RAYON



It changed women's stocking habits overnight! And now the wonder fiber, nylon, with its strength, elasticity and long wear, is contributing economy to many kinds of industrial fabrics.

NYLON

top it with Swift's Brookfield Cheese Food

for the swellest snack this side of midnight!

PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE FOOD
PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE FOOD
Swift's Brookfield

Everybody goes for this smooth combination of tangy, aged cheddar and choice, mild cheese and other milk nutrients. So nourishing for all the family. So right for all your cheese recipes.

Swift's Brookfield fine dairy foods

Swift's Brookfield Pasteurized Process Cheese Spreads *in handy 5 oz. jars. Serve them often – for parties or quick snacks. Seven tempting varieties:* OLD YORK, CHEESE AND BACON, OLIVE PIMIENTO, BLEU, PIMIENTO, RELISH *and* PINEAPPLE.

Cheese Spread & Bacon
Olive Pimiento
Old York
Pimiento
Relish
Pineapple
Bleu

Collier's, May 10, 1952

How Red China Tortures PROTESTANT and CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES

Here is evidence, says the Cardinal, to speak "for silent hosts of murdered missionaries and brave-spirited, humblehearted hundreds still enduring living death behind the Bamboo Curtain"

By FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN

A BLOOD-RED flag flying atop a pole on the far side of a small muddied stream is the dividing line between Communist-controlled China and free Hong Kong territory, barely 30 yards away. News reports stated that I was at this border line just as nine Maryknoll missionaries walked over the bridge, through the barbed-wire fence, and stepped once again into freedom. Their gaunt, ash-gray faces and sunken eyes reflected the mental and physical persecutions they had suffered in Red China. Yet I seemed to sense that their joy at being free again, and the love they carried deep within their hearts for the Chinese people, overshadowed memories of miseries endured at the hands of their Communist captors.

Reading reports of this meeting, hundreds of persons have asked me: "What happened to the missionaries behind the Bamboo Curtain? Is it true that they were beaten, tortured, hanged and shot in mass murders during religious purges?"

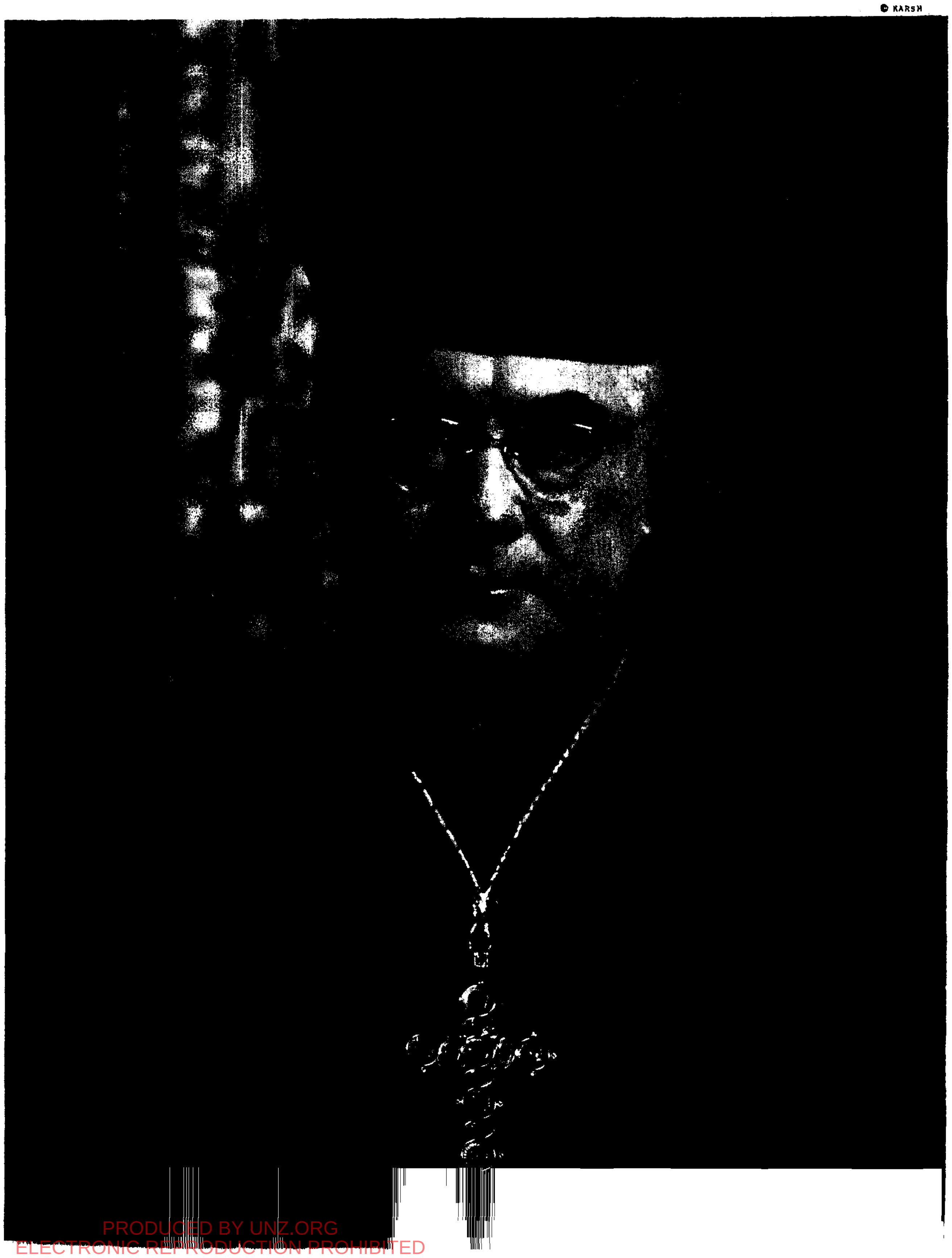
Here I record not only the experiences of these Maryknollers, but the stark truth as I myself saw it, and as it was entrusted to me by others, Protestant and Catholic missionaries, American, French and Dutch, Italian, German, Canadian and English, as well as China's own. They are the sad, sordid stories that hordes of savage men and women out of the Red East have been writing as they trace the tragic history of our times in blood and torture and death—stories that sound like carbon copies of one script, so much does each one match, word for word, the other. But actually they are the experiences of hundreds out of thousands of heroic men and women who, devoted to the service of God and man, remained at their posts in every corner of China as the Red flood surged southward.

These stories speak, too, for silent hosts of murdered missionaries and other brave-spirited, humblehearted hundreds who are still enduring living death somewhere behind the Bamboo Curtain, condemned to hard labor or solitary confinement in dungeons, after torturous grillings and mock trials by those very peoples whom they had dedicated their lives to save.

* * *

Two hundred, five hundred, a thousand miles from the sea, through the infinite complex hills and valleys of China, marched the Red Army. And the principal objectives of these hating men were the Protestant and Catholic missions where ministers or priests would be found at their daily tasks, and where, in their convents, foreign and Chinese Sisters were conducting schools and orphanages, performing their multiple works of mercy.

In the dead of night they came—ten, twenty, thirty soldiers armed with guns with fixed bayonets, banging on the doors of convents or mission compounds, shouting and demanding entrance, while across the hills as far as one could see, the earth seemed to be afire as the death shrieks of the bayoneted, burning victims mingled with the eerie, wild



© KARSH

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YOUSUF KARSH cries of the Communist soldiers—*"Sa-aat! Sa-aat!"* ("Kill-l-l! Kill-l-l!")

What happened then? The same as in every other country of the world where Communists are enthroned in power and free men are enslaved. Churches and rectories were at the mercy of soldiers who daily invaded them, desecrating, pillaging and destroying. Properties were confiscated and dispensaries closed. Religious were forbidden to teach and Communist substitutes incited the children to attack and revile the missionaries.

"Down with the priests, down with the church, down with all missionaries, down with their God!" parrot-like they screamed as they threw garbage at the nuns, spat upon them, cursed them and called them vile names, ripping their habits and tearing the veils and bonnets from their heads.

After these revilings and ravagings, the personnel of the missions were either jailed under false charges or kept under "house arrest" which, mild though it may sound, is an ugly ordeal. Prisoners in their own missions, religious dare not leave the room except twice daily, under guard, for three-minute periods. They are denied the privilege of shaving or bathing, and limited to one cup of water for drinking and one for washing as their daily allotment. Rosaries and breviaries are taken from them and they are forbidden even to pray!

One soldier noticing a nun's lips moving, and suspecting that she was praying, warned that she would "be hanged by the thumbs" if she continued. Thereafter, while praying, the Sisters held in their hands the Communist literature which they had been commanded to read, so that their guards would think they were studying. Instead, they were praying to God for the freedom of China and the conversion of their captors.

When the Reds first dominated China, all missioners, men and women, were treated, or I should say, mistreated alike. Following their perfidious pagan pattern, the Communists looted and burned hundreds of China's churches, mission schools, convents and monasteries, and violently murdered, hanged, shot or fiendishly tortured to death not only missioners but also Christian men, women and even children.

The terrible truth of this is perhaps best understood by the tragic figures of 28,000 against 1,800—for, in 1948, just before the final domination of China by the Reds, there were functioning in that country nearly 28,000 religious, including foreign and Chinese Catholic and Protestant missionaries; while at this writing there are only about 1,800 religious left in that vast, unhappy land.

Later from Stalin's puppets came new orders: stop killing foreign missioners; imprison, torture, exile them; condemn them to solitary confinement or hard labor, but discontinue public and mass executions. Why? Somehow, somewhere their poisonous propaganda had gone awry. Mass murders were glorifying instead of vilifying missionaries to the outside world, and peoples began slowly to waken from out their lethargy as they read, pondered and finally began to believe the reports of heinous Communist crimes perpetrated upon the innocents in the Far East.

And so, while the Red regime continued to put to death in "wholesale lots" their own Chinese clergy, they spared from outright murder foreign missioners, subjecting them instead to every torturous agony conceived by the ugly, crazed minds of godless men. "Anything short of murder" was the standing order of the day—every day.

As the Communists moved into the southern provinces their invariable program was to charge the missionaries with one or more "crimes": possession of an invalid passport or an American flag; secreting bullets and opium planted by the Reds themselves; giving medicine or money to bandits; spying for the United States; preaching sermons about God or the atom bomb; murdering orphans and killing babies; possessing unregistered American money or radios.

* * *

Then came periods of "house arrest" which ended only at the whim of their captors, when nuns, ministers and priests were taken to "regular" prisons, usually led by ropes wound around their necks, with elbows pinioned behind their backs. Churches and convents were confiscated and became neighborhood trial courts. The accusers stood on the altars while Communist soldiers beat the prisoners in the sanctuaries. Battered, broken and bleeding, many were dragged by ropes up and down the church aisles before they were taken out and shot or clubbed to death. Thus did China's churches under Red tyranny become bloodied scenes of true martyrdom!

Often after their trials missionaries were brought back to their own churches and subjected to the cruel humiliation of imprisonment in the very places where they had conducted their ministry. Crucifixes and other symbols of faith were torn down before their eyes and chopped into firewood, sometimes to cook the guards' meals. Sisters were forced to witness humiliations and cruelties at the public trials of their pastors, while they themselves were the victims of indignities that only barbaric madmen could invent.

A typical routine of the Communists was to confine the nuns to one room while soldiers used the rest of the building for themselves, placing under government seal all the property and possessions of the convent. Even the well was sealed, under the supposition that the captors might one day find themselves poisoned by their captives. Food supplies were kept behind locked doors, while the money permitted the Sisters from out their own mission funds to supply themselves with food and necessities was exactly eight cents in American currency per day. From these few pennies the official delegate usually "borrowed" one half.

When the well of one mission orphanage went dry it was necessary for someone to go to the river

Cardinal **welcomes group of Maryknollers reaching Hong Kong following expulsion from China**

In Orient **prelate boards junk with Archbishop Riberi (face hidden), whom Reds also expelled**

for water. The oldest of the orphans volunteered, and each morning five of them together would go down with their buckets to fetch water. Mere children, the nuns felt that the orphans would be safe from the Communists. They were—for four days. On the fifth morning, four of the orphans raced back to the mission crying that one of their companions had been shot. Two Sisters rushed to the river with a board stretcher and found the boy sprawled rag-doll-like at the river's edge—one bullet wound in his head and three in the child's chest. That afternoon the Sisters and priest, the only "mother and father" he had ever known, laid him gently to rest on the compound grounds, the only home he ever had.

A favorite routine Red ritual was to organize huge mass meetings and order a local priest or minister publicly to renounce his faith, denounce his church, reject God. Refusing, he at once offered his life in sacrifice, the most precious gift that man can make in proof of loyalty and love of God—for he was either shot, hanged or clubbed to death.

* * *

As the square for public trials is frequently outside the mission compound, the Sisters share the agony of the victims. The beating of drums and cymbals breaks the silence of early dawn. Prisoners, their wrists bound together behind them, are marched out under armed guard, pushed to the usual raised platform and forced to kneel, hour after hour on uneven boards, while their accusers mount the platform, and, well rehearsed, scream out their false accusations, wildly beating the helpless, manacled victims. With bony, gnarled fingers old men and women witnesses claw at the half-dead prisoners, often puncturing their eyes which look like black holes in their corpselike faces.

When the victims finally fall prostrate, guards, sometimes women, yank them to their feet so that they can be cruelly clubbed and abused again. Like football players punting in mid-air, violent young men take running leaps and viciously kick the prisoners in their stomachs until they are convulsed in agony. And, all through these terrible, appalling, unbelievable animalistic exhibitions, cheerleaders rouse the crowds of thousands in fiendish applause, and at intervals and given signals cry out: "Kill them!" "Shoot them!" "Wipe out the running dogs of the American imperialists!"

And any witness who dares to express emotions of sympathy is himself made a prisoner of the Communists and a victim of similar bestialities.

While these trials draw out hour after agonizing hour, Sisters, prodded by guards, are forced to watch these violences and atrocities. Missionaries, both men and women, have told me that the tortures of their own trials were easier to bear than the torment of listening to and watching the persecution of others. One said, "Two men were hung up by their thumbs in a cell near D. and me. The torture was excruciating as their bones were slowly pulled from their sockets. It was almost as hard on us for we suffered unspeakably with them, hour after hour, until they were released in merciful death."

Three Sisters were forced to watch similar savageries inflicted upon a Protestant missioner for 13 hours. Armed guards were stationed in the room to see that the Sisters did not cover or close their eyes, and, when one of them could no longer stand the sight of his anguish, she was threatened with similar treatment if she made but one sound or movement to help. In the end, through his broken, bleeding mouth the minister was still whispering, "No!" to his torturers who were trying to force him publicly to renounce his God. One nun said to me: "Inwardly we cheered, praying to ourselves that if we be called upon to endure such torments we could display such fortitude as did Dr. ——."

If victims be not missioners, but "only Christian dogs," they are kicked back to the dungeons, their tortured bodies bathed in sweat and blood, while often friends and family jeer and taunt them to prove their own loyalty to the party, thus trying to save themselves from becoming victims of this same fiendishness. For Chinese are forced not only to testify against missionaries who for years have labored to help and save them from hunger, disease and death, but sons and daughters are forced to testify against their own parents

In Canton three daughters told before the court that their father was a member of the Nationalist underground and was responsible for the death of a number of Communist troops. They "confessed" that they were ashamed of their father and "demanded" that a just punishment be accorded him. He was tortured and hanged.

But, too, there are examples of high loyalty and great devotion in this macabre setting of Communist China. Two Jesuit high-school boys, ordered by the leader of the Communist Youth Organization to make accusations against the priests, refused although they knew that the consequences for this disobedience would be clubbings and death. When the mother of one of these boys tucked her son's sweater under his arm on his way to school that fateful morning, she had said to him: "I don't want to see you back here again if you say one word against those Fathers."

When the police came to her door the following dawn, she knew that her boy would never return!

Missionaries have fought valiantly to save their seminaries. Red authorities drive faculty and students from their buildings and turn the seminaries into jails. Teachers and students move from one town to another, taking over small houses, making desks of rough boards. There are no beds, so teachers and students sleep on the floor.

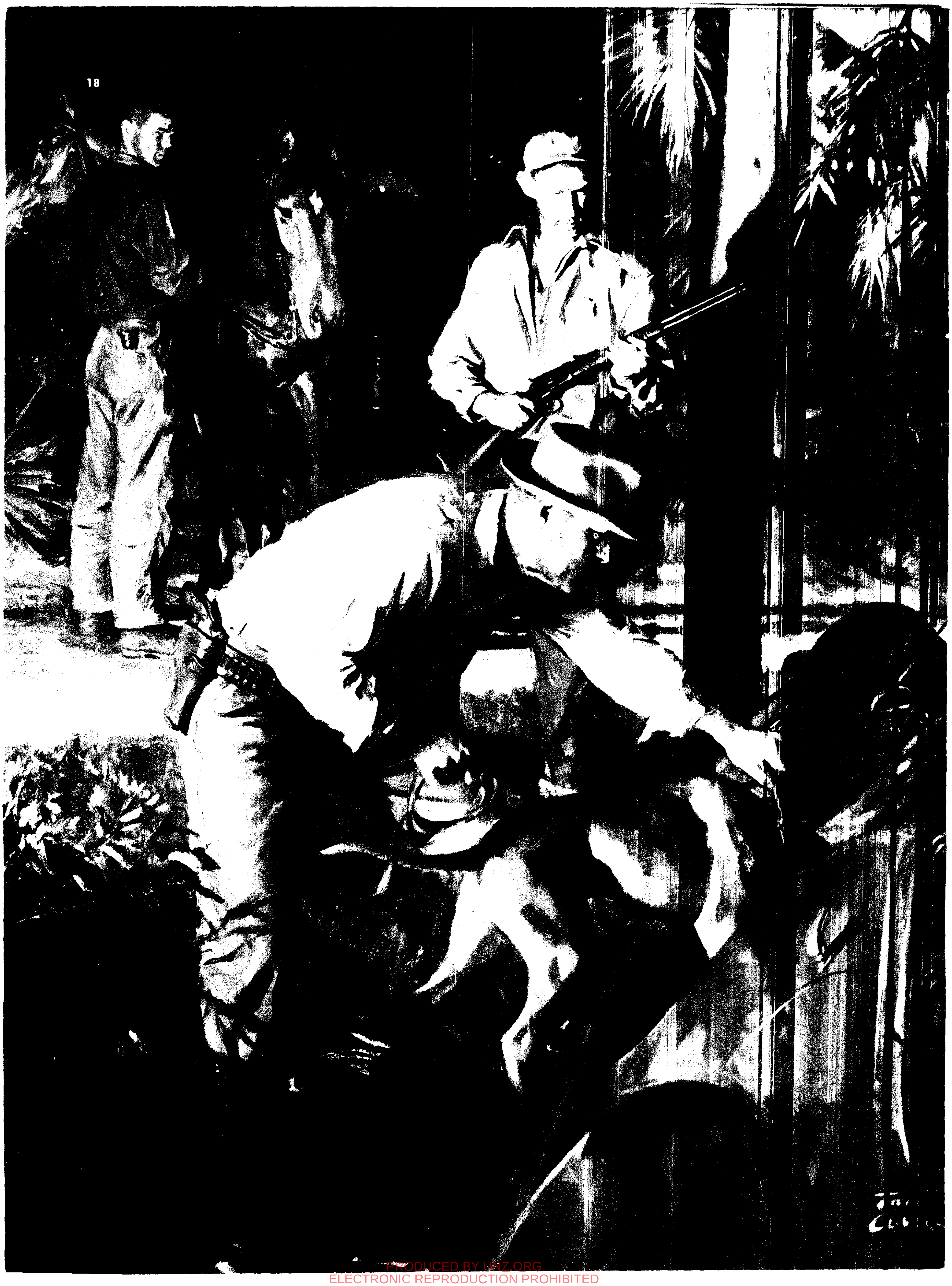
"The seminarians study furiously," a missioner explained to me, "for they know they are working on borrowed time. Visits by soldiers and propaganda units are frequent, and foreign missionaries teaching in the classrooms, *(Continued on page 62)*

INTERNATIONAL

Father **Dominick Poletti, Hong Kong missionary, greets nuns deported from Red-held Nanking**

Last Congregationalist **missionaries to escape Reds stop at Hong Kong en route to U.S.**

UNITED PRESS



The Sheriff of Sunshine County

They said Sam was too old for the job, that it was time to get a new sheriff. And Sam knew that if Rad Morton let him down, he'd have to admit the people were right

By WILLIAM FULLER

SAM CURTIS, the sheriff of Sunshine County, was in a surly mood. He sat in his office in the county courthouse, sweltering in the midday, midsummer Florida heat, and grumbled old-man grumbles to himself. He knew what the people in the courthouse were saying, or at least thinking about him. Old Sam Curtis's at the end of the rope, was the word. You don't farm two hundred acres of rich bottom land with a pussle-gutted old mule, they were thinking, when there's a Diesel tractor with all modern equipment available. And the courthouse was a shabby, dust- and old-record- and disinfectant-smelling area delicately attuned to public opinion; Sam didn't have to get out around the county to know which way the wind was blowing.

The circuit judge, Joe Whittaker, was the only one of the courthouse people who had been honest enough to say anything to Sam about it. The judge and Sam had been friends for years. The judge had dropped by Sam's house late one recent afternoon. Sam had made them highballs of bourbon and cool spring water. They had sat on Sam's front porch. The air had been heavy with the scent of the honeysuckle vines that choked the trellis at one end of Sam's porch. From the pens behind Sam's house had come the bugling suppertime calls of Sam's hounds, the voice of old Sal, his prized Walker bitch, sounding sweeter, clearer, more mellow than the rest. Sam's heavy face had beamed.

"That Sal! You know a prettier sound?"

"Didn't come out here to listen to hound-dogs, Sam."

Sam had waited, knowing what was coming.

"Sam, you've got to get out and do a little electioneering!"

Sam had grinned wryly. "After all these many years?" he'd said. "I reckon you want me to traipse about the county, shaking hands and kissing babies. I'm not a politician, Joe. I—"

The judge had interrupted him. "This boy you're bucking in the election, this Frank Johnson, is smart, Sam. And he's got plenty of money behind him. He's glad-handing every voter in the county. He's not letting the voters forget he's a college man, that he's studied criminology and all the latest methods of crime detection. He's not letting them forget that you've been in office for twenty-four years, that some of your ideas of law enforcement and crime detection are—well, pretty old-fashioned."

"Such as?"

"Well—such as your hounds."

There were only two horses. And the only dog was old Sal, because Sam trusted Sal most and he wanted this one to be a very special hunt

"What's wrong with my hounds?"

"Now, don't get upset, Sam. I know how much you love those hounds of yours. But when a county's gotten as big as this one has, you need more than hound-dogs and what you call your intuition to keep law and order."

Sam had been silent, knowing—by his friend's reference to his intuition—that the judge had not come to the real point of his visit.

Sam had closed his eyes and seen Rad Morton's quick, wiry frame, the high, sun-burnished knobs of his cheekbones, the thin, bitter line of his mouth. And his eyes—sharp, beady as some trapped animal's. Killer's eyes, they called them—the county jailer, Sam's wife Edna, the warden at the state penitentiary at Raiford—everybody, it seemed, but Sam. Rad had killed his man, all right, an unsavory citizen known as Emmett Mathis. Rad had cut him down in a slashing knife fight; had left him dead or dying in the ruts of a back-county road, and had been plucked out of an empty on a northbound freight by detectives in the freight yards outside of Jacksonville.

"Folks don't want that boy here, running loose after your hounds the way you've got him, Sam. Feeling's pretty high in the county about that. It'll cost you your office."

Sam had sighed heavily. He didn't feel like arguing. He knew that county citizens resented the fact that he had brought Rad Morton back to the county. Rad's crime had been the climax of a minor reign of terror in Sunshine County—and the people weren't forgetting it. One Keg Lawton, an out-of-stater with a long and lurid record, had, with his wife and family, drifted to Sunshine County. The rural complacency of the county had pleased him. He had needed help to carry out his plans and had recruited Rad Morton and Emmett Mathis to his cause.

A finance company in Herndon had been their first job; they had got away with eleven thousand dollars in cash with ridiculous ease. The tomato-packing house at Crystal Springs—with its nine-thousand-dollar Saturday-night payroll—had been next. It was this same night that Rad had killed Emmett Mathis in a drunken brawl over the split of the take. Rad had eventually confessed his crime, had been convicted of second-degree murder, and had drawn a twenty-year sentence. Keg Lawton had disappeared. He hadn't been heard of since. His wife and the other members of his family were still in the county. Sam kept an eye on them. He was a patient man. He felt sure that Keg would return sometime.

Rad had served two years of his twenty-year sentence at Raiford, when Sam, recently, had had him transferred back to the county jail as a trusty. The transfer had been highly irregular. The warden at Raiford was an old hunting friend of Sam's. He had sympathized with Sam when Sam had explained to him that he was too old, too fat, to train his dogs properly any more. He had listened when Sam had explained to him that Rad Morton, now that his father Jake Morton was dead, was the best man with hounds in the state. After all, Sam had argued, it's law-enforcement work, isn't it? It's for the good of the county and therefore for the good of the whole state, isn't it? The warden had reluctantly made the transfer possible.

Sam had been, and was, he knew, taking a big chance. Rad was, on the record, a killer. But Sam had seen his strong hands gentle on a hound. He had seen the thin, bitter line of his mouth relax as he rewarded the dogs for a job well done. He had seen—

The judge had interrupted his thoughts. "You'll send him back?"

"No, Joe," Sam had said.

"He'll ruin you, more than likely. Or kill you."

"Now, that could be," Sam had said.

The judge had given it up as a bad job.

SAM'S office was unbearably hot. His shirt stuck to his heavy chest and shoulders. He wished he were fifty pounds lighter. He wouldn't mind the heat so much then, he figured. He wished that he could stop worrying about the coming election. Young Frank Johnson had some pretty good talking points, for sure, and Sam knew he was making the most of them.

The trouble was, Sam had never run what he'd call a "tight" county. He was no crusader. He figured there was plenty of good and plenty of bad in everyone. And he figured that the bad had to come out once in a while, and if he pressed down too hard it would come out all at once, instead of in safer, smaller quantities. Young Johnson was storming up and down the county saying that Sam ran his office by what *he* thought was right or wrong, rather than by the letter of the law. And he was summing up his whole argument by reminding the voters that Sam had, in a highly irregular and highhanded way, brought a vicious killer back to the county—had brought him back and practically turned him loose on the innocent, trusting taxpayers!

And now Sam wasn't sure that young Johnson wasn't right. Perhaps he *was* too old for his job; perhaps he *had* outlived his usefulness. Perhaps his faith in the possibility of Rad's eventual rehabilitation was based less on reality than on old-man sentimentality and emotionalism. This faith was all tied up with memories of Jake Morton and a younger, thinner sheriff of Sunshine County and a sliver of an eager-faced cracker kid named Rad, and clear moonlight nights in the piney woods and the warm good feeling of comradeship between people to whom the *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

The Juilliard symphony orchestra, a student group of professional caliber, rehearses for a public concert under conductor Jean Morel

Among Juilliard's renowned alumni is Metropolitan Opera star Risë Stevens, shown making up for role as Carmen. Faculty knew she was destined for fame

Faculty members (left to r.) Robert Mann, Raphael Hillyer, Robert Koff and Arthur Winograd make up the famed Juilliard String Quartet

Students of the school's new dance department, between classes. From left, Nancy Holmes, Georgette Weisz, Rachel Armour, Betty Shaffer

Song and Dance COLLEGE

The great American musicians who studied at Juilliard comprise a Who's Who in Music. And now it's dancers . . .

By MARSHALL McCLINTOCK

"I'M NEVER far from a familiar face," a famous concert violinist, who travels extensively, said not long ago. "My fellow alumni are everywhere. It's an awful thought, but someday I may be caught without an accompanist in a little out-of-the-way town. When that happens, I'll bet that within half an hour I can turn up some guy to fill in who used to borrow my notes in Theory of Music 15 years ago."

The violinist is a graduate of New York's Juilliard School of Music, and he spoke with only slight exaggeration. Juilliard's alumni are, indeed, almost everywhere, in the big cities and hamlets, among the great names of music and among the small-town music teachers busily sowing culture in the grass roots.

As recently as a quarter century ago, the top musical talent available to Americans came almost wholly from Europe. Today a substantial number of our top-flight musicians are home-grown, and a large share of the credit must go to Juilliard.

Imagine, for example, that the Metropolitan Opera is producing Carmen with, let us say, soprano Risë Stevens. A few blocks away, a rapt audience is listening to Richard Rodgers' music in the hit show South Pacific, with George Britton singing the top male role, filled until recently by Ray Middleton.

In Chicago, meanwhile, piano virtuoso William Kapell is giving a recital; in Nashville, conductor Guy Taylor is leading the Nashville Symphony through the opening strains of a composition by Vittorio Giannini. Thousands of miles away, in Edinburgh, Scotland, guest conductor Alexander Smallens is performing a work by another American composer, Aaron Copland.

All of these performers, composers and conductors are significant names in American music. All of them studied at Juilliard—as did many members of virtually every major symphony in the nation, plus many of the smaller ones. The little town of Colorado Springs boasts a finer string quartet than can be claimed by most large cities; all of its members went to Juilliard. So did such conductors as Andre Kostelanetz and Dean Dixon; violinists Carroll Glenn and Joseph Fuchs; cellist Leonard Rose, and pianists Eugene List and Rosalyn Tureck.

And it may not be long before the same thing is true of modern dance and ballet. A dance department was added to Juilliard last fall, and its instructors include many of the best-known dancers, teachers and choreographers in the land.

The 50 dance students flitting through the corridors of the austere, six-story Juilliard building near Columbia University provide, somewhat surprisingly, the only apparent note of confusion in a place where almost 700 young people are busy either exercising their voices in every conceivable range, or blowing, plucking, beating or scraping an even wider variety of musical instruments. Juilliard is a quiet, efficient, establishment whose soundproofed rooms and purposeful occupants give it more the businesslike atmosphere of an office *(Continued on page 38)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

Juilliard president William Schuman (left), 41, confers with the dean, 33-year-old Mark Schubart

Perhaps Juilliard's best-known student performing group is Opera Theatre, which puts on about four shows a year. This is Milhaud's opera, Robin and Marion, written especially for Juilliard

Martha Graham, who is rated one of the greatest American dancers of all time, is on the faculty

Music classes for specially selected youngsters are held every Saturday morning by the school's preparatory division. This group is the elementary string ensemble. W. G. Sontag is director

Famed pianist Rosina Lhevinne instructs Jeaneane Dowis, pupil who won recent $1,000 Chopin prize

Ballet class. The dance department started last fall with star-studded faculty and 50 students (there are 700 music students), making Juilliard one of few schools to teach both music, dance

Who Will Rule the

DANGER FOR THESE DEMOCRATS

Not counting senators from the South—where Republicans rarely are elected—these are the Democrats whose seats the G.O.P. will try to capture in November's balloting. Moody and Benton are rated as prime targets. So is any Democrat nominated for O'Conor's seat (he's bowing out)

Blair Moody
Michigan

William Benton
Connecticut

Herbert R. O'Conor
Maryland

Joseph C. O'Mahoney
Wyoming

Ernest McFarland
Arizona

Harley M. Kilgore
West Virginia

Dennis Chavez
New Mexico

To wrest control from the Democrats, the G.O.P. must keep all 46 of its present seats and win three more. That won't be easy, for there are only seven doubtful Democratic races—and fifteen Republican

By ROBERT BENDINER

WHETHER the next President of the United States is to be Adlai Stevenson, Robert A. Taft or some candidate named Earl MacEisenfauver is a subject on which we will hear abundantly from crystal gazers, poll takers, and political oracles from now to November. But their prophecies, however striking, will have little to do with a remarkable and scarcely appreciated aspect of a strange political year.

This is, quite simply, that unless we have a Republican sweep of historic proportions, the United States Senate will almost surely remain in Democratic hands no matter who wins the Presidency. And that can have a bearing on world affairs from Maine to Malaya.

Unless Eisenhower is the Republican choice, the campaign is all but certain to play up foreign policy—indeed, it is already doing so—as a major issue between the two parties. Opinion ranges from the view that Democratic administrations have been systematically tricked, duped and double-crossed by Soviet Russia for 20 years, and have enjoyed every minute of it, to the view that Truman & Company have done more to checkmate the Russians than anyone now alive; from the Taft position that the Democratic administration got us into the "unnecessary" Korean war "without even telling Congress," to the position that the Korean campaign stopped aggression, saved the United Nations, and was wildly acclaimed by Congress when it was launched.

In the merry uproar, few will give a thought to anything as seemingly remote as the new Senate. But the fact is that, by virtue of its constitutional power and its traditionally jealous interest in such matters, the Senate will have almost as much to say about the workings of our foreign policy as the new President will.

It would be ironic and a little bitter, therefore, for the first Republican chief executive in 20 years to start out with an opposition Senate, which could well make his life as trying as certain Congresses have made Mr. Truman's. Yet all the indications are that if the Republican nominee wins, this is precisely the fate in store for him—and more by chance than by any direct expression of the popular will. The question is almost one of simple mathematics, plus a little geography.

The Senate, as every schoolboy learns and forgets, elects one third of its membership every two years. Besides the 32 seats normally at stake, two additional seats are involved this year—those that are being temporarily warmed by appointees filling in for the late Senators Virgil Chapman of Kentucky and Kenneth S. Wherry of Nebraska. To win control of the chamber, the Republicans need only increase their present quota of 46 seats by three. They would then take over, 49 to 47—a slim margin, but enough to give them the chairmanship and a narrow majority on every one of the 15 standing committees, where the real work of the Senate is done.

Given a Republican tide strong enough to win the Presidency, can the G.O.P. really fail to gain those three essential seats? Easily. Indeed, the Republicans are likelier to lose seats than to gain them, as the party's leaders are painfully, if not publicly, aware. For the plain fact is that in this year's senatorial elections the cards are stacked against them. Of the 34 seats to be contested at the polls, 20 are theirs in the present Congress and only 14 are held by Democrats. To begin with, then, they are at the disadvantage of having to expose six more men than their rivals to the raking fire of an election campaign.

States Averse to G.O.P. Senators

What is even harder for the Republicans to swallow, seven of the 14 Democratic seats are virtually unassailable. Florida, Texas, Virginia, Tennessee and Mississippi are no likelier to send Republican senators to Washington than they are to close the schools on General Grant's birthday. Kentucky occasionally elects a Republican senator, but too rarely to keep local Democratic leaders awake nights, and Rhode Island chose its last Republican senator 22 years ago.

That leaves just seven targets for Republican senatorial hopefuls to shoot at, and in four instances the odds are against them. Senators Ernest W. McFarland, Dennis Chavez, Joseph C. O'Mahoney and Harley M. Kilgore, all Democratic incumbents, are entrenched political veterans in their respective states of Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming and West Virginia.

It is true, of course, that Arizona, traditionally a Democratic state, elected a Republican governor two years ago, and his administration has been successful and popular enough to crease the brow of Mr. McFarland, the Senate's majority leader, who is up for re-election.

Republicans also are in control of the state governments of New Mexico and Wyoming, and that presents at least a challenge to Messrs. Chavez and O'Mahoney. Nevertheless, both have won senatorial elections three times running and are considered good bets to repeat, although resentment over his handling of patronage is thought to have cost Chavez something in prestige and popularity. He may have to face the colorful and unpredictable Major General Patrick J. Hurley, who has twice unsuccessfully tried for the job in the past.

Kilgore must be put down among the mildly doubtful Democrats, simply because West Virginia does go Republican from time to time, and because he will face former Senator Chapman Revercomb, who won for the Republicans in 1942.

By and large, however, Republican prospects of capturing any of these four seats are less than sparkling.

Where the Democrats are weakest in terms of their Senate seats, where the Republicans really hope to make hay, is in the states of Connecticut, Michigan and Maryland. Everett Dirksen, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, is reliably reported to regard Connecticut's Senator William Benton as target

SENATE in '53?

number one and Michigan's Senator Blair Moody as number two, for reasons which almost everyone but the gentlemen in question will readily concede.

Benton, the ex-advertising man who has become Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's severest critic, squeaked in by a skimpy 1,102 votes in 1950. And that was against a little known banker from the border town of Greenwich, which many Connecticut Yankees loftily regard as a mere bedroom for New Yorkers.

Some observers who recall the trouncing suffered by Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland two years ago, after a McCarthy-inspired campaign against him, are inclined to rate Benton's chances as poor if the free-swinging Wisconsinite forces to a climax one of the livelier feuds of Senate history. He has every tactical reason for doing so, since Benton, whom he regularly refers to as the "mental midget," is now in the process of trying to have him expelled from the Senate, and McCarthy is countering with a $2,000,000 libel suit against his Connecticut critic. Yet even here there are factors that make a Republican triumph by no means certain.

Benton's staff points out, quite logically, that if their man could win in an off year, when Connecticut tends to vote more Republican than in Presidential years, he should win even more readily this November. Furthermore, while his opponent may not be chosen until after the Presidential nominating conventions, the inside track at this writing is held by Prescott S. Bush, the very man who bowed to him two years ago.

Finally, it is pointed out, Benton's opponents threw at him then all they can throw at him now, in a campaign that saw the introduction of the Republican war cry: "Communism, corruption, Korea, and confusion." McCarthy himself went into Connecticut in 1950, but without the success that attended his efforts in Maryland. In fact, the state's Democratic chairman feels that the issue made votes for Benton.

At any rate, the fury of Benton's row with McCarthy, plus the campaign techniques he delights in—in 1950 Benton went hopping about the state in a helicopter that cost him $50 an hour to operate, in order to shake a quota of 25,000 hands—should make the Connecticut affair among the gaudiest of the season. Mr. Truman is pledged to make a personal effort in Benton's behalf.

Where Vandenberg Name Is Potent

The fight for the Michigan seat is likely to be a far more gentlemanly affair, but Blair Moody, the young and photogenic incumbent, will have a steep uphill climb all the way. A newcomer to politics and a Democrat, he is in the unenviable spot of filling the shoes of one of the Republican party's most distinguished ornaments, the late Arthur H. Vandenberg. What is worse, from his point of view, he was appointed to fill out the Vandenberg term by a Democratic governor, G. Mennen Williams, who himself managed to slip in by only a handful of votes. And this in a state that has sent a Republican to Washington in eight out of its last nine senatorial elections.

Formerly Washington correspondent for the Detroit News, Moody knows his state politics, however, and he has been filling the gaps by spending nearly all his week ends on Michigan platforms, answering questions and picking up the tricks of the trade. Nevertheless, the odds against him are rather forbidding, and two circumstances can make them more so: continued unemployment in Detroit, where automobile plants are being converted to defense production, and a possible decision by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr., to run for his father's seat in the Senate.

Young Vandenberg has declared himself out of the race unless a majority of the state's Republican leaders should agree that *(Continued on page 36)*

RISK FOR THESE REPUBLICANS

The Maine, Vermont, Nebraska and North Dakota seats are considered safely Republican, but the Solons pictured here might have to fight to keep their jobs—especially Malone, Jenner, Cain, Watkins, Martin, Ecton, Kem and Smith. Most of these are freshmen, who were first elected in 1946

George W. Malone
Nevada

William E. Jenner
Indiana

Harry P. Cain
Washington

Arthur V. Watkins
Utah

Edward Martin
Pennsylvania

James P. Kem
Missouri

Zales N. Ecton
Montana

H. Alexander Smith
New Jersey

William F. Knowland
California

Irving Ives
New York

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.
Massachusetts

Edward J. Thye
Minnesota

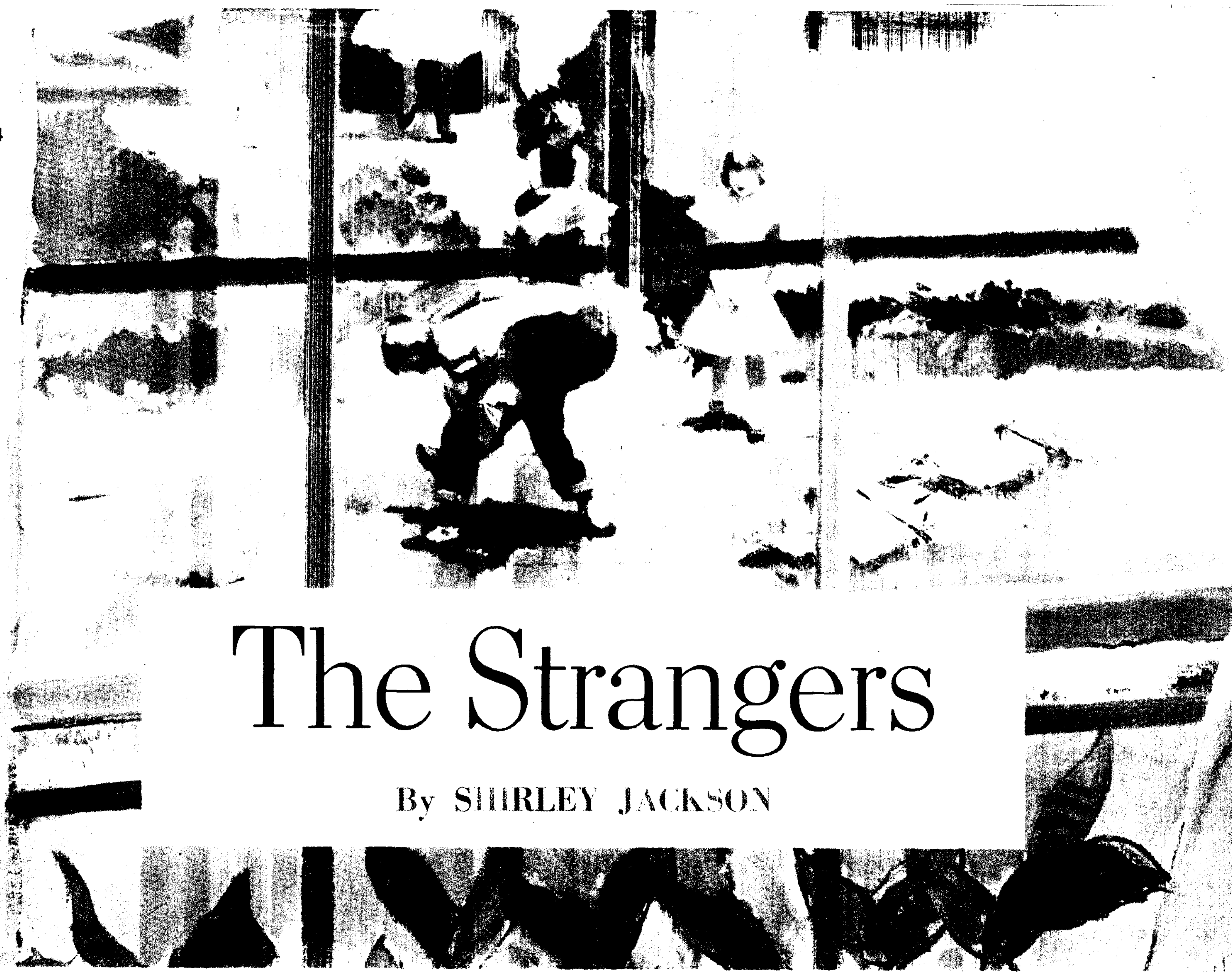
John J. Williams
Delaware

John W. Bricker
Ohio

Joseph McCarthy
Wisconsin

The Strangers

By SHIRLEY JACKSON



"Look for yourself," her aunt told her. Babs held the curtain back from the window unashamedly, and peered out

There were seven children, Mrs. Webster's family reported, and the mother never seemed busy or tired. There had to be some explanation

"WELL," said Miss Barbara Winchester, pulling slightly at the curtain in her sister's living room to peer out at the house across the street, "it's a shock, I must say, to see people around that house after all this time."

"I'm sure they're lovely people," said her sister, who was mending socks serenely; she dropped her hands for a minute to look at Barbara and say, "I wish you'd get some respectable shoes."

Barbara moved her feet irritably. "These are all right," she said. "You're just not used to them."

"Things like that have a bad effect on young people," her sister said, in the strong moral tone which comes easily to mothers of daughters. "Take Babs, for instance," she went on, as though the example of her daughter had only just occurred to her. "She thinks she ought to dress just like you do."

"It's her age," said Barbara, turning again to the window. "She'll get over it."

For a minute longer Mrs. Webster looked at the shoes, which were scarlet, with very high heels and narrow straps. Then, as one who has no time to waste, she shook her head sadly and returned to her socks. "I understand," she observed after a minute, "that you've invited Babs to visit you in New York this summer."

"I believe I did. Why?"

"I don't want her to go," Mrs. Webster said. She hesitated, as though she were trying to choose her words to find the least offensive ones. "I don't think," she said after a minute, "that it's really terribly healthy for a sixteen-year-old girl to live the way *you* do, even if you are her aunt. I mean, after all, things like your clothes and your theaters and your cocktail parties are all, I'm sure, perfectly proper for someone in your position—" Mrs. Webster faltered over this obvious untruth. "But not for Babs," she finished lamely.

"You'd think they'd give it a coat of paint," Barbara said, her attention still on the house across the street. "Perhaps they're planning to after they've been there for a while."

Mrs. Webster gestured helplessly with a green-and-yellow plaid sock. "I just don't want Babs to think that red shoes and fancy clothes belong in her life," she went on doggedly.

"Easy enough to paint the *outside* after you've moved in."

"Night clubs," said Mrs. Webster. "You know. And lunches with idle men."

Barbara turned away from the window and stared at her sister. "Me?" she said. "I do confess that I occasionally have lunch with idle men—my dear, *where* did you get that phrase?—and I even go to the theater now and then, and I *do* own these shoes and an evening dress. But that you should therefore think of me as a wild and wanton—"

"Mother brought us up better than *that*, I hope," Mrs. Webster said hastily.

Barbara grinned and turned back to the window. "Nieces always get crushes on worldly aunts," she said. "Anyway, if I took the job as assistant librarian here in town people would all say I was an old maid. Come and see the groceries being delivered across the street; enough for an army."

"There's nothing wrong with being an old maid, and besides—"

"And in case you're worried about *my* effect on Babs," said Barbara, with a note of irritation in her voice, "there's a *really* smart woman across the street." She pulled the curtain a little farther back, saying, "She isn't looking this way, but Helen, *will* you come and look, quickly?"

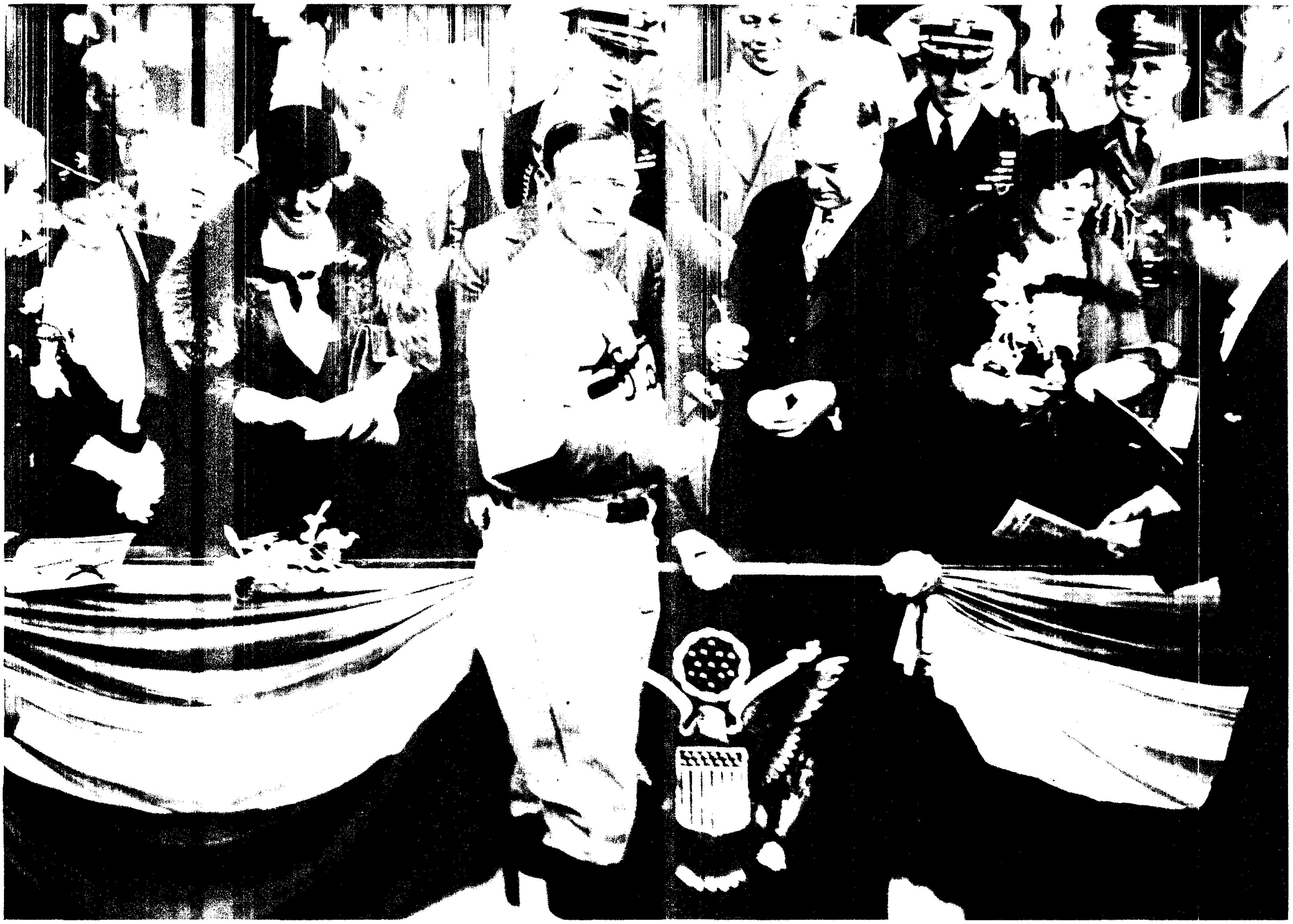
"I'll see her soon enough, probably," Mrs. Webster said, her attention again on her socks. "I waste more time trying to reason with you."

"But this," her sister said, "is what we really used to call a stunning woman, although no one knows what Babs might call it now."

"I do believe there's some terribly appropriate name they have," Mrs. Webster said. "Barbara, do *you* understand the way they talk?"

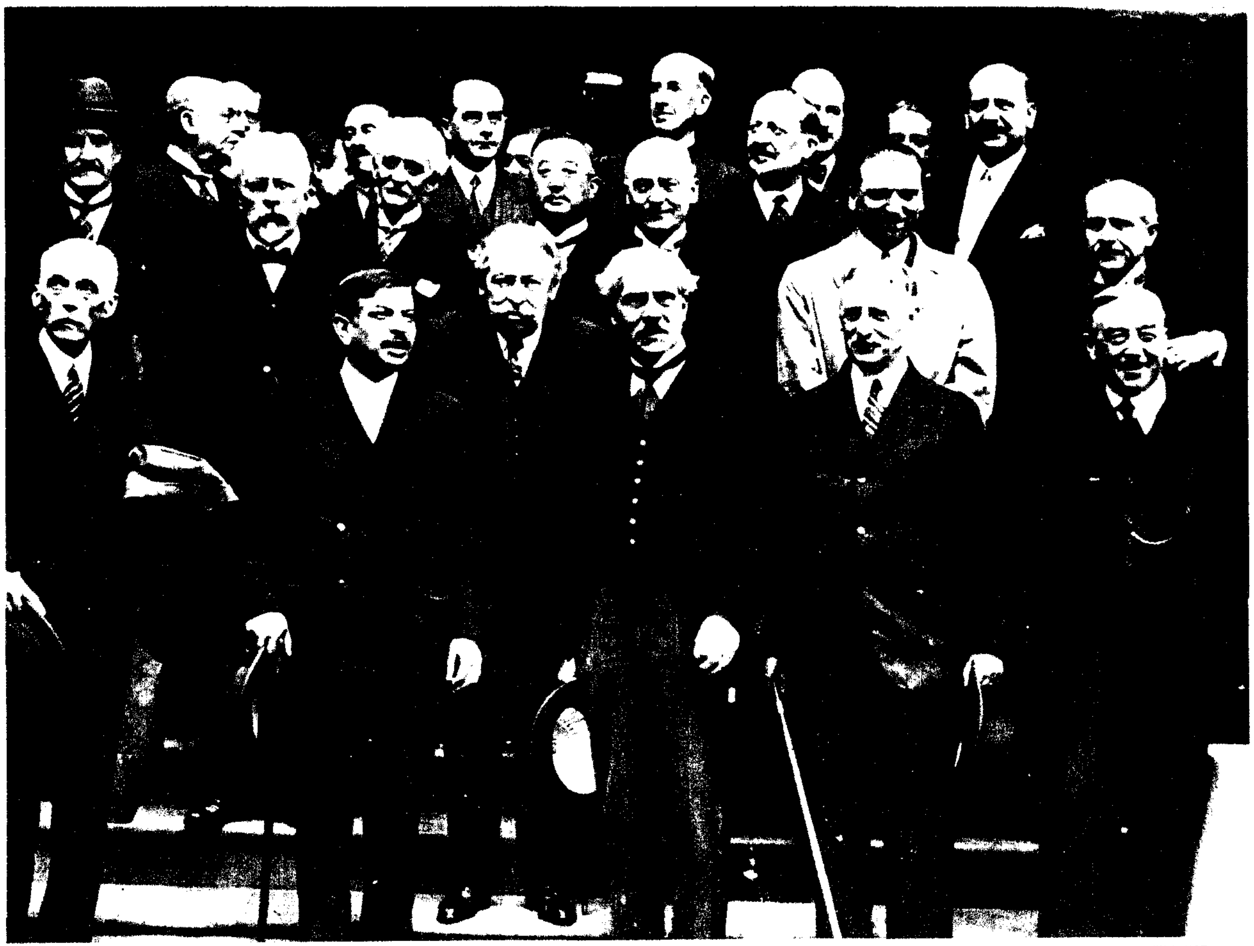
"Not very well," *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



ACME

Hoovers attended this Series game, Oct. 5, 1931, to reassure jittery nation. Gabby Street, Cards' manager, is in foreground



INTERNATIONAL

Key London parley on war debts met July, 1931. Front row (l. to r.): Treasury Secretary Mellon, Laval and Briand of France, MacDonald of Britain, Secretary of State Stimson, Henderson of Britain

WIDE WORLD

German Chancellor Bruening told U.S. of impending economic disaster

EUROPEAN

German President von Hindenburg appealed directly to Hoover for aid

Continuing My White House Years

The Depression Deepens

By HERBERT HOOVER

Recovery was getting under way at home in early 1931, writes our former President, when we were struck by an economic hurricane from abroad. The storm center was tiny Austria

IV

IN THE spring of 1931, just as we had begun to entertain well-founded hopes that we were on the way out of our depression difficulties, a gigantic explosion shook the very foundations of the world's economic and social structure. As in the Sarajevo incident of 1914, which lighted the fuse of World War I, this new holocaust was of Austrian beginnings.

Our latent fears of a European collapse were now confirmed. At last there flamed into the open all the malign forces arising from the war, the economic consequences of the Versailles Treaty, the postwar military alliances with their armaments double prewar, the frantic public-works programs to meet unemployment, the unbalanced budgets, the inflations, and the frenzied attempts, by trade restrictions, to control foreign exchange and the movement of capital.

Out of the war's inheritance there were other, even deeper explosive forces. Dissolution of the old Central European empires had created 12 new states, each erecting trade barriers against the others. Austria had been reduced to a poorhouse; her only hope was economic union with Germany. Russia had been economically isolated by the Communist revolution, and no longer exported a large volume of raw materials and food in exchange for Eastern European manufactured goods.

As a result, many countries had had to seek new sources of raw materials and food supplies, and to sell their goods in turn to new markets. Thus the older channels of commerce had been dislocated and restricted.

European statesmen had not had the courage to meet the real issues. They continued to assert, even after the explosion, that the remedy lay in more credits, more government spending and more inflation.

The particular event which touched off the debacle—and plunged the convalescing United States into a second and more critical depression phase—was the announcement on March 21, 1931, of a German-Austrian agreement for a customs union. The French and British saw this as a move toward repudiating the Versailles Treaty—one keystone of which was the political separation of Germany and Austria.

A customs union of a small state of 6,000,000 and a great state of 60,000,000 people was scarcely a serious menace. But France and Britain at once declared that this would not be permitted. To bring pressure to bear, the Bank of France and other French banks presented for payment the short-term bills they held on Austrian and German banks. The total of these bills is not known, but was estimated at $300,000,000.

It was the last push against an already tottering economic structure.

Others who held European bank obligations took fright, and Austria and Germany launched frantic efforts to obtain foreign exchange and gold. They started borrowing from every source they could find, and, to control the movements of capital, began to curb imports.

Throughout the financial world apprehension ran like mercury. All during the first half of April it spread through markets everywhere. Our own security and commodity markets began to slump. The Commerce and Treasury Departments reported steady European selling of American securities, some flight of capital from Europe to us, and a sharp decrease in orders for our export commodities.

European insiders were apparently protecting themselves against something sinister to come.

On May 7th our ambassador to Germany, Frederic Sackett, arrived in Washington on an urgent mission—to inform me that Chancellor Bruening of Germany had disclosed to him much detail on the financial disaster developing in his country; the flight of capital, unemployment, the drying up of credits from abroad, the pressures on Germany for payment of debts, and the refusal by foreigners to agree to renew accounts due them from German banks.

Bruening had also set forth the danger from the Communist and Nazi elements and from the old military groups now rallying to Hitler—all bent on destroying the representative government.

Aside from any direct economic considerations, it seemed to me that the United States had a broad interest in supporting the efforts of liberal-minded Germans and Austrians to sustain their representative governments against the political forces besetting them. Such democratic governments were the basis of any hope of lasting peace in Europe.

I informed the ambassador of my convictions and assured him of my desire to help—although I also had the direst forebodings of the economic effect the German and Austrian situation might have on the United States.

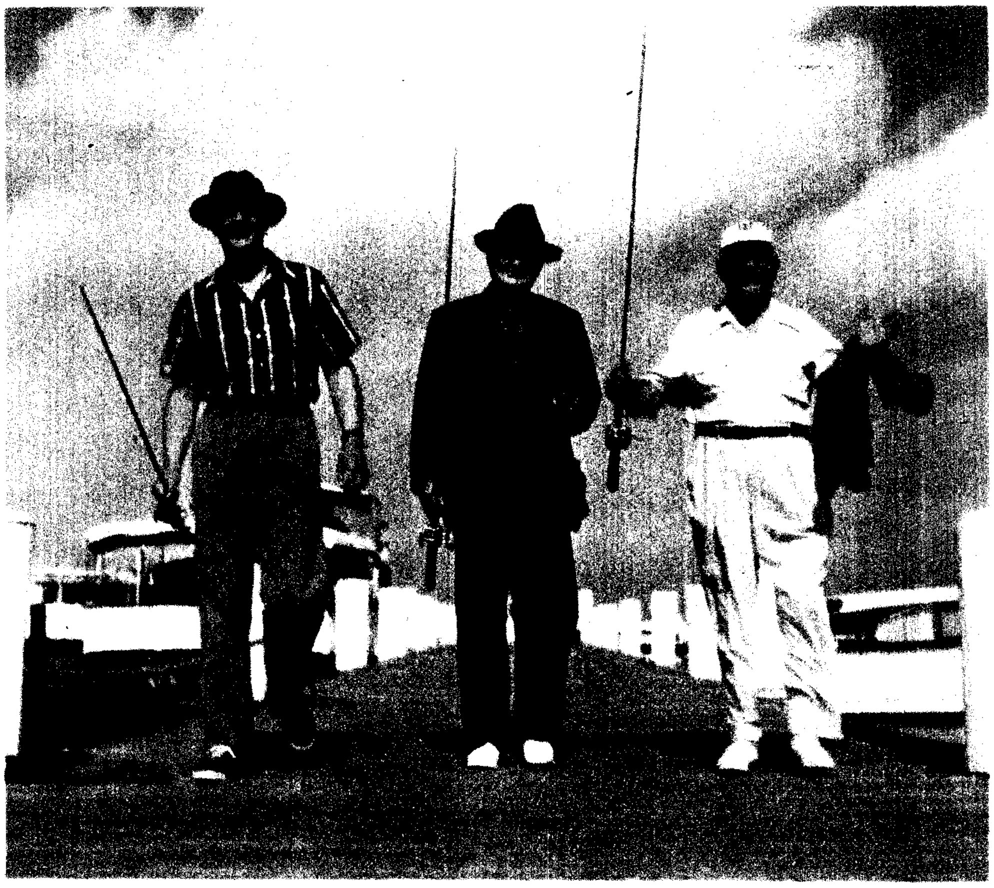
The first important American press notice of the situation was a dispatch May 13th from Vienna, disclosing that Austria's largest private bank, the Kredit Anstalt, was in such trouble that depositors were rioting outside its offices. On May 15th, our Budapest legation reported great excitement and runs on banks in Hungary over rumors of financial difficulties. On May 18th, one of our leading banks informed me that it was selling $100,000,000 worth of American securities for a European client. Export orders for our wheat and cotton almost ceased, and as a result our commodity and security prices were steadily falling.

On May 20th, I called in Federal Reserve Board officials. They intimated that I was seeing ghosts so far as the United States was concerned, and declared that nothing was going on that they and our banks could not easily handle.

In the rest of May the crisis developed even more acutely. The Austrian National Bank was now also in trouble. To sustain it, various patch-up efforts—via temporary loans—were made under leadership of the Federal reserve bank of New York and the Bank of England. The French refused to participate in these efforts. By the last of May and first of June, German difficulties had also become so evident that they were being openly discussed in the American press.

At the start of the European crisis, world currencies were based on the gold standard; that is, on their convertibility into gold of a definite weight and fineness. Each country's banking institutions held substantial gold reserves to protect this convertibility and foreign exchange. The ebb and flow of trade and credit necessarily resulted in some movement of gold from one country to another to settle balances.

The functions for which gold was used—currency, deposit reserves and settlement of international balances—were now *(Continued on page 72)*



Hoover with son Allan (l.) and Lawrence Richey, one-time White House secretary, on a recent fishing trip at Key Largo, Florida

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIETT SHEPARD

OLD BLUE

By ARTHUR GORDON

Buff Masterson was a hero, a hero who would never grow up. He'd had his glory, and he'd never let it go—even if he had to wreck his son's life

When Buff Masterson was angry, he could be a terrifying figure. And he was angry now. He stood up, his face crimson. "Marina, I'm taking you home!"

TWO hours out of New York, the train slowed down and the familiar platform appeared. He swung himself down and walked swiftly up the ramp. He was a powerfully built man in his middle forties.

"Hi, Buff," called the old stationmaster. "How about the race? We going to beat Bradford this year, for a change?"

"You'll see on Saturday," the big man said. "We'll win by three lengths. Put some money on it, Mike, if you can find a Bradford man who'll bet." He waved a hand and disappeared through the door that led to the taxi rank.

"Who was that?" asked the stationmaster's new assistant.

"That was Buff Masterson, boy. Finest oarsman Haines ever had. Beat Bradford three times, was captain of the Olympic crew back in '28. His son will be stroking the varsity on Saturday. Big day for Buff, I guess."

"Buff Masterson," said the other. "Sure, I've heard of him!"

Riding in a taxi toward the Haines campus through the late amber sunshine, Buff Masterson felt the familiar excitement stir inside him. No matter how often he came back, the excitement was there. Always had been, ever since his first day at the university.

He smiled a little at the recollection of himself: the big awkward farm boy from the little Ohio town, clutching his old suitcase, staring at the soaring Gothic spires that frightened him half to death. He had been sure, that day, that he would not last four months at Haines. But four years later he had been the biggest man on the campus—Buff Masterson, stroke of the Olympic crew.

And the glory had clung to him through the years. It was absurd to say that an athletic reputation died the moment you left college. In New York it had been the passkey that opened a lot of doors. In the bank it had been the springboard that sent him soaring on his spectacular career. Oh, he had the ability, the drive, the instinct to command. But he had also had a certain amount of free publicity.

Strange that four years of pulling a sweep in an eight-oared shell should count so much. But it *had* counted: That was why he had worked so patiently with Jimmy. The boy had good co-ordination, but he was not as big as his father and did not have his father's fantastic endurance and strength. It had taken years of coaching, exhortation, sometimes even ridicule. The boy got discouraged easily, didn't think he could do it. Well, between them they *had* done it. This Saturday afternoon the whole country would see, when Jimmy stroked the Haines crew to victory over Bradford in the four-mile classic that was one of the oldest rivalries in the nation.

Masterson leaned forward. "That's the house, over there."

On his last two visits, he had stayed with the Wilsons. Don Wilson was head crew coach. He was young for the job, and relatively inexperienced. He had come from the Midwest, and this was his first year at Haines.

Buff Masterson was responsible for his appointment. Buff was the one who had bludgeoned down the opposition on the Athletic Council. He had seen Wilson's crew row at Marietta, had liked the look of it, had talked to Wilson, and had made up his mind.

His mouth tightened as he remembered that council meeting. Old Jeffreys, the chairman, had been reasonable. "Well, if he's as good as you say, Buff, we'll give him a trial. One year. If he wins over Bradford, a longer contract. If not, the ax—eh?"

Old Jeffreys' attitude was fair enough. It was the remark made by Moyer that still rankled—Bill Moyer, number seven on the crew of '33, a hulking, black-browed banker's son who disliked Buff Masterson for a variety of reasons. "Maybe," he'd said, "Buff wants a coach who'll take a special interest in the second generation of Mastersons."

There had been an ugly silence in the council room, so ugly that Moyer himself became alarmed. "Just joking," he'd said hastily. He held out his great paw. "No hard feelings, eh, Buff?"

Not many members of the Athletic Council had heard a grown man scream in agony, but they heard it then. Masterson's grip broke a bone in Moyer's hand. After that, nobody suggested that Don Wilson might be inclined to play favorites.

He hadn't, either. He was completely honest. The boys loved and trusted him—and the boys always knew.

Masterson swung his suitcase up the steps, and rang the bell. Wilson, he knew, would still be out on the river, but Mary, Wilson's wife, was expecting him.

It had been a tough year for the Wilsons. After a difficult pregnancy, Mary had had an even more difficult delivery. The doctors had pulled her through it, and the baby too. But she was still a semi-invalid. Through it all, Wilson had worked doggedly at his job, weeding out mediocre material, gradually changing individual rowing styles to fit his own theories, some of which were so unorthodox that Masterson shuddered. But there was no denying one thing: the boat moved, and it moved fast.

THE door was opened by a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, quite lovely in a quiet way. "Hi, there, Marina." Masterson gave her a smile. "How's our patient doing?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Masterson."

"Good. And how's Nick?"

Nick was Marina's father, a campus landmark almost as familiar as Haines tower itself. A penniless Greek immigrant, he had started as a newsboy selling papers to Haines undergraduates. Now, half a century later, he was doing exactly the same thing. Marina hoped to be a nurse someday; that was how she happened to have this job with the Wilsons.

"He's just the same," she said now to Buff Masterson, which meant that Nick was still busy selling papers outside the college post office—and incidentally knowing more about what happened on the campus than any three other people.

In the living room, Mary Wilson looked up eagerly. She was a sweet-faced girl, rather small. "Well," she said, holding out her hand. "How's the old wolf of Wall Street?"

She was always teasing Buff Masterson. She was one of the few people who could get away with it. "Old Heavy," she called him, in derisive reference to the athletic alumni who liked to throw their weight around; or, mocking the traditional Haines colors, "Old Blue." Funny part was, he liked it—coming from her. He had grown fond of the Wilsons, seeing them fairly often throughout the rowing year, and he felt they liked him.

"How about a drink?" Mary was saying. "Marina, dear, would you get some ice? I think there's Scotch in the cupboard."

"Don't worry about that." Masterson opened his bag and produced two bottles. "Brought these along to celebrate with on Saturday." He stood them on the table. "There."

Mary Wilson said slowly, "You really think we'll be celebrating, don't you, Buff?"

"Lord, yes! Unless the Bradford crew sprouts wings, or something. We've clocked 'em on every time trial. They're twelve seconds slower than we are, under comparable conditions. Stop watches don't lie."

She stared down at her hands. *(Continued on page 32)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MC CARTHY

"Call Me SNOOKY"

By ROY (SNOOKY) LANSON

"What's wrong with the name 'Snooky'?" laughs Lanson. "It's better than 'Hopalong'!" Below, visited on Your Hit Parade set by his wife Florence, children Beth and Ernie, Snooky tidies up son's cowlicks

I WENT down to the grocer's the other day to get some stuff for my wife Florence. When I finished ordering, he said: "That be all, Mr. Lanson?" Well, I can't stand this "Mr. Lanson" business. Never could. So I said: "Call me Snooky." And he said: "Can't do it, Mr. Lanson. I'm afraid I'd bust out laughing."

This monicker of mine, that's the kind of reaction it always gets. Each week, after singing on the NBC show Your Hit Parade, I get a new batch of letters asking me how a grown man can go around with a name like Snooky. Well, I like the name, though I wasn't a grown man when I got it. I was a defenseless baby at a time when just about everybody—including my mother—was singing an Irving Berlin tune called Snookey-Ookums. Mother was a great one for nicknames, and she thought Snooky—that's the way she spelled it—had more character than my real name, Roy. So I was "Snooky" to my family and "sissy" to every kid I knew in Memphis.

Of course, the name caused me plenty of trouble in those days. I can remember, one bruiser came over after school, chucked me under the chin and said: "How is iddle Snooky today?" I said, "*Smile* when you say that." So he smiled—and pushed my face in.

Things like that fixed my attitude about the name. At first, I didn't particularly care to be stuck with it, but it was *mine,* and I wasn't going to change it for anybody, any more than I'd change the color of my hair for someone who didn't like blonds. So by the time I got my first professional singing job with Station WSM in Nashville, in 1934, it was a real point of pride. (It still is.) The people there wanted me to use my given name. They said Snooky wasn't dignified enough. Well, I refused to use anything but Snooky, and before they gave in I almost lost my job.

When I finally did leave WSM, I decided to shelve singing for a while and try a business career. Florence and I were now married and promise of definite advancement became more important. (Incidentally, I'd met Florence at a dance, and she told me later that when I first introduced myself she'd thought I was sneezing.) So I became an auto salesman, for a real high-class place, where they insisted upon calling me Roy. Well, whenever the manager wanted me to wait on someone he'd shout, "Roy!" Half the time I didn't answer. That burned him. Finally, he fired me.

That was probably the best thing that ever happened to me. I went back to singing again—first with Ray Noble, and then with Ted Weems's Navy band in 1942. Ted didn't argue about my name. He had a guy named "Honey" in his outfit, so how could he object to me?

But when I joined the Hit Parade, in 1950, they were a bit skeptical about my name, too, and I had to bring out the sales talk all over again. I explained how people would remember Snooky so much better than Roy. "Look at Bing," I said. Well, I must have been pretty convincing. They finally agreed to take me—on the condition that I *keep* my nickname!

The Great Debate is now settled so far as my job is concerned, but it goes on in my private life like a stuck record. I walked into a Hit Parade rehearsal one day recently to find "Snook is a Schnook" chalked all over the call board. For weeks, around the studio I was Snook the Schnook. Then Florence picked it up and she and my kids had a fine time with it. My little four-year-old girl, Beth, she started bringing her playmates home and introducing me this way: "Mary, this is Snook the Schnook, my daddy."

Even things like that don't faze me.

My boy Ernie, who's seven, kids around the house some, but he's a pretty loyal youngster if anyone makes any cracks on the outside. Once he came home with a shiner that made me wince. I said, "What happened?"

"Aw, a kid in school," Ernie answered. "He said, 'Snooky is a cat's name.' So I slugged him."

I told him I was grateful that he'd defended my honor.

Ernie said, "That's okay, Pop. Any time." And then he put a hand over his bad eye and said: "But, boy, I'll never name any kid of *mine* Snooky!" ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RUTH ORKIN

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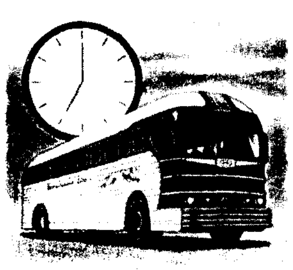

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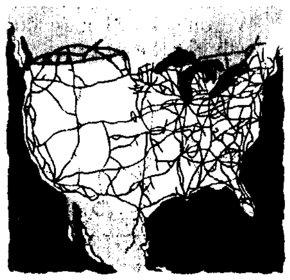

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Old Blue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"It's dreadful to have a race mean so much, you know. Financially, and every other way. I've gotten awfully fond of Haines. I'd hate to have to leave." She frowned. "Don's been so terribly tense lately."

"Lord," he said, "everybody gets that way before a big race. I'll bet Jimmy is just as bad, isn't he?"

"Like a banjo string."

IT WAS dark when Don Wilson pulled up to the house. "I'll take Marina home tonight, Jimmy," the coach said, "if you want to sit around with your dad."

The tall, serious-looking boy with the wide shoulders shook his head. "I'll do it. Dad would rather talk shop with you."

They went up the steps together, the slight figure of the coach dwarfed by the rangy height of the oarsman. Don Wilson had never pulled an oar himself. He had been a coxswain, one of the best.

"Hello, Marina," he said, when the girl opened the door. "Mr. Masterson arrive?"

"Yes, he did, Mr. Wilson," the girl said, but she was not looking at him. She was looking at Jimmy, and Don Wilson knew what was in her eyes. He had seen it there for some time, now.

In the living room, Buff Masterson was on his feet, enormous, vital. He shook hands with Wilson and put his arm around his son's shoulders. "Well, how's it going? Everything set?"

"They'll do," Wilson said.

"How about it, Jimmy?"

"Tell you the truth," the boy said, "I thought we were sort of lifeless this afternoon. Felt as if everybody was a fraction late, and for a split second the whole weight of the boat was on my blade."

His father laughed. "That's the way it always feels before a big one." He nudged his son's chin with his fist. "Don't worry. They'll be right with you when it counts."

"I know that," the boy said shortly, and moved away.

He's edgy, the older man was thinking. Tense. I know how it is. You've trained nine mortal months for this thing. Not a drink. Not a cigarette. And for what? For twenty minutes of the toughest pressure there is in sport. Football, baseball, basketball—those guys can make a dozen mistakes and still win. In rowing, you can't make one. Not one.

A fierce surge of pride ran through him, pride in this tense, tight-lipped boy on whose strength and skill and judgment and nerve the whole race depended. And more than just the race, he thought. Wilson's job depends on it. My standing with the Athletic Council depends on it. The hopes of a lot of students, the bets of a lot of alumni. Hell, no wonder he's tense.

He said, "Shall we go on over to Boar's Head for dinner, Jim?"

Boar's Head had been his own club; now it was Jim's, too. The boy had been inclined to join Quadrangle, but his father had talked him out of it.

"I'll meet you there," Jimmy Masterson said. "I'll run Marina home first."

Something in his voice made the older man stare at the girl as if he were seeing her for the first time. "Marina?"

"Yes," the boy said flatly, "Marina." He turned around. "Ready?" he said to her. "See you in about half an hour, Dad."

"Well!" said Buff Masterson, when the door had closed behind them. "How long has *this* been going on?"

"Marina and Jimmy?" Mary Wilson's voice was cheerful. "Oh, they've been holding hands for a month or two, I guess."

Masterson's eyebrows came down. "I don't like it!"

"Personally," said Don Wilson, "I think she's good for him. He's about the most temperamental oar I ever handled. She calms him down. Like those stories you've heard about the high-strung race horse who has to have a mule or a donkey in the stall with him."

"Marina is no donkey," Mary Wilson said, "and she certainly is not a mule."

"But," said Buff Masterson, "her father is Nick the Greek!"

"And what's wrong with that?" Mary Wilson asked.

Masterson lowered his head like a buffalo, the mannerism that had given him his nickname. "Rowing and girls don't mix."

Mary Wilson nodded at the bottles on the table. "Fix him another drink," she said to her husband. "He's getting pretty pompous, even for an Old Blue."

THE drink was soothing to Buff Masterson, and so was dinner at Boar's Head, where he sat enthroned under the blue-tipped oar that hung on the paneled wall. It was his own oar, the one that had beaten the Swiss and the Italians in the most hair-raising finish international rowing had ever seen. He talked a lot, as he always did, and the boys listened with what seemed to be interest and respect. But Jimmy was withdrawn and silent.

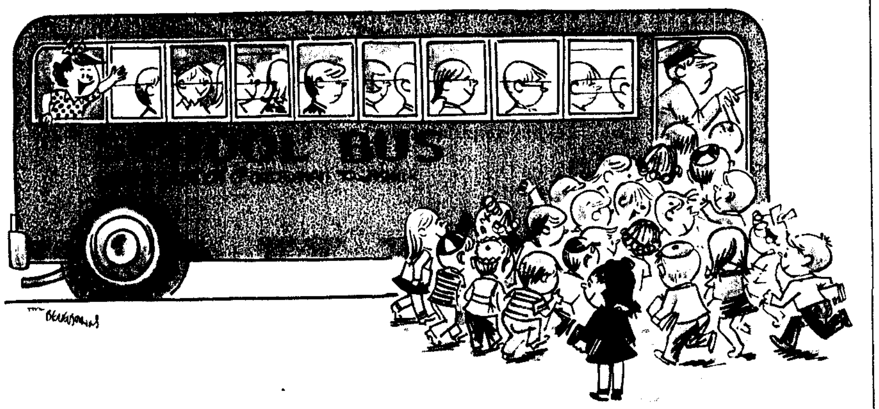
"What's the matter?" his father asked him once. "You're not in love, are you?" He did not wait for a reply, but plunged on into one of the technical discussions of rowing that he loved.

After dinner, they walked back to the Wilsons' house. "How about studies, Jimmy?" his father asked him. "Everything under control?"

"I may flunk accounting," the boy said moodily. "I hate the stuff, you know. I wish I'd majored in psychology instead."

"Accounting's dull," Buff conceded. "But you can hardly be a banker without it." They walked fifty feet in silence. "I wouldn't worry about it. I wouldn't worry about anything, right now, except beating

SISTER



COLLIER'S "Hurry, Betty. I'm saving you a seat!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Bradford. How's your weight holding up?"

"One seventy-six going out. About seventy-two coming in."

"Good Lord, you're down about eight pounds!"

"I'm pretty fine, I guess," the boy said. "I'll be glad when it's all over."

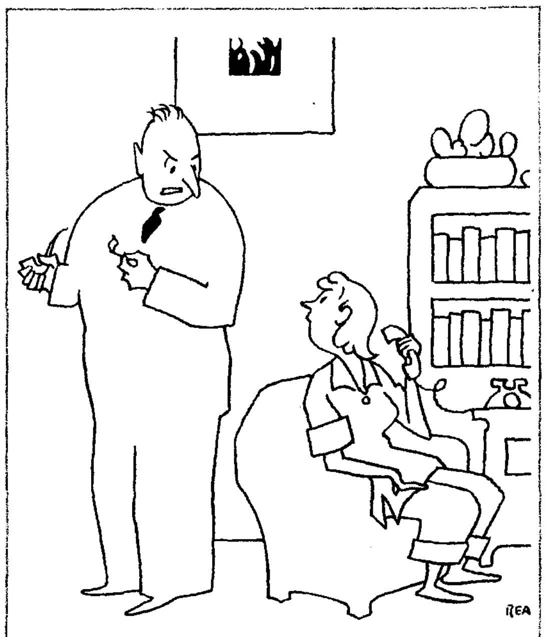
They came to the Wilsons' house and stopped where a street lamp cast a mottled shadow pattern through the elm leaves. "You'd better hit the sack," Buff said. He hesitated, then added, "You haven't been seeing too much of Marina, have you, Jimmy?"

The boy's head came up sharply. "Why?"

"Well, I'd hardly say she was your type."

His son looked at him for perhaps five seconds. "Good night, Dad," he said, and walked quietly away.

THE next day, from the coaching launch, Buff Masterson watched the Haines crew go through its last light workout before the Bradford race. As always, the whole ritual delighted him: the tall boys carrying their sliver of polished cedar from the boathouse to the water; the cries of the coxswains, shrill and sweet; the hollow clunk-*clunk* as they hammered out the double rhythm on the sides of the shell, the click of the oarlocks, the sibilant hiss of the knifelike prow slicing the resisting waves.



"'Dreamboats', nothing but 'Dreamboats'! Aren't there any 'Stinkies', or 'Skinnies', or 'Meatballs' any more?"

COLLIER'S • GARDNER REA

He loved it: the placid river winding through the green hills, the clean whirlpools made by the blades, the smooth muscles coiling under the sweat-damp skin, the *harmony* of it all—tremendous effort set to one single purpose.

And the crew looked fast, very fast. It was not a pretty crew to watch. Wilson had virtually discarded the old classic stroke with the precise catch at the beginning and the long layback at the finish. "I don't care how much water they miss at the catch," Wilson told Masterson, "or how far they kick their slides. I just want 'em to row those blades in all together with one almighty crack. If you want to spin a bicycle wheel, you don't try to stick your finger in the spokes every time and shove it, do you? You just slap hell out of the rim. If I can teach these kids to bang the water simultaneously and keep their balance the rest of the time, we'll beat Bradford, all right!"

For a long time, Masterson remained skeptical, but in the end he was convinced. There was no arguing with a stop watch.

The unorthodox stroke was only one of Wilson's innovations. He had also abolished the traditional training table. "They see plenty of each other on the river," he told Buff. "Why herd 'em together at mealtime, too?"

Masterson grunted "Might break training. Sneak a drink or a cigarette, or both."

But Wilson only smiled. "Not my boys," he said.

This afternoon the varsity and the jayvees were to practice a few racing starts. As the two crews paddled along together, Masterson said, "Who's the stroke of the jayvees, Don? He looks pretty good."

"Boy named Carlyle. He's good, but he's awfully small. Doubt if he weighs more than a hundred and fifty, wringing wet. He can last two miles, but not four. So you see, we're pretty dependent on Jimmy."

Masterson looked proudly at his son. "He won't let you down."

"I don't expect him to," Wilson said.

The practice session lasted longer than expected because Buff took exception to Wilson's concept of a racing start. In his day, crews always jumped off with a half-stroke, followed by another half, then three quarters, then full. But Wilson had his boys starting with a full stroke, then a half, then three quarters, then a full stroke.

"But Don," Masterson cried, "Bradford'll be half a length ahead of 'em before they even get started!"

"No," the coach said patiently, "they won't. Look, Buff, you've got about a ton of dead weight sitting there in the water. Jabbing at it won't get it moving as fast as a long, steady thrust will."

But Masterson was not satisfied until he had held his stop watch on both crews trying it both ways. Wilson was right. The new method was a full second faster in the first quarter mile.

The boys in the varsity boat did not like this last-minute tinkering. They muttered and threw black looks at the launch. Jimmy sat erect on his slide, his face impassive.

"Look, now," Wilson said to them through his megaphone. "Tomorrow you're going to row four miles in about twenty-one minutes. You're going to beat Bradford by three and a quarter lengths, and you'll be leading most of the way. So there's nothing to worry about. Go to a movie tonight, or play some bridge. Stay relaxed and get to bed early. That's all. Paddle on back now."

Driving home with Wilson, Buff said, "I've arranged a little supper party tonight, Don. Bob Baxter said he'd save me one of those small private dining rooms at the hotel. Just old Jeffreys, Dean Reynolds, Jimmy and myself. Very quiet. You'll join us, won't you?"

"Thanks, Buff," the coach said, "but Mary wasn't so well this morning. I'd better stick around the house tonight."

"I haven't mentioned it to Jimmy yet. You don't think it would be bad for him, do you? Throw him off stride?"

"Why, no," said Wilson slowly. "Not if he wants to go."

BUT Jimmy Masterson didn't want to go. He said so, quite calmly, an hour later in the living room of the Wilsons' house. The three men were alone; Marina had taken a supper tray to Mary in bed.

"But why not?" demanded his father, looking bewildered.

"If you must know," the boy said, "I promised to take Marina to the movies."

"Marina?" Buff lowered his head. "But you can do that any night!"

"I asked her," said the boy, "for tonight."

"But Jeffreys is chairman of the Athletic Council! Reynolds is dean of the University! Aren't they more important than—"

"No," said Jimmy Masterson. "Not to me they're not."

Buff Masterson felt a red column of anger rise inside him. He thought it was merely because he was being thwarted, because his supper party was being spoiled;

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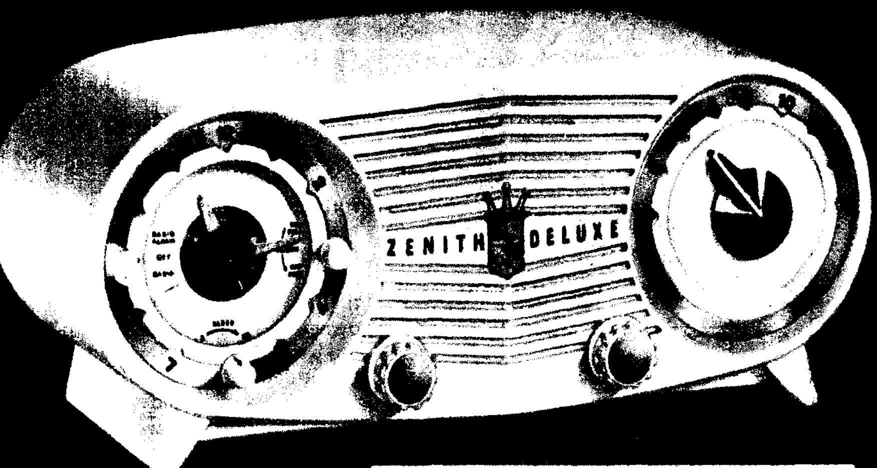

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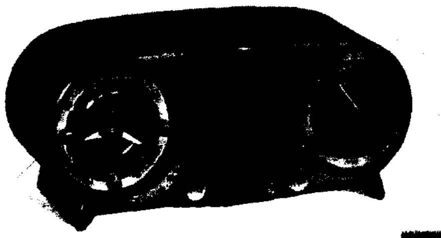

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but it was something far deeper than that. The structure of authority, so long and carefully built, was being threatened at last. Instinctively, he knew this, and instinctively his anger directed itself at what he considered the source of the trouble. "You're crazy!" he snapped. "Why, she's just a common little—"

"Easy, Buff!" Don Wilson had seen the boy's hands tighten on the arms of his chair, had seen the sudden pallor in his face.

"Easy, hell!" roared Buff Masterson. When he was angry, he could be a terrifying figure, and he was angry now. He stood up, his face crimson. "Marina!" he bellowed. He swung around; his forefinger pointed like a pistol at Jimmy's head. "You stay there until I get back. I have a few things to say to you!"

THE boy did not move. Marina came into the room. She looked frightened. "Marina," said Buff, "I'm taking you home!"

Don Wilson stood up. He had just one thought in mind: to separate father and son before the quarrel could grow worse, before something irreparable happened. He said, "I'll drive you." He took Marina's elbow. "Go on, Buff; get in the car."

It was a grim drive. Nobody spoke until they had dropped Marina at the house owned by Nick the Greek and were heading back. Then Wilson said, "You're acting like a damned fool, Buff."

"Jimmy's the one who's acting like a fool!"

"If you want to see him win that race tomorrow," Wilson said, "you'd better apologize. And you'd better make it good."

"Like hell I will!" snapped Buff.

When the car stopped, he jumped out and went up the steps two at a time. He stalked into the living room, and stopped dead. He was still motionless when Wilson came up behind him.

Jimmy Masterson was sitting in the same chair. He had a glass in one hand, a bottle of whisky in the other. While they watched, he emptied the glass and poured another drink. He gestured with it mockingly. "To you, my proud parent," he said. "To you!" He took a gulp of it and choked.

Buff Masterson made a strangled sound in his throat. Don Wilson moved forward quietly, took the bottle and glass away from the boy, and put them on the table.

Jimmy Masterson stared at his father. "You're wondering why I did that, aren't you? Well, maybe it was to give me a little Dutch courage. The courage I need to tell you a few things."

He stood up, crossed the room, and stopped in front of his father. Their eyes were just about on a level. "I am sick and tired," the boy said distinctly, "of being dominated by you, of having my life twisted into whatever channels suit you best just because they were your channels once. I'm sick of having you come up here and throw your weight around. I'm sick of hearing you tell us how to row. I'm sick of the club you made me join, and the courses you made me take. I'm sick of everything, do you hear? And mostly I'm sick of you!"

He turned away and saw Wilson. "Sorry, Don," he said. "Really sorry." He shook his head blindly, and moved toward the door.

Wilson said, "Where are you going, Jimmy?"

The boy looked once at his father. "I'm going to take Marina to the movies," he said. The front door closed with finality.

Don Wilson said, in a tight voice, "Well, that's that."

Buff Masterson seemed to come to life. He picked up the bottle and stared at it. "He hardly had any, Don. Just an ounce or two. Not enough to affect his physical condition. Why, it might even—"

The coach said, "Doesn't matter whether he had a drop or a barrel, does it? He broke training. That's what counts."

"No one knows that but us."

Wilson put his fists on the table and leaned on them, hard. "What are you trying to say, Buff?"

"You can't win tomorrow without Jimmy, can you?"

"No."

"Do you know what losing will mean to you—and Mary?"

For a moment the coach's eyes wavered. Then he said, "Yes, I know."

Masterson thrust his head forward. "Don't be a fool, Don! Don't wreck everything just because of one silly act of—of defiance. The boy was angry; he didn't know what he was doing!"

"I think he knew exactly what he was doing," the coach said. "And he knew what I would do, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Wilson, "that I'm going to call the director of athletics and tell him that Jimmy is disqualified."

"By God, Wilson," Masterson said softly, "if you lose that race tomorrow, they'll throw you out on your ear. And I won't raise a finger to stop 'em!"

"I'm sorry about that," the coach said. "I'm sorry about a lot of things. But mainly, Buff, I'm sorry for you."

"You needn't be!" The big man's voice rose in a new crescendo of fury. "You're the one who needs pity! You and your pious little principles! Do you suppose Jimmy's the first oarsman in history who ever broke training? Who cares if he had a swallow of whisky? Who *cares?*"

"I imagine," said the coach steadily, "that the seven other boys in that crew who didn't take a drink might care."

COMMITTEE MEETING

The members babble,
And the chairman glowers,
While they keep the minutes
And waste the hours.

—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

There was a sound at the doorway. Mary stood there in a dressing gown. Her face was pale. "I couldn't help hearing most of this," she said. "I think you'd better pack your things, Buff. They'll find room for you at the hotel, I'm sure."

Masterson's face was like granite. "Just as you like."

He brushed past her. Mary Wilson looked at her husband, her eyes full of pride and pity . . .

An hour later, Wilson came into the boathouse. He knew that Gus, the old rigger, would be there working on the shells. The old man looked up from the coat of oil he was smoothing on with gnarled and loving hands. "Hello, Mr. Wilson."

"I want you to take the stroke oar, Gus," Wilson said wearily. "Shave a half inch off each side of the blade, and repaint it."

The old man looked aghast.

"Masterson's not rowing tomorrow," Wilson said. "Carlyle will be stroking the varsity boat."

CARLYLE did everything a small man could do. It wasn't enough. Wilson knew it at the halfway mark, although Haines was leading by almost a length. From the coaching launch, he could see the distress beginning to come into the stroke's face as he watched the red-tipped oars pounding along at a lower beat.

Huddled at the back of the observation train, Jimmy Masterson knew it, and he pulled his hatbrim down still farther, and bit his lower lip until it bled.

Sitting grimly in front of the television set in his hotel room, Buff Masterson knew it, and felt inside him the knotted fist of frustration and fury.

As the crews reached the three-mile mark, he stood up and snapped off the set. He could not bear to watch the agonizing finish. He pulled his chair close to the window and sat staring out at the Gothic tracery of Haines tower. A bottle of whisky stood near his hand. He did not touch it. He just sat there while the shadows lengthened and vanished and the light began to drain out of the sky.

An uncertain tap on the door finally roused him. He got up, went over, and opened it. Marina stood there. She said, "Mr. Masterson . . ." Then her lips quivered and she was silent.

Why, thought Buff Masterson, she's only a child! He said, with sudden compassion, "Come in, Marina. Come in and sit down."

She sat on the edge of a chair, her dark eyes misty with tears. "I only came—" she began, and stopped. She tried again, "Mrs. Wilson told me you were here, and—" Again she couldn't finish.

He said, "I'm glad you came, Marina. I was feeling pretty lonely, to tell you the truth."

Her hands twisted in her lap. "I just wanted to say I'm sorry, Mr. Masterson. Sorry if I caused any trouble between Jimmy and you. I didn't mean to—honestly. I know how important his rowing is —was—to you. All this spring I tried to make him see that"—she swallowed hard —"that your interest was just because you were so proud of him. I told him—" She shook her head. The tears, at last, began to spill down her cheeks.

Buff Masterson felt a tightness in his own throat. This girl had been his defender. She had tried to bridge the gap for him—the gap he hadn't even known was there. While he, on the other hand . . .

He took out his handkerchief and handed it to her. He said, and his voice sounded gruff although he tried to make it gentle, "Where is Jimmy now, Marina? Do you know?" She shook her head.

Buff Masterson stood up. "I think I do. Wait here, will you, Marina? Will you promise me to wait?"

She nodded.

Downstairs in the lobby, Buff Masterson said to the hotel manager, "Lend me your car, will you, Bob? For a little while?"

"Sure, Buff," the man said. He did not mention the race, but the pity was plain in his voice. He held out the keys. "Keep it as long as you want."

IT WAS growing dark along the river; the boathouse was a rectangle of blackness against the steel-colored water. Buff Masterson left the car on the road. He walked around the deserted building. His footsteps rang hollowly as he came up behind the still figure seated at the far end of the float. "Hello, Jimmy."

The boy did not look up, but he said, "Hello, Dad."

"Mind if I sit down?"

Jimmy Masterson shook his head. His father sat down carefully. Night was coming on fast. The crowds of the afternoon, the excitement of winning, the bitter taste of defeat—all were gone now. Only the silent river remained.

Buff Masterson said finally, "I've been an awful fool, Jimmy. For a long time. I can see that now."

The boy said, "I was a fool, too. I wanted to hurt you, and I guess I succeeded. But in the process I hurt everybody else."

"Don't worry about Don," his father said. "He'll stay. I'm sure of it. I'll make the council see that it was all my fault."

"Our fault," said the boy.

"All right," said his father. "Our fault."

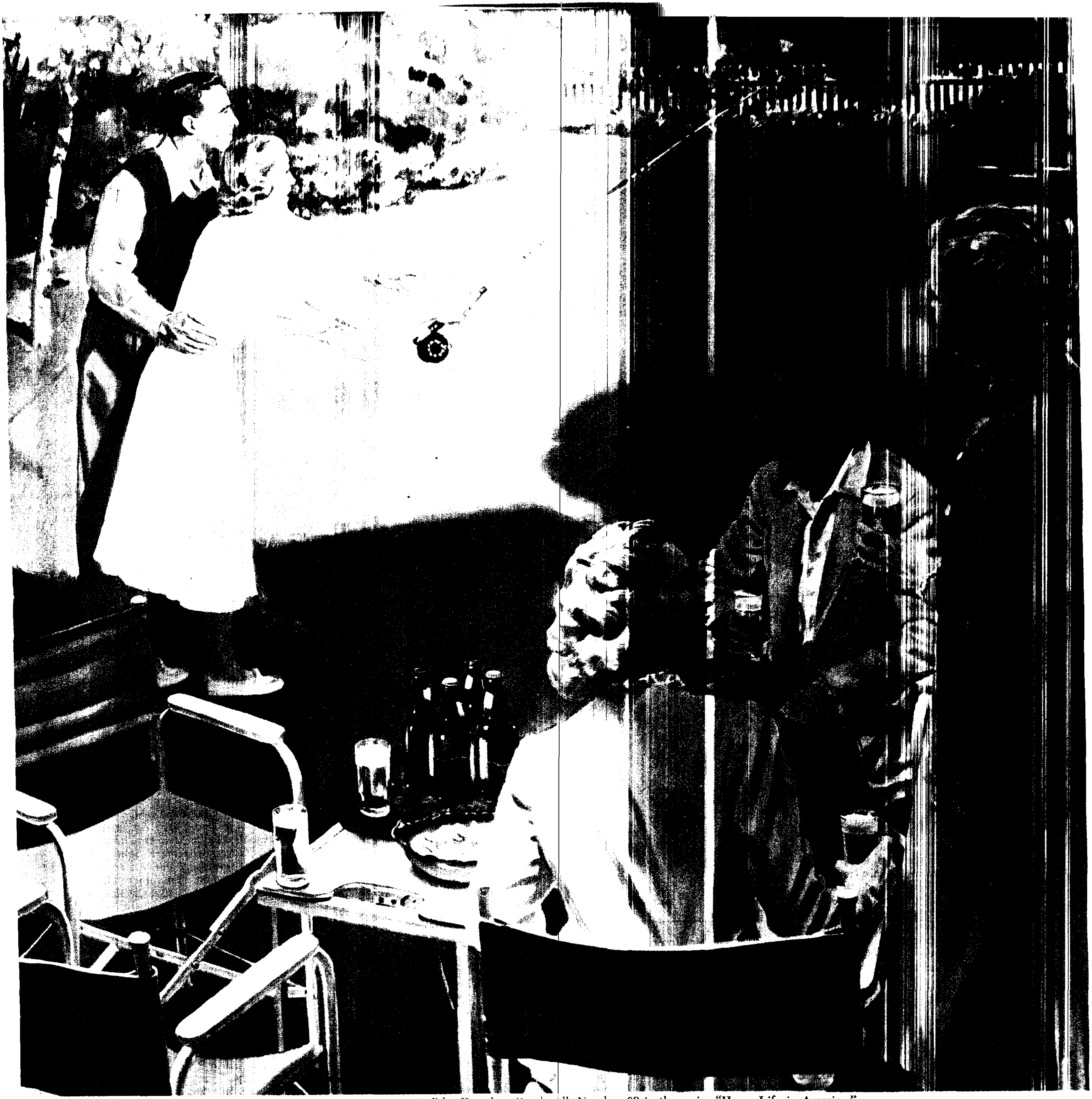
For a while, neither of them spoke. They sat there, watching the night wind ruffle the silent water. At last Buff Masterson said, "Marina's at the hotel, Jimmy, waiting for you. Bob Baxter's car is up there on the road. The key's in it."

The boy was on his feet and halfway down the float before he turned. "What about you, Dad? How'll you get back?"

"Don't worry about me," Buff Masterson said. "I'll be all right."

But the boy spoke again, crisply and with decision. "I'll pick up Marina, then we'll go and get Don, and the three of us will come back for you."

For a moment Buff Masterson did not speak. Then he cleared his throat. "Will you, Jimmy?" he said. "That'll be fine. That'll be just fine." THE END



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Who Will Rule the Senate in '53?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

he is "the strongest possible candidate" or that his running would help the Eisenhower movement, which he serves as assistant campaign manager. But if Vandenberg should take advantage of this still-open door, Moody would have to contend with a name that presumably has a potent charm for Michigan voters.

In Maryland, last of the three serious trouble spots on the Democratic map, the party is still smarting under the defeat of Senator Tydings, who, thanks in part to McCarthy, lost in 1950 after serving 24 years in the Senate. To the delight of the state's Republicans, the intraparty squabbling that contributed materially to Tydings' downfall is bubbling up again over the question of a nominee for the seat now held by Senator Herbert R. O'Conor, who has no interest in retaining it. In any case, it is felt that if so powerful a figure as Tydings could be laid low, no Democrat can be considered safe in Maryland.

So much for vulnerability on the Democratic side of the aisle.

Let us suppose now that the Republicans take all three of these very shaky Democratic seats and, for good measure, one of the four somewhat doubtful ones previously mentioned. They will then win control of the Senate—*if* they manage to hang on to 19 of the 20 seats they have at stake in the campaign!

They start out with only five of these beyond serious challenge. Maine, Vermont and North Dakota, and Nebraska, where both senatorial seats are on the block, have altogether sent a grand total of two Democratic senators to Washington in a quarter of a century. They can be taken for granted by the Republicans if anything can be in politics. But that is where all assurance stops.

Of the remaining 15 contests involving currently Republican seats, seven favor the G.O.P. candidate, four favor the Democrat, and four are wide open, much depending on who the opposing Presidential nominees turn out to be. As a general proposition, Eisenhower's nomination would greatly help Republican senatorial nominees in the big Eastern states, where Republicans tend to be internationalist in outlook. On the other hand, G.O.P. candidates in the more isolationist reaches of the Midwest would probably do better with Taft at the top of the ticket. The seven good Republican bets are California, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Minnesota, Delaware and Wisconsin.

A word or two on each will at least indicate the drift of the wind.

Two Republican Strongholds

In California and New York, Republican Senators William F. Knowland and Irving M. Ives are expected to hold on to their Senate posts without undue strain, unless stronger and more glamorous Democrats come forward to oppose them than have yet appeared on the battle front. The Democratic party in California is so faction-ridden that only a comparative unknown has a chance of winning general acceptance as a nominee. But unfortunately for the party, a comparative unknown has almost no chance of unseating Knowland.

Some of New York's Democratic leaders, dwelling fondly on a magic name, are privately urging the candidacy of Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., as the only man who can cope with a man of Ives's stature. But Roosevelt, whose present ambitions turn rather toward the state Capitol in Albany, is known to be none too eager for the honor. Should Eisenhower head the Republican ticket, Ives's chances of winning, which are good enough to start with, would be overwhelming; this thought, too, must have occurred to young Roosevelt.

Another possibility for the Democrats is W. Averell Harriman. As director of the Mutual Security Agency, former Secretary of Commerce, ambassador, and top diplomatic trouble shooter, Harriman is an impressive figure—one of the key figures in the Truman administration. But he is also an ex-Wall Street banker who has never held an elective office, and party leaders are somewhat chary about his potential appeal at the polls.

KENNESAW

"I feel awful makin' him stand through such a terrible double feature, Kennesaw"

REAMER KELLER

COLLIER'S

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., manager of the Eisenhower boom and a man of considerable prestige, would seem to have a clear edge in Massachusetts. But here, as in New York and Connecticut, the Republicans' Presidential choice has a definite bearing. If Eisenhower Republicans in the state feel let down by a Taft nomination, they may stay home in sufficient numbers on Election Day to give Lodge's seat to the Democratic candidate—possibly John F. Kennedy, a serious and able congressman of thirty-five who looks so much younger that he is sometimes mistaken for one of the page boys in the House. Kennedy is the son of millionaire Joseph P. Kennedy, former ambassador to Great Britain.

Political experts in Ohio give former price stabilizer Michael V. DiSalle, assuming he wins the Democratic nomination, an outside chance to beat veteran John W. Bricker, who ran for Vice-President with Dewey in 1944. Bricker looks and talks like a statesman of the McKinley vintage and supposedly rates high with the state's large and conservative rural population. DiSalle, who is reported to have remarked that Bricker is the only John in the country whom nobody calls "Jack," looks and talks more like a new La Guardia. He probably rates rather low among farm voters, who are not enthused about price controls.

A highly colorful individual who made a popular mayor of Toledo, DiSalle will undoubtedly conduct a sprightly campaign and add greatly to the gaiety of the fall season. But should Taft head the Republican ticket, with his brother Charles P. Taft as the party's nominee for governor, DiSalle's chances would be only poor to middling. A slate that includes two Tafts is a forbidding obstacle for any Democrat in the state of Ohio.

The Republicans are fairly easy favorites to hold on to the Minnesota and Delaware seats, occupied respectively by Edward J. Thye and John J. Williams, the man who took the lead in tracking down skulduggery in the Income Tax Division. They are only a little less confident of Wisconsin, where Mr. McCarthy faces several unknown quantities. One of these is the extent to which Republicans who voted for him six years ago have been repelled by his rough style of play. Another is the speed with which the Democrats can unite on a candidate.

There are three possibilities in sight—Henry Reuss, a Milwaukee attorney who is actively seeking the nomination; Thomas E. Fairchild, federal attorney in Madison; and State Senator Gaylord Nelson, who has been pressing the U.S. Senate to dig deep into the McCarthy record. Failure to agree on any one of them early in the campaign is costing Wisconsin Democrats valuable time and campaign contributions.

Nevertheless, as party officials point out, the Republican lead in the state has been steadily whittled down in recent years. Where McCarthy won 62.1 per cent of the vote in 1946—that was, of course, before he tried the techniques that have made his name an ism—his Republican colleague, Senator Alexander Wiley, came through by only 53.3 per cent two years ago. Thus, it is argued, if only an additional 4 per cent of Republican voters are disaffected enough to split their tickets, McCarthy can be knocked out. As this is written, however, the odds are still with him.

It is in the remaining eight states that the Democrats really hope to spike the Republican guns. Even granting the G.O.P. the four Democratic seats mentioned earlier, the Democrats can still retain control by capturing only three of these eight: Washington, Montana, Nevada, Missouri, Indiana, Utah, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Their chances of doing this, most observers will admit, are very good. For this group is, by and large, the Republican "Class of '46," men who, with one or two exceptions, were unexpectedly elected six years ago on a wave of protest against meat shortages and the irritating controls left over from wartime. With few exceptions, they have served without much renown in the Senate, and they look like good targets.

In particular, the Democrats expect to retire Harry Cain of Washington, a state that rarely sends any kind of Republican to the Senate, much less a Republican of Cain's markedly conservative variety; and Zales N. Ecton of Montana. Cain's election six years ago, it is contended by Washington Democrats, was something of a fluke, his opponent having been saddled with several ticket mates who, for various reasons, were especially vulnerable.

Ecton, a quiet, good-natured livestock farmer of fifty-four who has had little to say in the Senate, will in all likelihood be opposed by Representative Michael J. Mansfield, a dynamic and popular Democrat. Mansfield slipped into the Navy at fourteen during World War I and managed to serve for the duration. More recently, as delegate to the United Nations General Assembly, he acquired a reputation for slugging it out with Soviet Foreign Minister Vishinsky over the imprisonment of four American fliers in Hungary. He is a favorite of President Truman, and is counted upon by Democratic leaders to return Mr. Ecton to the quiet of the rancher's life.

Undistinguished "Targets"

Another brace of hopeful targets for the Democrats are George Malone of Nevada, and James P. Kem of Missouri. Neither state is in the habit of electing Republican senators, and having done so in 1946, both reverted to normal by electing Democrats in 1950. The trend could be interrupted again, of course, if Malone or Kem were regarded as outstanding or celebrated senators. But Capitol observers are pretty well agreed that it would be hard to find a pair of members in the chamber with less claim to either adjective. Kem's opponent may be former Congressman Roger C. Slaughter, who was "purged" by Truman in 1946; State Attorney General J. E. (Buck) Taylor, or W. Stuart Symington, like Harriman a rich and photogenic trouble shooter for the administration, with experience as head of a half-dozen key agencies in Washington. All three have announced their candidacy for the Democratic nomination.

Should Cain, Ecton, Kem and Malone miraculously come through for the G.O.P., the Democrats still have two other possibilities to shoot at among the scarce-meat senators. One is Indiana's William E. Jenner, whose major crop of headlines was harvested when he called General George Marshall a "living lie." An aggressive and hard-boiled fighter, Jenner is favored to win unless Governor Henry F. Schricker, a vote getter of surpassing ability, should agree to run against him. The other fair target is Utah's Arthur V. Watkins, a man of sixty-five whose first term in the Senate was passed in comparative obscurity.

These six are the Democrats' most plausible victims, but beyond them there is a belief that if Taft is the Presidential nominee, Republican disaffection in the East may give them a chance at two others. These are the Pennsylvania seat, held by the aging Edward Martin—the end of another six-year term would bring him to eighty—and, less likely, the New Jersey seat held by H. Alexander Smith. Democratic hopes have been raised in Pennsylvania, of course, by the party's municipal victory in Philadelphia last fall. Since Pittsburgh has been a Democratic stronghold for years, for the first time, the Democrats will go into a national election controlling the machinery of the state's two largest cities.

Considered from any angle, then, it must be plain that the Republicans have only a meager chance to capture the Senate this year, barring, of course, an overwhelming landslide—a possibility which only the supporters of General Eisenhower are predicting on the basis of early primary returns. If the Republicans should win the Presidency and the House of Representatives, which generally goes along with it, what would their failure to take the Senate mean to the country in general? Beyond partisan considerations, what would it involve?

Most obviously, it would involve at least two more years of feuding and bickering between the executive and legislative branches of the government, that is, until another third of the Senate comes up for

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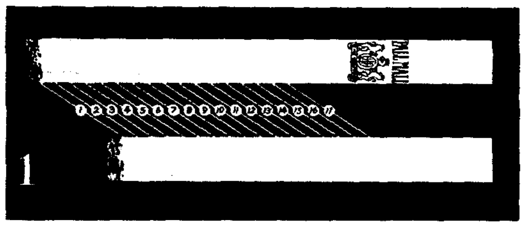

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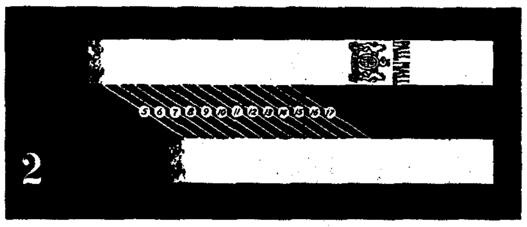

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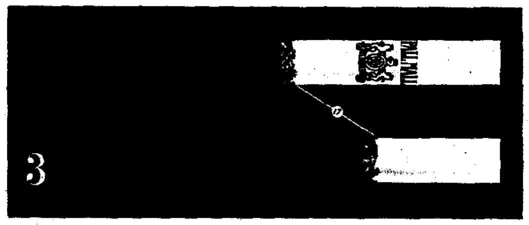

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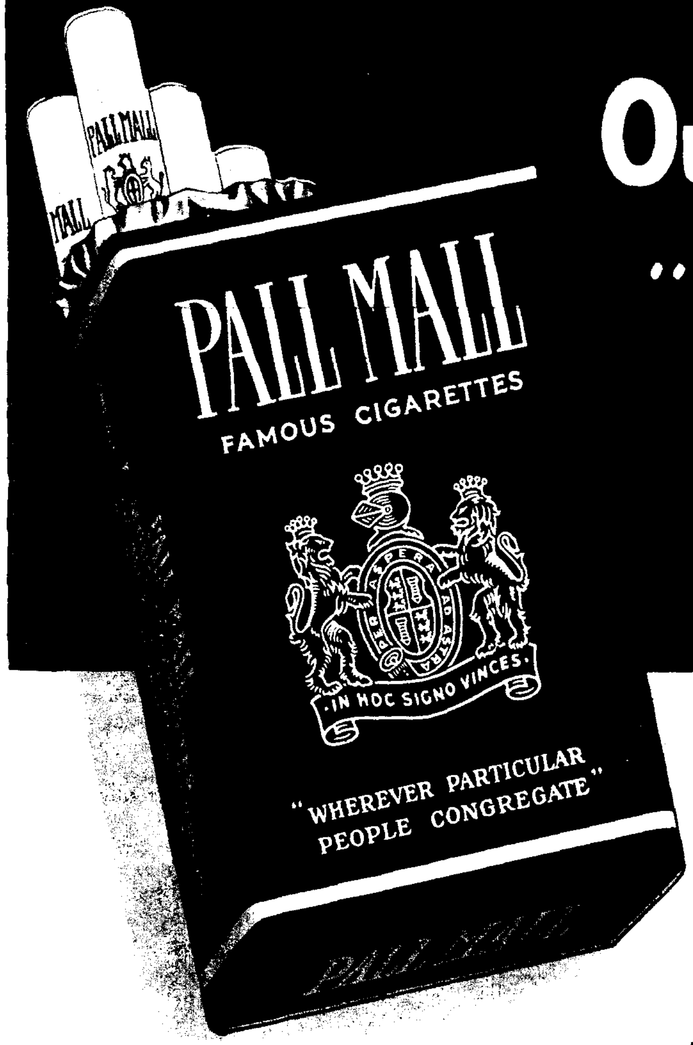

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election in 1954. We have been having such squabbling right along, of course, even with a President and Congress of the same party, inasmuch as an important number of Southern Democrats have frequently teamed up with the Republicans in a loose but effective coalition. But the thought has been that, with the White House brought once more under the sign of the elephant, all wrangling would cease and a soothing peace settle down over Pennsylvania Avenue. It now appears that this is not to be.

For a few months after the inauguration of a Republican President there would be the usual honeymoon, with pleasant platitudes exchanged and pious pledges of co-operation. But when the new President got down to cases, he would have to face the hard fact that nothing he wanted to do could be done without his first conciliating a politically hostile Senate. If past experience is a fair criterion, even those Democrats who have been friendlier to the opposition than to Mr. Truman would tend to close ranks against a Republican administration in power. Some of President Hoover's most vitriolic congressional opposition, it is recalled, came from the ranks of conservative Southerners like John N. Garner of Texas. Admittedly, however, this is speculative.

But the lively prospect of another Democratic Senate has greater importance than the likelihood it holds out for continued wrangling along the Potomac. It means, very probably, that no matter who goes into the White House in January, there will be no significant change in the country's foreign policy. Fundamentally, foreign policy is made by the President and his State Department, but if they want to see it implemented, they must consider the prevailing views of the Upper House.

Foreign governments, too, are well aware of this fact, and weigh it heavily in their calculations. Diplomatic experts, from the Kremlin in Moscow to the Casa Rosada in Buenos Aires, follow the Senate's moods with almost as much care as those of the President and his top advisers. For if the chief executive can make U.S. foreign policy, the Senate can break it, as Woodrow Wilson learned to his sorrow when what he called "a little group of willful men" shattered his hopes for an effective League of Nations. More positively, the Senate can informally set bounds within which the President must operate if he is to get the support he needs on Capitol Hill.

Should the next President turn out to be Dwight D. Eisenhower or Earl Warren, presumably no measurable change in foreign policy would even be initiated from the White House (although it is worth noting that if one of these men should sweep the country in November, he might carry in with him such opponents of his foreign policy as McCarthy, Bricker and others).

If the next occupant of the White House *is* Taft or, improbably, Douglas A. MacArthur, there would no doubt be some deflection from the present foreign policy line. At least, an attempt would be made to shift the emphasis from Europe to Asia in the prosecution of the struggle against Communism. Diplomatic initiative would, of course, be up to the President, as always, with the Senate sometimes forced to go along after the event and pretend to like it. It is possible, too, that the election of a Taft or a MacArthur would modify the thinking of some Democratic senators who now halfheartedly back the man in the White House simply because he *is* the man in the White House.

But, in spite of these reservations, the high probability remains that, no matter who makes the inaugural address next January, and no matter how much he may want to change things, the election will produce no upheaval in American diplomacy. Middle-of-the-road senators who, in the event of a Republican Presidential victory, abandon the Truman line for Taft's would be offset by Republicans who remain opposed to any weakening of our commitments to Western Europe. Even in the few states where the G.O.P. stands a good chance of ousting Democratic senators, such as Connecticut and Michigan, Republicans most talked of for the nomination are distinctly of this pro-Eisenhower species.

But beyond this, and unless all the signs fail, continuation of a Democratic majority in the Senate should serve as an effective brake on any serious or precipitous change in our over-all foreign policy. Good, bad or indifferent, it is likely to be ours for some time—which is, at least, a unique note of stability in a dizzying world. THE END

Song and Dance College

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

building than the expected cacophonous air of a music school.

However, even the casual visitor soon detects evidences of the music. An elevator door slides open, disgorging a tangle of human beings and instrument cases; an intent-looking young man hustles down the corridor with an uncovered trumpet tucked under his arm; through the open door of the student lounge, a youthful student conductor is seen solemnly leading an invisible orchestra—gesturing with his left hand to bring in the nonexistent violins, scowling darkly to quiet the blare of the mythical brasses.

The chances are good that this young impresario will be facing a real orchestra—or if not, playing in one—before the day is out. The students at Juilliard get classroom instruction (carefully adapted to their own musical specialties under a revolutionary teaching method introduced by president William Schuman) and individual instruction as well. But in addition they are required to put this instruction to practical use in one of the numerous performing groups which are an integral part of the curriculum.

Thus, the dancers have their own dance groups, the singers a number of choral ensembles and opera groups, the instrumentalists all belong to chamber music groups or orchestras. In each classification there are subgroupings, based on the excellence of the members, and the topmost of these frequently perform in public.

The Juilliard Orchestra heard in public concerts and over the radio is the number one group, a 96-piece symphony orchestra of professional standards. There is a second orchestra that occasionally plays for the student body. The third group is composed of the relative tyros—all of them struggling furiously to move up the school's ladder. As soon as a student is considered good enough, he's boosted a notch. The reshuffling of groups and schedules goes on constantly. "Planned confusion," dean Mark Schubart, a former music critic for New York newspapers, calls it.

The competition, as you might imagine, is fierce. And it doesn't end with the student's triumphant arrival in the number one group. It's not enough to be a horn player in the top orchestra—not when somebody else is the *first* horn player.

A few years ago, the father of one student waylaid the orchestra's first cellist outside the school and tried to beat him up for allegedly plotting against his son—also a cellist, with first-desk pretensions. Unfortunately for the father, a short, stout man, the first cellist was of football-player proportions, and the projected beating turned into a one-sided hugging exhibition. The overmatched parent retreated, muttering. His son remained in the ranks.

The top student choral, instrumental and dancing ensembles at Juilliard are not the only school groups which give public performances. There is, for instance, the Juilliard String Quartet, a faculty group whose members, Robert Mann, Robert Koff, Raphael Hillyer and Arthur Winograd, gave 18 European concerts last year, plus a number of American recitals. The quartet, all of whose members are under forty, is, in addition, making records for Columbia.

Another of the best-known Juilliard performing groups is an opera company called the Opera Theatre, made up of carefully selected student singers, musicians, dancers, stage designers, conductors and the like, who are divided into two subgroups—one for training and another which appears before the public. The Opera Theatre puts on about four productions a year; its most recent big one, in March, was Verdi's Falstaff, a major, full-length opera.

Night Watchman Stops Practice

The opportunity to appear in public is valued highly by Juilliard's students, and the pupils who have the opportunity as well as those who covet it take their work very seriously. "We're supposed to close down at 10 P.M.," says the harried night watchman, "but every night I have to push a bunch of these kids out of the practice rooms so I can lock the place up."

The fact is that no Juilliard student who gets past the entrance requirements is likely to take his studies lightly thereafter. The preliminary hurdles are stiff, and examinations take the form of auditions before faculty juries on admissions. Despite the high standards—or, more accurately, because of them—the number of admission applications is always great, and they come from all over the world.

The present enrollment includes students from every state of the Union and from 27 foreign countries—the largest single contingent of outlanders being the group of 19 Israelis. A number of foreign students have had their expenses paid by their governments; others attend on scholarships or pay their own way, including a few stateless persons who would like to remain in this country. Besides Israel, the nations represented this year include Argentina, Austria, Bermuda, Brazil, Canada, China, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, England, France, Germany, Hungary, Iran, Japan, Korea, Latvia, Mexico, the Netherlands, Norway, the Philippines, Poland, Romania, Russia, Siam, South Africa and Yugoslavia.

"It's tough as blazes to get in," one undergraduate said not long ago, "and even tougher to get out—if you're any good. Around here, they graduate the failures and keep the good ones another year."

That's what might be called a campus gag, based on the system which enables especially talented students to get scholarships for a year's graduate work, and sometimes more. Except for students in need, these scholarships are peculiar, in that they often do not cover the cost of tuition, but are merely, to use the school's own word, "honorary."

Tuition at Juilliard is under $650 a year, although it costs the school an average of $1,300 to educate each student.

Two courses are offered to all undergraduates, in both the music and dance departments—a four-year course entitling the graduate to a diploma, and a five-year stint ending in a B.S. degree, which requires the taking of a number of regular college subjects. The longer course currently includes about 50 per cent of the student body.

"But you can't get away from music at this place," one of the latter group told a recent visitor. "Somehow, it gets dragged into everything from the French Revolution to the economic and social theories of John Locke."

That's intentional, of course. And, if music has been brought into Juilliard's academic courses, it's nothing compared to the way dancing has colored its music courses since the new department opened last fall. The student dancers—42 girls and eight men—comprise something less than one fourteenth of the school's total enrollment, yet they've created excitement far beyond their numerical importance.

At first, the idea of having a bunch of people cavorting around the school in tights appalled the more conservative element. "This school," one critic announced grimly, "was founded to help talented people produce beautiful sounds—not hurtle through the air with arms and legs every which way."

There were a few other doubtful voices raised at the time, and some of the doubters thought their worst fears had been realized when dance classes started. For, to the musician who finds loveliness in the mingled wails and groans of a symphony orchestra tuning up, there was something awful about the heavy thud created by 12 dancers completing *entrechats* in unison. In addition, the ballet students, distinctive in their practice garb among the more conventionally clothed musicians, seemed to be everywhere—hustling along the corridors, invading the orchestra rehearsal room, swarming across the street from a nearby gymnasium which they used for large classes.

"There were close to 700 of us and only 50 of them," a music student recalled recently, "but for a while we felt surrounded."

Today, just a few months after their arrival, the dancers have fitted themselves into the school as if they had always been there. Not only do they attend music classes as part of their course—but some of the musicians in turn have taken to signing up for classes in dance fundamentals, for which they receive no scholastic credit. Every Wednesday at 1:00 P.M., all Juilliard attends a concert in the big hall, at which compositions are performed by student musicians; within three months of the start of the new department, dancing had been added to the program. What's more, the music students, besides playing accompaniment, have started writing special scores for the dancers.

Consider the plight of a percussionist. His instruments, which usually merely sound a thump or a clang, have virtually no solo repertoire, for obvious reasons. His function, normally, is to count measures while the rest of the orchestra plays, until the moment finally comes when he can pound his drums, or clash his cymbals, or tinkle his triangle. Essentially, his is a rhythm instrument.

But dancing is nothing if not rhythmic, and some primitive dances are performed to no accompaniment *but* drums. Some of the percussion students are now writing original compositions for the dancers. They are, perhaps, the least frustrated drummers in the world.

Stage Swept for Barefoot Girl

Even the stagehands in the concert hall have been affected by the new department. A girl was about to perform a new dance creation when two stagehands noticed some dirt on the floor. The girl was barefoot, and the men hastened to clean up the offending spot. Push brooms in hand, they swept out of the wings, side by side, with easy, rhythmic strokes. Their timing was excellent, their grace beyond criticism. As they disappeared into the opposite wings, the delighted students, led by Martha Hill, director of the dance department, broke into spontaneous applause. The stagehands, startled but pleased, returned for a bow.

Just as the faculty of the music school has always included some of the nation's greatest musicians—people like Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Leopold Auer, Maggie Teyte, Milton Katims, Giuseppe de Luca, Marcella Sembrich, Olga Samaroff and Robert Shaw—so has the dance department corralled many of the world's top choreographers and ballet experts for its staff.

Perhaps the best known of these is Agnes de Mille, who created such famed ballets as Rodeo and Fall River Legend (with music, incidentally, by Juilliard alumnus Aaron Copland), and who also did the dances for Broadway classics like Oklahoma! (music by Juilliard graduate Richard Rodgers).

Other faculty members include Jerome Robbins, a star and associate artistic director of the New York City Ballet, who also

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has done the choreography for numerous Broadway shows; Martha Graham, considered one of the finest dancers this country has ever produced; top modern dance choreographer Doris Humphrey; José Limon, rated among the world's foremost male dancers; and Antony Tudor, the Englishman credited with adding a new psychological dimension to the stylized ballet of the Russian classicists.

They are an enthusiastic crew, all of them delighted at the opportunity to work in such close conjunction with musicians. "I cannot conceive of a good dancer not being a good musician," says José Limon. But until Juilliard started its new department, few dance schools had ever offered even the most elementary music instruction.

The role of innovator is not an unusual one for Juilliard. Its unique method of teaching musical harmony, history and theory is so different from the old one that it's still controversial, after almost five years. In brief, the fundamentals of music are taught at Juilliard without most of the rules and formulas that used to characterize such instruction. The method, inaugurated by William Schuman two years after he became president of the school in 1945, approaches music in broad terms, instead of categorizing it, and fits the instruction of musical theory to the special interest of the student (a violinist, for example, learns about harmony specifically as it applies to his instrument).

Since the new history-theory course, called the Literature and Materials of Music, was adopted at Juilliard, it has been widely imitated, and as widely criticized by those who consider it too radical a departure.

Schuman, a composer who was just thirty-five when he became Juilliard's president, is a dynamic man who still gets a little angry when he talks about the system he deposed. "The teaching of music had dried up," he says. "Music was cut up into separate compartments—harmony, theory and so on. We teach it as a unity, as something very much alive."

Credit Due Other Schools

It is partly because of such pioneering as this that Juilliard's growth has paralleled a great musical awakening in this country—although not even the most ardent admirers of the school claim sole credit for Juilliard. Other fine music schools have contributed, too, among them the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, Peabody in Baltimore, Curtis in Philadelphia, and Eastman (directed by Juilliard alumnus Howard Hanson) in Rochester, New York.

Juilliard traces its history back to 1905, when Dr. Frank Damrosch founded a school called the Institute of Musical Art. In 1926, the Juilliard Graduate School—started two years before on a legacy left by wealthy textile manufacturer Augustus Juilliard—was merged with the institute; but it was not until 1946 that the present name was adopted.

In 1928, the late John Erskine, famous author, composer, teacher and musician, became president of Juilliard. He served in that capacity until 1937, and left the stamp of his strong personality on the school. Although Erskine was succeeded by the man who had been dean under him—Ernest Hutcheson, one of the country's foremost pianists—he never lost touch with the school. It was largely on Erskine's recommendation that Schuman was named president in 1945.

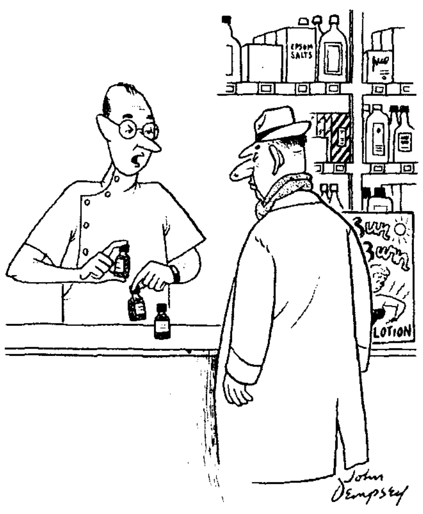
When Erskine died, in 1951, his ashes were scattered in the terrace garden north of the school building, in accordance with his wishes.

In addition to its regular curriculum, Juilliard has, over the years, added a summer school, where teachers from all over the country gather to brush up on their methods of instruction; an extension division, for people who want to take only one or two specific courses, and a preparatory division, which holds Saturday music classes (and, since a few months ago, dance classes) for 300 or 400 youngsters from seven through high-school age.

But perhaps the school's most important auxiliary function, from the viewpoint of the regular students, is the Juilliard Placement Bureau, which finds jobs for graduates and part-time employment for undergraduates. Sometimes, as director Mary Davis will tell you, it isn't easy.

"Singers, especially sopranos, are hard to place," she says, "because there are so many of them. And pianists have a hard time for the same reason. Sometimes I wish more people would take up the cello!"

Or the contra bassoon. This instrument is a massive affair, and few people play it—partly because it costs so much to own one. A few years ago, Dimitri Mitropoulos, now conductor of the New York Philharmonic but then with the Minneapolis Symphony, was guest conductor of the Juilliard orchestra. Included in the orchestra was a fine contra-bassoonist. If contra-bassoonists are rare, good ones are even more rare. Mitropoulos hired the young fellow on the spot.



"Take the yellow pills if the pink ones make you feel bad. The pink ones are to be taken if you get a reaction from the red ones. The red ones are for your cold"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

There are other success stories, too. Certainly nothing is harder to place than a string quartet. But four Juilliard students who had played together all through school were determined to stick it out as a group after graduation. Dubbing themselves the LaSalle Quartet, they had a debut in New York, gave a few well-received concerts—and were looking for work.

Halfway across the country, in Colorado Springs, Colorado College was interested in setting up a string department on its faculty. The school's total annual budget for the purpose was $10,400. That came to only $2,600 per man, but the quartet took the job, somewhat dubiously.

"I saw them three months later," Miss Davis says. "They were absorbed in their work and had made the startling discovery (which they could have learned from any music educator) that music instruction on the secondary-school level was generally . . . well, let's say insufficient."

The four musicians—Walter Levin, Henry Meyer, Peter Kamnitzer and Jackson Wiley—began to give concerts in the local high schools, sometimes holding sessions with the string students afterward. Soon they were invited to do the same in Denver, and eventually they found themselves giving concerts and conducting clinics all over the state, and, occasionally, in neighboring states. Today, two of their students are about ready to try for Juilliard, and every spring the LaSalle Quartet plays its way East and then gives concerts in cities like Boston, Washington and New York. They are gaining recognition, and may someday reach their goal—a ranking among the three or four great string quartets.

Conductors pose another problem for Miss Davis—"Even the small, established orchestras want someone with a name and experience," she says—but once in a while she has an opportunity to start a young graduate on the road to national fame.

A few years ago, a small orchestra in Springfield, Ohio, was seeking a conductor. Possibly because of the conditions of employment—the conductor would have to be his own librarian, publicity man and business manager, all for $2,700 a year—the orchestra was willing to accept a young, relatively inexperienced man. Miss Davis had the names of five would-be conductors on file. Four of them turned the job down flat because it didn't pay enough. The fifth, Guy Taylor, took it.

Developing Symphony Talent

Taylor got busy as soon as he reached Springfield. In addition to his multiple duties with the orchestra, he took on some private pupils (several of whom ultimately became good enough to join the symphonic group) and started writing a column on music for the local paper. Then he persuaded the public librarian to stock recordings of the works he played, so the public (and his players) could hear them.

At the end of his first season, all tickets for the succeeding season were sold out. Taylor's pay was raised to $3,700, and he was allowed to hire a part-time librarian and business manager. Another orchestra heard about his work and offered him a job at twice what he was making. Taylor was too busy in Springfield. Finally, a couple of years later, when he felt the Springfield orchestra was well established, he accepted a position as conductor of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, a post he still holds.

People like Taylor and the members of the LaSalle Quartet are performing valuable service in selling the country on serious music. But Juilliard and its graduates are not so wedded to the classics that they ignore popular music.

"People seem to think Juilliard's only aim is to send people to Carnegie Hall," says Richard Rodgers. "It's not so. When I was there, nobody tried to switch me from popular music. Sure, I studied harmony and all the rest of it, but they encouraged me to stick to what I was doing. They even gave me a scholarship for two years.

"I often phone Juilliard when we're going to cast a show and ask them to send down any singers they think we ought to hear."

Rodgers claims he can almost always spot a Juilliard-trained singer. "They have a certain musicality; they don't simply stand there making beautiful notes. Sometimes when we're auditioning singers we've never seen before, I wink at our casting director and ask the singer, 'Where did you study?' He knows I'm betting the answer will be Juilliard—and nine times out of ten, it is."

On the other hand, only rarely can the faculty members of Juilliard predict that a student is destined for fame. One exception was Risë Stevens. John Erskine, who was president of the school when she came there to study, wrote afterward: "From the very start we all knew that she would succeed. In her first school opera, Maria Malibran, she dominated the stage by her personality, as well as voice. She could not only sing, but act."

Naturally, Juilliard takes pride in its famous stars. But the school knows that the cause of good music is served equally well—perhaps better—by the thousands of its little-known graduates: the fine musicians sitting in relative obscurity among the string, brass or wood-wind sections of small orchestras; the good teachers in Mobile and Minneapolis, in several Springfields, in Tel Aviv and Melbourne and Manila.

In a few years, as the current crop of students makes its influence felt around the world, the superb instruction they offer may provide the great stars of the future—so that the little girl whose mother thinks she is another Pavlova and the little boy whose parents see in him a second Caruso may turn out to be just that: another Pavlova, a second Caruso. THE END

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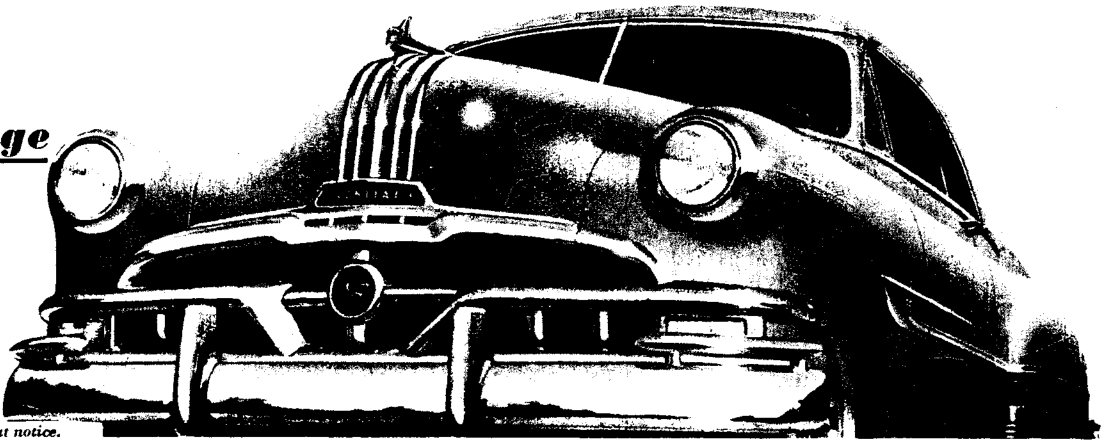

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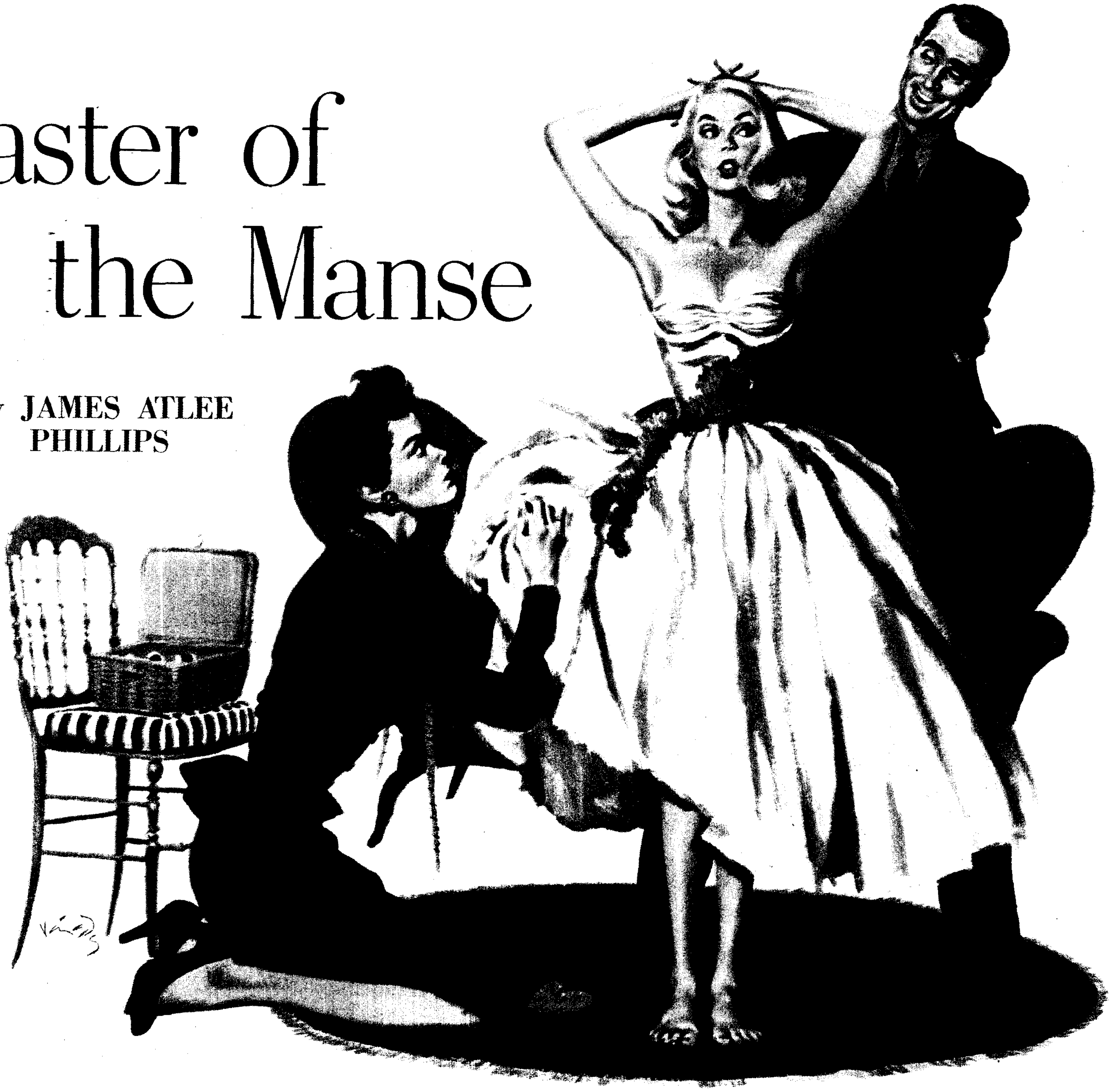
Master of the Manse



Jean was standing still, her hands clasped over her head. "It's my class dance," she wailed, "and the fitter loused up the skirt, and I—"

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

Tom was a good family man. Only occasionally did the big dreams of his past rise to pester him. This was one of those times—and it was also a time of domestic crisis

THE house was centered in a landscaped acre. It was a sprawling, red-brick house topped by small spires, framed among the trees like a miniature Norman castle. Tom Lipscomb turned into the curving drive, and the concentrated, office look began to leave his face. As he got out of the station wagon and went briskly up the breezeway toward his house, the glow of pride increased. The wonderful thing was that he now owned more of the house than the insurance company.

Not much more, because he had paid on the mortgage only five years. But he had been living there through those years, keeping the outside faucets from freezing, piling logs in the big fireplace, and raising his family. He didn't know what the insurance company had been doing, but he was sure that the corporation had not gained as much pleasure from the investment as he had. Whistling, Tom leaned down, patted the gaunt spaniel that had frisked around the corner, and went inside the house.

Tossing his hat on the hall couch, he shouted, "Hi!" Linda, his wife, replied from upstairs, but the words were absolutely unintelligible. Unbuttoning his coat, Tom walked back to the study and sank down in the battered easy chair. It had been a tough day, especially hectic because his college reunion lunch had taken a two-hour chunk out of it. Sprawled wearily, with one leg dangling over the arm of the chair, Tom pondered on how much older most of his fraternity brothers had looked. You expected it from a guy like Bob Southard, of course; Bob was an engineer with a copper company in Chile, and was out under that murderous sun a lot of the time.

Tom felt a brief twinge of inferiority as he thought of how high some of his fraternity brothers had gone. Chet Waldron was vice-president of a Cleveland bank, Roy Hardy was something important in the State Department, and Farnol must be making a fantastic income out of his movie work. Tom reviewed them all, remembering his own youthful dreams that had been so firmly buried under an avalanche of monthly bills.

He had wanted to go to Asia, once, to saunter through the teeming, crooked streets of Calcutta or Shanghai, wearing a topee and smoking a black cheroot. He had wanted to cruise the blue water of the Caribbean in a sloop, and he had hoped to practice law before the Supreme Court. On those things, he had missed. The two war years in London were the closest he had come to adventure, and they had been mostly desk-bound. Feeling a little sad over the completeness of his domesticity, Tom reached out, and the light winked on in a small refrigerator that was recessed into the wall.

The little refrigerator behind the paneling in the study was one of the few private triumphs of his life. As a capitalist achievement, it was not much, because Tom had bought it secondhand for $82.50 and had done the carpentry work himself. Still, he liked the suggestion of affluence it implied. *Here's a guy with a concealed freezing unit in his study; just strolls in and mixes a drink as casually as any man of distinction.* The small luxury had blunted many of the slings

(Continued on page 52)

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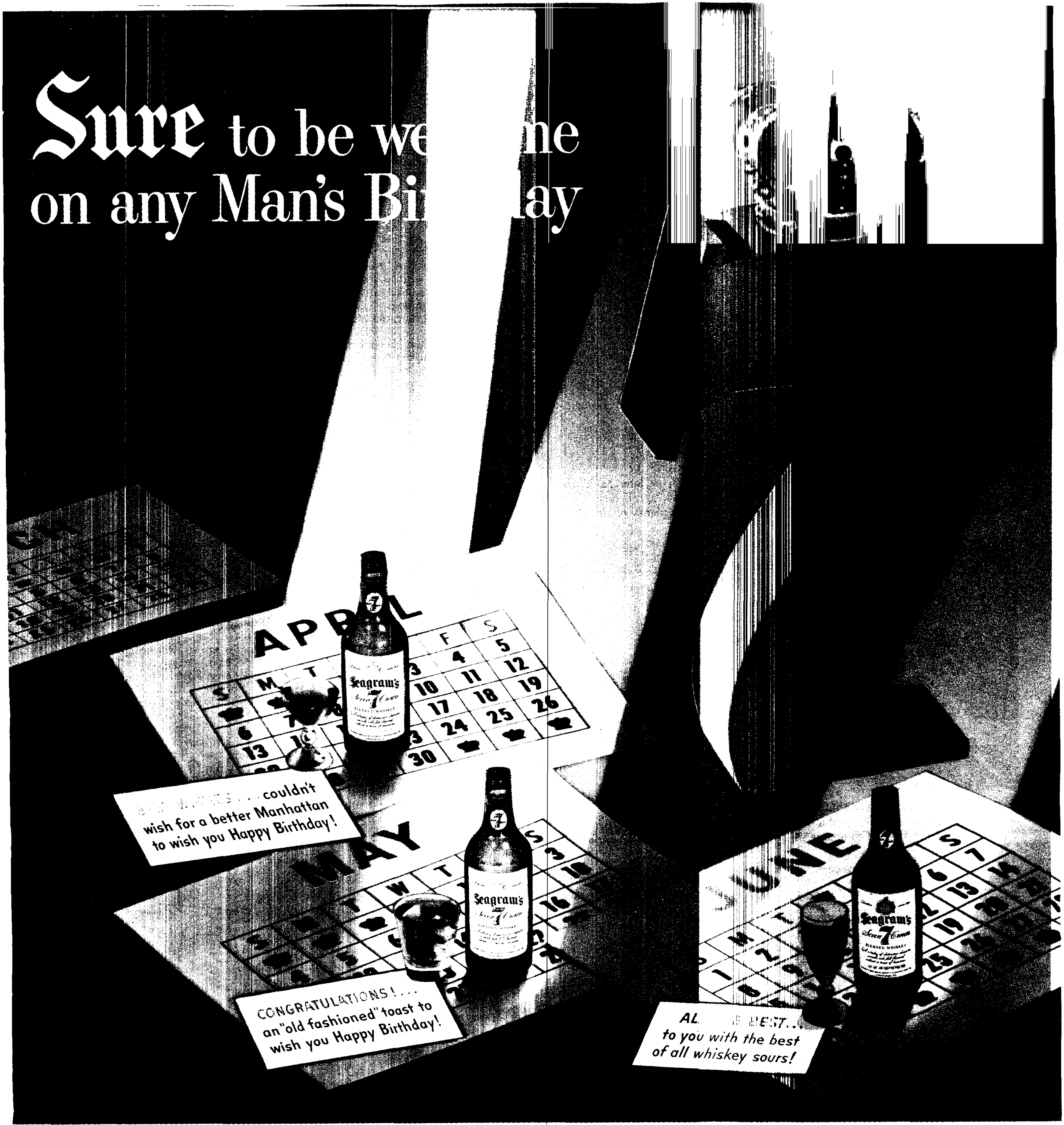
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The Sheriff of Sunshine County

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

privilege of following good hounds on a warm trail was God's ultimate bestowal.

They had hunted often, the three of them—Sam, Jake and Rad. Jake Morton had been able to neither read nor write. He had been lazy, improvident, and, in his later years, drunken. But he had been the best man with dogs that Sam had ever seen and he had been Sam's good and treasured friend until he died. And Rad, though he had grown up wild as some animal in the woods, had natured after his father in his way with the dogs. They had been all, it seemed, that he cared for.

FOR instance, Sam remembered a bear hunt in the national forest near Ocala. Jake had been on one of his periodic binges; Rad had been hired by Sam and his friends to guide them and care for the hounds. One of Sam's dogs, a valuable Spaulding hound, had been badly mauled by a bear. Sam had given the dog up for lost. He had been on the verge of putting him out of his misery. Rad had been furious. He had taken the dog from Sam. He had spent three sleepless days and nights, while the hunt went on without him, literally breathing and stroking life back into the dog. The dog had recovered. Rad had angrily refused payment for his services, though he obviously needed the money, on the grounds that he hadn't done the job for which he had been hired. Sam had then tried to give him the Spaulding. "I don't want no favors," Rad had said. "Only next time think twice before you go to shoot a good dog."

Sam had seen Rad grow wilder, outwardly more defiant, as the years went by. Schools couldn't keep him. He spent more and more of his time alone with his dogs in the scrub, the swamps and the piney woods. Jake had appealed to Sam. "It's in him, Sam—the wildness, the blackness. Just as it's in me, it's in him. Mine comes out in the drink. His'll come out that way—or worse. You talk to him, Sam. He won't listen none to me."

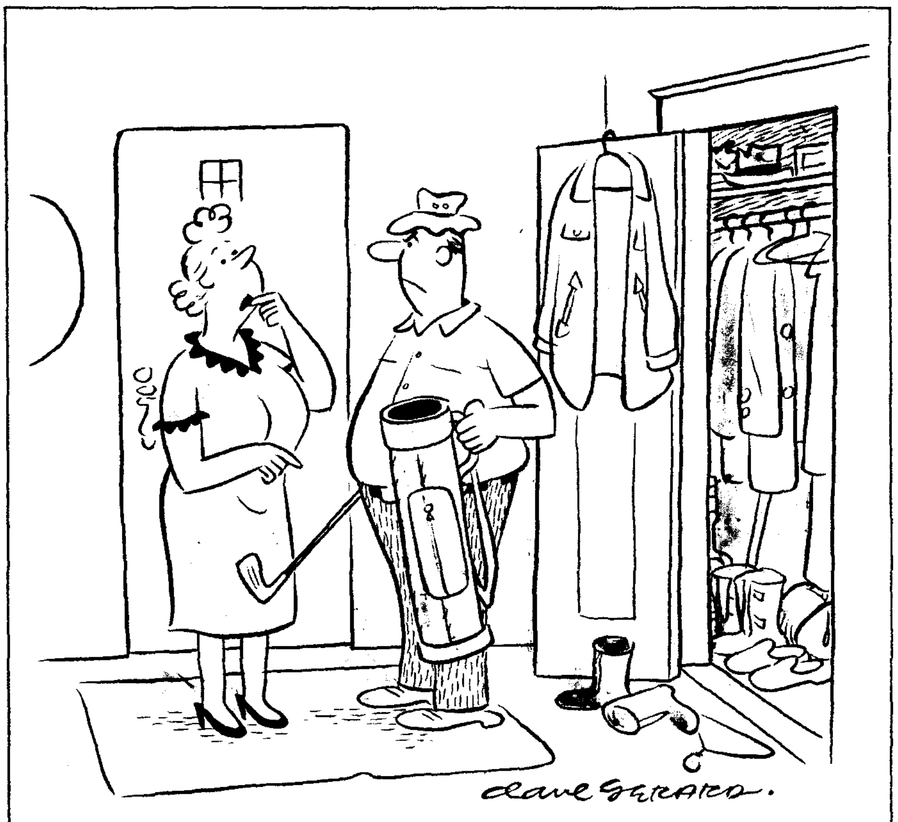
And Sam had attempted to talk with him. He had met only defiance. The boy had an oversized chip on his shoulder. Sam was no psychologist, but his years as a law-enforcement officer had developed within him a certain sensitivity to human motivations. He had his own theory about Rad Morton. He had mentioned this theory to no one, not even Joe Whittaker, for fear that he would be laughed at, accused of old-man romanticism.

His theory was this: Rad's wildness, his defiant attitude were simply manifestations of a fiercely rebellious and independent spirit. Rad had been born a hundred years too late. He was—as his father Jake had been, to a lesser degree—a throwback to the breed of men that had tamed the wild reaches of our country: the woodsmen, the mountain men, the scouts. The wildness, defiance and rebellion, improperly channeled, given no proper outlet, aggravated by bad environment, poverty and all the probable humiliations that Jake, in his own frustration, had unknowingly heaped upon him, had resulted in crime and violence.

Keg Lawton's appeal to the younger man, in his bitter confusion, his loneliness, had been potent. Sam had tried to warn Rad—right up to the time he'd started running with Lawton, aping his swagger, his side-of-the-mouth toughness—that he was headed for grief. His warnings had been ignored.

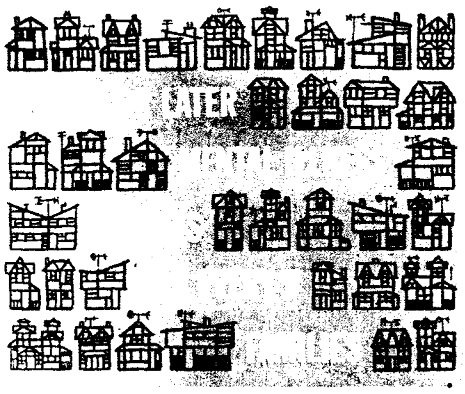
SAM got up heavily from his chair in the office. Besides being hot, he ached. He ached all over. They had been running the hounds that morning, he and Rad. They had done this five mornings a week since Rad had been returned to the county jail. The training runs were as authentic as Sam could make them. In the county jail, doing six months on a misdemeanor rap, was a walleyed, gnarly-legged colored man known as Little Man Foster. In the small hours of the morning, a deputy would take Little Man Foster to a designated starting point for the chase. The deputy would see that Little Man left something he'd handled—a stick, a rag, a cigarette package—at this designated spot. Then Little Man would take off in any direction he chose, as fast as his gnarly little legs would carry him.

At daybreak, Rad would be brought from the county jail to Sam's house. Horses would be saddled and Sam and Rad would



"Let's see. One of them may be in the attic—I had to prop up a window one day. Another could be in the basement—I needed something to stir the fire. And then I remember needing a hammer last fall . . ."

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



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NATIONAL MENTAL HEALTH WEEK MAY 4-10

ride—the hounds following them—to the start of the trail. The dogs would get Little Man's scent. At Rad's command, they would joyously take to the trail. Rad would ride close behind them, commanding them with voice and gesture, spurring them on when they needed it, saving their strength by eliminating wasted efforts, training the playfulness from the young and foolish ones. And Sam would ride behind, delighting in the way the hounds responded to Rad, but being ever-watchful, ever-conscious of the .38 Special on his hip.

Little Man Foster was a ground-covering boy. He would work hard—seeking out the swamps and the burns to cross, and wading branches and ditches, and doubling back and crisscrossing his trail—to fool the hounds, the sheriff, and Rad. But he couldn't fool them for very long, and hardly at all if the best and wisest hound of the lot, old Sal, was leading the pack.

Little Man Foster didn't particularly object to his job. The hounds weren't vicious. When they had nosed him out, their job was done. And Rad would always give him his horse to ride back to the hard road, where the deputy would be waiting for them. Rad didn't have to do this, Little Man knew. Rad just did it because he knew Little Man was tired from all that running. And that was something Little Man had never thought he would see—a white man trotting along on foot, joking with him, while he rode the white man's horse!

LEAVING his office, Sam lumbered down the courthouse hall. He told himself he just wanted to check on things at the county jail. He knew, really, that he just wanted to see and talk with Rad Morton.

Rad lay on his bunk, smoking.

"Howdy, Rad," Sam said.

Rad's eyes stared beadily at him. "I ain't in no mood for preaching," he said.

Sam sighed. The conversation this afternoon was going to differ little, it seemed, from their other conversations here in the jail. The boy's defiance was a shell that Sam had tried in vain to break. It was only when they were working the hounds that the shell fell away, and then Sam, possibly because of his shyness, possibly because of his respect for the dignity of a man doing a job well, had never spoken a word to remind Rad of his position. The shell of defiance returned, a more formidable obstacle than the steel bars that held him, the minute Rad was returned to his cell.

"I didn't come here to preach," Sam said.

"Let me be."

Sam said quietly, "That's no way to talk to me, Rad."

Rad sat up, glaring at Sam now. "How come you won't let me be? I'll run your hounds for you. You don't like the way I'm doing it, well, send me back to Raiford. But let me be!"

"I want to help you, son."

"I don't want your help. I don't want nobody's help!"

"You need help, Rad. You killed a man."

Rad's tone was flat. "All right. I killed a man. He needed killing and I killed him and I'd kill him again. Don't come pulling no long faces around me!"

IT DOESN'T ring true, Sam thought. It's chest-thumping. It's whistling in the dark. Somewhere there's the key, he thought. Perhaps a better man than he could find it? *"You talk to him, Sam,"* Jake had said. How long could a man talk? Sam was patient. "You behave yourself, boy, and let me help you, and in eight years, six years, maybe, we'll have you paroled. You behave yourself, I can promise you that."

Rad stared at him. "Six years, eight years—in a cage? I'll be long gone before that, Sam!"

"You're warning me?"

"You can't keep me here, nor they can't keep me at Raiford." Rad stood up, his knuckles white as he grasped the bars. He was shouting now. "Because you nor none of the rest of you are smart enough to keep me! You had the sense God give a June bug, you wouldn't be no law-enforcement officer! Look at you! You mess around most of your life working for the people of this county. They say you've been honest, dumb enough to live on what the county paid you. And now they're about to vote you out. It ain't no secret, old man. They're paying you back for being honest by voting you out!"

"You're forgetting one thing, son. I'm on the right side of the bars. You're on the wrong side."

"But I won't be here long!"

"Let me ask you this. It wouldn't be too much trouble for you to get shet of me—an old, fat man like me—one of these mornings when we're working the hounds. Why haven't you tried it?"

Rad's eyes avoided Sam's. He was silent.

"You *want* me to send you back to Raiford?"

Rad sat back on his bunk. "That's up to you."

"You don't leave me much choice, son," Sam pointed out.

"I don't want no favors. I never have and I never will. I know what you've got me here for, anyhow. You've got me here so's you can brag at me. Makes you feel smart and important—don't it?—when you can call to mind the times you warned me I'd get into some real trouble. You always sided with Pa against me, didn't you? You've had it in for me for a long time, ain't you?"

Sam sighed heavily. He turned to leave.

Rad was off his bunk again, hanging to the bars. "Well, ain't you?" he shouted. . . .

After supper that night, Edna knitted and listened to Sam talk. Finally, she said, "I

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think you just *think* you're licked, Sam. You've always fought back!"

"I'm old, honey."

"It's that Rad Morton who's making you feel this way."

"I've always thought I could judge a man."

"*Nobody's* judgment can be perfect."

"You know how I've run my office, honey," Sam said. "I've always depended upon my own judgment. Up to lately, it's worked out pretty well. But I can't get it through my head how I made such a mistake on that boy. And I can't get it out of my head that maybe I'm not even capable of holding down my job any more."

"Sam Curtis, you send that criminal back to Raiford tomorrow. Admit you made a mistake and send him back and get out and remind the people of this county that you've been a good honest sheriff for twenty-four years and expect to be a good honest one for at least four years more!"

Sam hardly heard her. His mind was groping back through the years to the warm good feeling of comradeship between Jake Morton, Rad and himself as they followed good hounds on a warm trail. He was seeing a stubborn youngster stroke and breathe life back into a badly hurt hound for no other reason than a love for good dogs. He was seeing a white man's kindness to a murky-minded and hopeless little colored man. And he was trying to reconcile these things with flat words of defiance spat through tight lips. The breach was too great for reconciliation, and Sam knew now, certainly, that the years had robbed him of something of vast importance to him. Then the telephone rang. Sam shook his head free of these baffling thoughts and answered the call.

His face was grim as he turned to his wife. "Al Hastings has been shot, killed. Keg Lawton's back in the county."

THE courthouse had been awakened from its dusty, summer-night dreams. Most of the county officials were there. Citizens knotted angrily in the entrance hall and on the granite steps outside. Feeling was high. Al Hastings, in life, had commanded none of the sympathy and concern that now, in death, he was receiving. He had operated an insurance-and-loan business. It was generally known, though it had never been proved, that he had gotten rich loaning money to Negroes at usurious rates. It had been rumored, at the time of the Herndon Finance Company robbery, that he held Keg Lawton's note for a sizable sum of money. At any rate, Keg, who had existed on his wife's wages at a canning plant, had suddenly had money for a getaway car and guns.

Tonight Keg had been seen, by the colored janitor at Al's place of business, entering Al's private office. The janitor had heard sounds of scuffling. He had heard a shot. He had heard Keg Lawton run out of Al's office. He had gone to Al's office and had found Al there, dead, with a hole in the left side of his chest. Al's safe had been opened. It had been rifled.

As Sam climbed the steps to the courthouse, he saw young Frank Johnson moving from group to group around the entrance hall. He reckoned the boy was doing some pretty hot politicking along about now. Probably saying: "Well, things are pretty hot around here now, and they'll likely get a lot hotter until we get the old man out of here. Bad enough when he brings one killer back and makes a trusty of him. But now we've got a fresh killing, and you want to watch the old man now. He'll more than likely take those sorry hounds of his and go through the woods on a night's airing while Lawton holes up, safe, and makes fools of every law-abiding, taxpaying citizen in the county!" By gonnies, Sam thought, I *would* use a dog or two, too, if I knew where to start. Trouble was, Keg had left Al's place in a car. The janitor hadn't seen the car, but he'd heard it leave.

The activity centered in Sam's office. The State Highway Patrol was alerted, as were law-enforcement agencies in the neighboring counties, and in Tampa, Orlando, Jacksonville and Miami. Sam talked with the frightened janitor from Al's place. Deputies brought Keg's wife and his two moon-faced, heavy-thighed daughters to the courthouse. They all denied having seen Keg. They admitted, however, that Keg had been sending them money from time to time, and that Al Hastings, who held Keg's note, had been getting most of it. Sam sent them home with two deputies. The deputies were ordered to watch the house until further orders. Other deputies were dispatched to set up roadblocks to check traffic leaving the county. All available prowl cars were cruising the highways and the back-county roads.

BY MIDNIGHT, the angry people and the merely curious had left the courthouse. Sam had done everything he could now but wait, his telephone by his elbow. The short-wave receiver and transmitting set were at the county jail. Sam disliked the clatter of the equipment and had instructed the operator on duty to call him if there were any developments. Judge Whittaker waited with Sam. The two men drank Sam's rich bourbon from paper cups. Sam knew that his friend had stayed with him simply to prove his friendship and loyalty.

Sam sipped his drink. "Go on home, Joe," he said.

"I like your bourbon, you old goat!"

Sam stared at the ceiling. "I wonder what that kid's thinking of right now, Joe. Rad, I mean."

"If I were you, I wouldn't care. And I hope you've put extra guards on the jail. There's no telling what a couple of punks like Lawton and Rad might have planned."

"You're sure I've misjudged that kid, Joe?"

"My God, Sam! I—"

"Wish there was some way of finding out for sure. It's important to me, Joe. It's the most important thing I can think of. I can't help thinking that maybe I'm right and the rest of you are wrong. I keep wondering what he's thinking, sitting there."

The telephone rang. Sam reached for it. He listened. "Tell him I'll be right out!" he said.

"What was it?"

Sam's face was eager, alert. He stood up, and he stood straight. He reached for his hat. "Nothing important," he said. "And you know what, Joe? I'm tired of sitting here wondering what Rad Morton's thinking about. I'm going over there and find out!"

"I'm coming with you."

"See you in the morning, Joe."

"Don't pull any damn'-fool stunts, Sam!"

The sheriff grinned at him and left. . . .

There were only two horses. And the only dog was old Sal, because Sam trusted Sal over and above all the others and he wanted this to be a very special hunt, with only himself, Rad and Sal.

The deputy standing beside the wrecked, abandoned car in the ditch—the car with the still-warm motor, the car that must be, Sam knew, the one Keg Lawton had been driving—thought Sam was crazy. "You can't do it, boss," he said. "You can't go out alone with this man!"

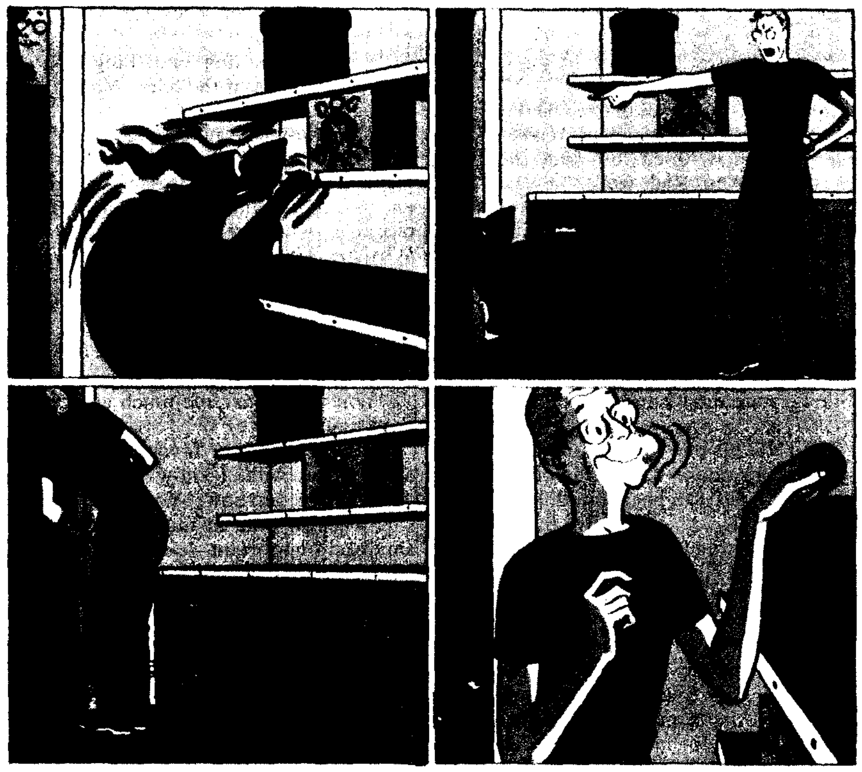
Sam said quietly, "Well, now, this is the way it's got to be," and didn't stop to wonder whether or not the deputy understood the reasoning behind his statement. "Get a wrecker. Have the car towed back to town. Take fingerprints and check them with Lawton's," he said, though he knew, certainly, that this was no more than a formality, an item for the records. "When you get back to town, stand by the radio. Do what has to be done until I get there."

The man started to speak, stared at Sam's face, turned, and walked to his car.

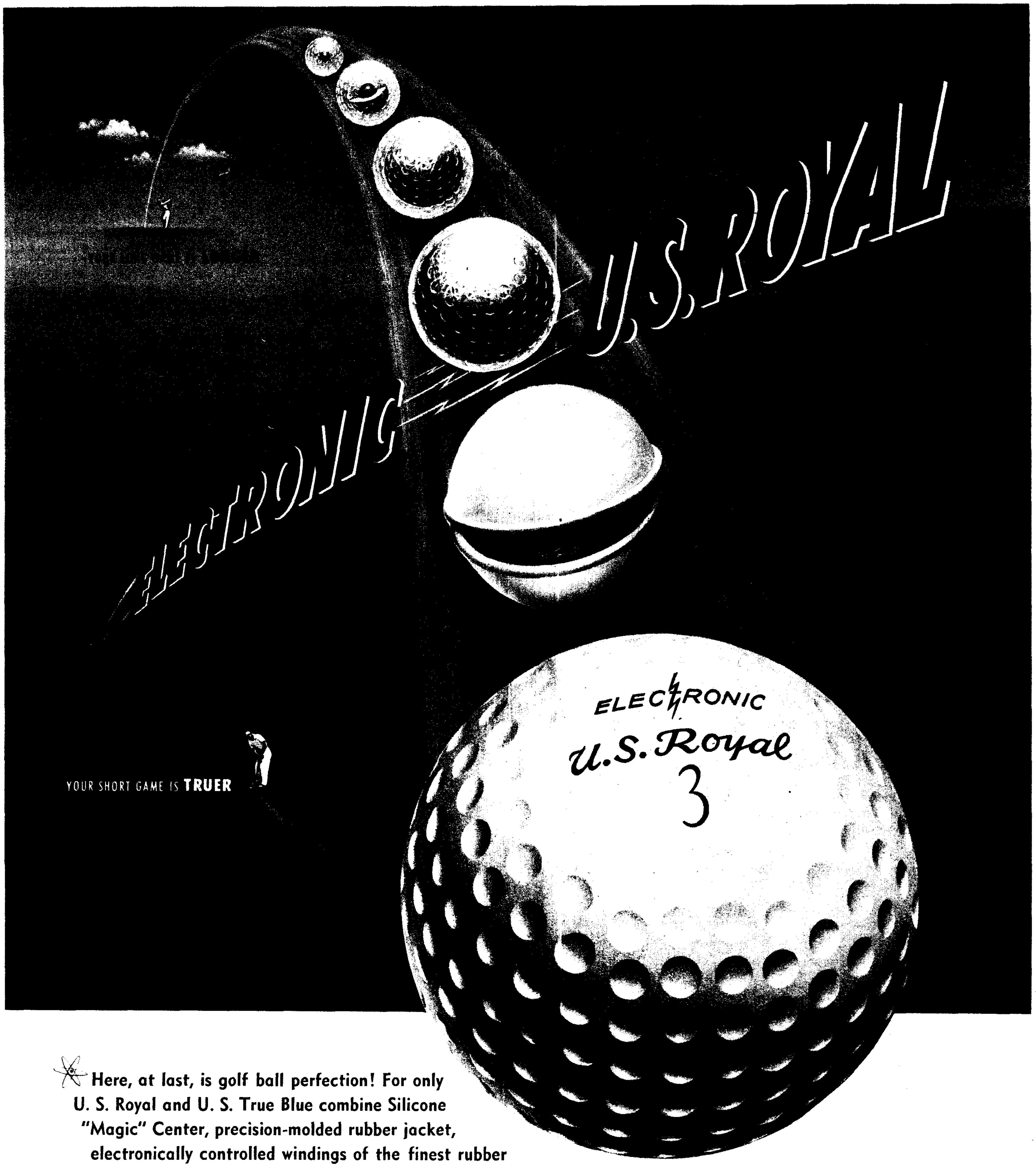
SAL got her scent from the wrecked car. She snuffled eagerly along the shoulder of the road for a hundred yards. Then she crossed the muddy ditch beside the road, scraped belly-flat beneath the lower strand of a barbed-wire fence, and, with happy whines sounding in the back of her throat, started diagonally across pastureland, to the east, toward the river. Rad was waiting, holding the saddled horses. Sam took his horse and checked an impulse to take his .38 Special from his holster, to wave Rad a safe distance away, before he tried to mount. *If it's going to happen, it might as well happen right here,* he thought. Rad stood behind him, poised, as Sam labored his heavy frame into the creaking saddle. Then Rad mounted quickly and started, at a rocking canter, across the pastureland behind Sal. Sam sighed and followed him.

Sal led them across the pasture and into barren pine flats. The pine flats stretched eastward for some five miles, Sam knew, and ended in heavy swampland that skirted the river. Would Lawton make a run for the river, swim it, and hide out in the county

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE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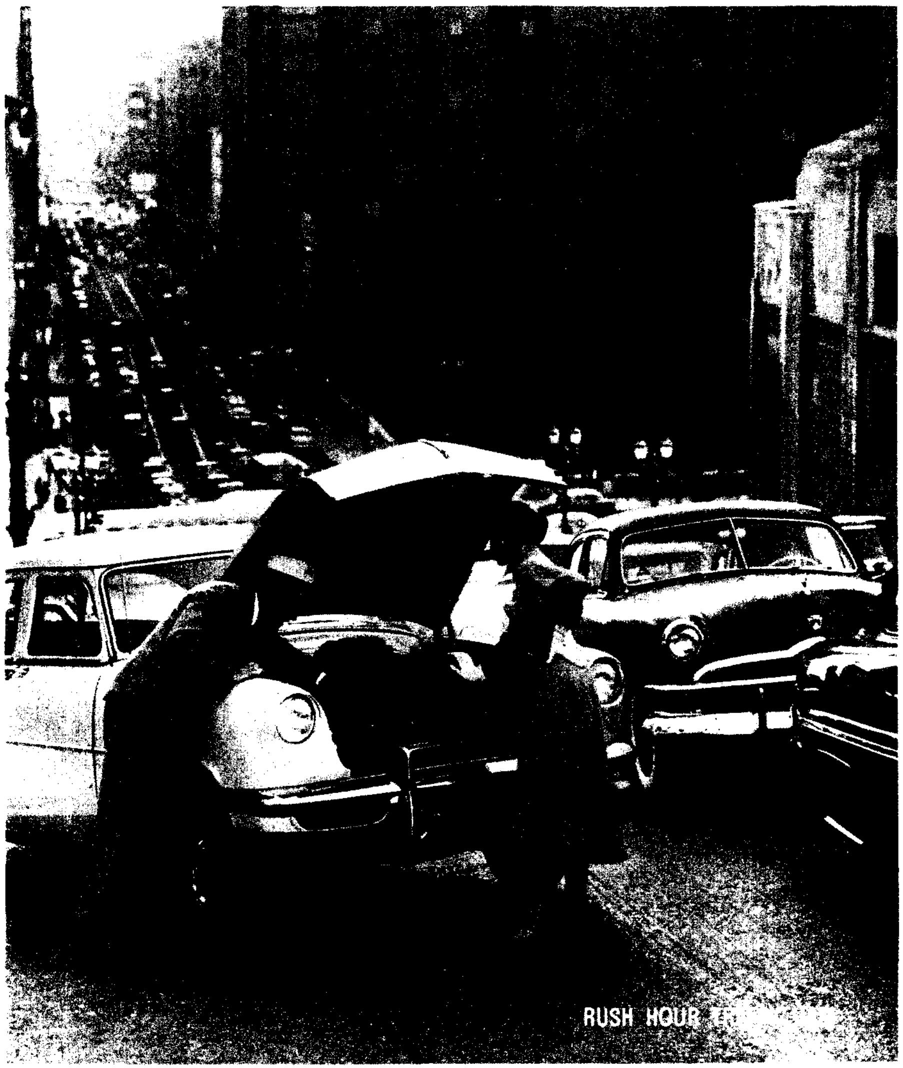

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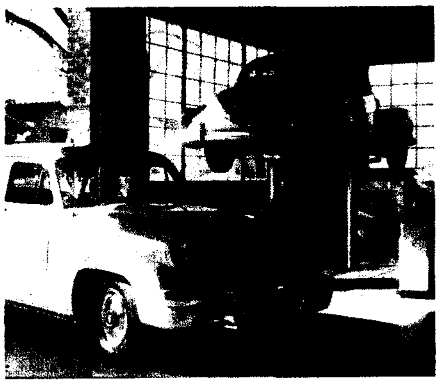

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across it? Would he try and find a boat? Not many miles south, the river became a mass of small waterways and reaches through virgin timberland, swamp and marsh, where a man could, with luck, hide out indefinitely. Or would he try and make it to Bridge 16? There was an all-night juke at Bridge 16. There would be cars there. But there was also a roadblock. Lawton probably figured there would be. How smart was he? Sam wondered.

Sal's voice was sweet-mouthed, low and mournful as she led them through the pine forest. There was no trail. Sam's heavy clumsiness now in the darkness kept his horse almost constantly off balance. Time after time, the confused animal lurched and stumbled over gopher holes and rotting logs. Sam's legs and thighs scraped painfully against pine trunks. Branches tore at his face. Time after time, Rad was forced to wait for Sam to catch up with him.

Lawton—if Lawton it was, Sam thought—was trying no tricks. He was heading straight east for the river. He had certainly heard Sal long before this. He was gambling on the ability of one man to travel faster than a party of men. The horses were, in the denseness of the forest, of little value other than strength savers. They could travel no faster than a strong and desperate man on foot.

AND now the pines petered out as the ground became low and marshy, and directly ahead, against the moonlight, loomed the forbidding darkness of the swampland that edged the river. The marshland was bad footing for a horse; and besides, Sam figured, men high in a saddle would be sitting ducks for any man of a mind to draw a bead on them. He rode close to Rad. "From here on we're afoot," he said.

Rad slipped easily from his saddle. Sam labored his heavy frame to the ground and almost fell as his legs went rubbery under him. He clutched the saddle for support. Sam yearned, helplessly and angrily, for his vanished youth. Rad stood beyond him, waiting, straight and still and ghostly in the early-morning mists. Sam was suddenly afraid. Why doesn't he say something? Why doesn't he do something? Rad could charge him right now.

Sam doubted that he could even, in his state of exhaustion, wrestle his .38 from his holster. He wouldn't stand a chance.

What was Rad waiting for? Joe Whittaker had been right. Edna had been right. The deputy back at the car had been right. He didn't want to die. Let them vote him out. He'd have years of retirement with Edna and with his hounds and with hunting and fishing and with the books he'd always wanted to read and had never found the time to read. Well, there wouldn't be any of these things now. Why? Because he was a foolish old man who must risk his life to find out whether or not he's lost his ability to judge a man.

His breath came easier, and with the easier breathing came renewed courage. Well, he wasn't through yet! Ahead of them, Sal's voice had become chop-mouthed, bristly, the way it always did when the trail was hot. Rad followed her at a trot.

Sam struggled to keep up with him, the only sustaining element for him now the age-old thrill of the chase as the quarry was closed in on. All right, he thought vaguely, he was a damned stubborn old fool, but if he was going down and out he'd go down and out doing the thing he loved to do more than anything else in the world. He was a part of the chase. He was following the best hound he had ever known, and the trail was hot! He hardly felt the ankle go as the sogginess of the low ground gave way beneath his clumsy weight. He felt no pain, only a numbness, but he knew, as he fell face forward into the soft wetness of the marshland, that the ankle was broken, that the chase was over for him.

Rad stood over him now, a quietly relentless, revengeful figure. Sal was at the edge of the swamp now, some yards ahead, her voice quick with excitement. Rad moved a step closer to Sam. Sam clawed at the mud beneath him and wrenched his bulky body to a sitting position. With a quickness that surprised him, he dug the .38 from its holster. His first thought, instinctive, compelling, was for the safety of his hound. He leveled the gun at Rad.

"Call back the hound," he ordered.

Rad turned and shouted a command at Sal. He had trained her perfectly. Her voice died on a note of puzzlement, frustration, but she came quickly to Rad's side. Rad knelt beside her. He stroked her gently. In the moonlight Sam saw his face, and the bitterness was not there, and there

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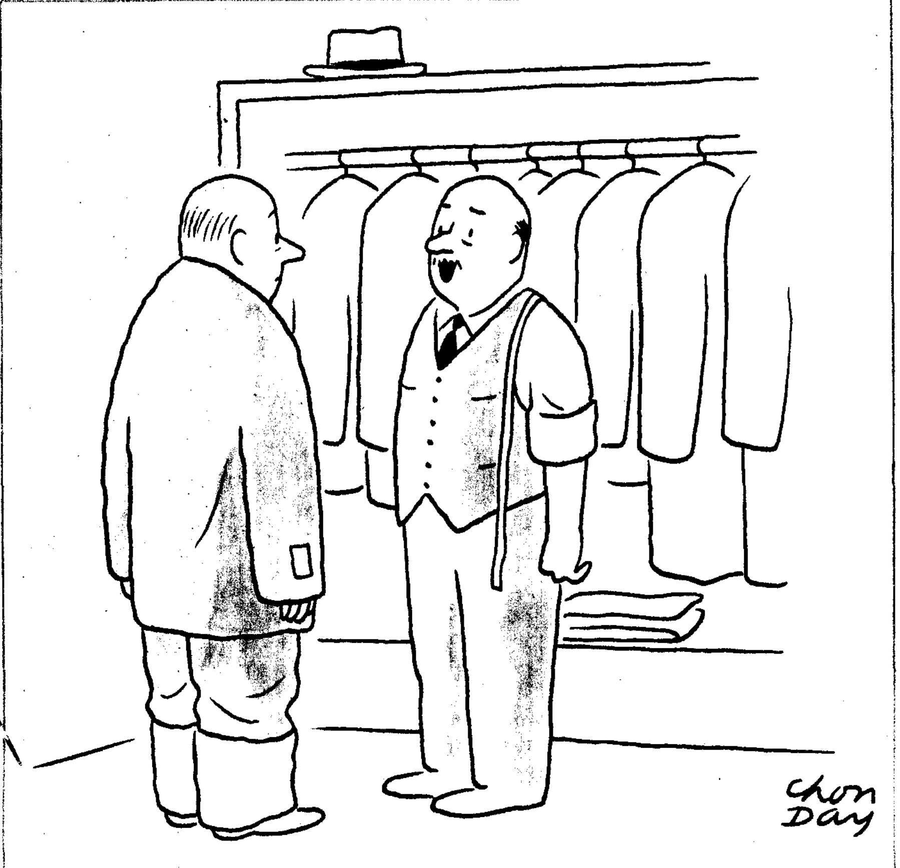
Mario Canto started playing shortstop with Greenwood, Mississippi, in the Cotton States League. The next year it was Evansville in the Three-Eye League. Then the Army came along, and after the Army, Mario jumped up to Toledo, in the American Association. Now he'd had four seasons of major-league ball, with Lake City in the American League, and he was the league's Most Valuable Player. He'd never played in a World Series, but this year the Lions were favorites to go all the way.

Mario played hard. Baseball was his life, and he played it to win and played it clean. So when the gamblers and fixers began to horn in on the sport, Mario knew he had to fight them—and that wasn't going to be easy, because there was something in Mario's past that might wreck his own career if he hollered, "Fix!" He had a girl, Callie, to understand his predicament and give him courage to face it—but Callie was dynamite too, because she'd been awfully deeply involved with a wild and cynical kid who was to become the key figure in the conspiracy.

THE TAKE-CHARGE GUY

By Jack Weeks



COLLIER'S "In keeping with our low-overhead policy, sir, we *haven't* any mirrors" CHON DAY

was a tenderness and a youthfulness now in the set of his mouth, the cant of his head, and Sam knew that he had to know the truth and he made his decision.

He flipped the .38 completely around and reached it, on outstretched palm, to Rad.

He said quietly, "Go in there and get him, son."

Rad stared at him. "You're giving me this gun?"

"Take the gun. Go in there and get him."

SAL growled. Then a mocking voice suddenly sounded beside them. "So help me, God! I heard you was master of hounds around here. I didn't hardly think, though, that a man could be as dumb as this old man here!" Keg Lawton's drawn face was enormously evil in the moonlight. The .45 in his hand waved in a menacing manner.

Rad stood silent, tensed.

Keg watched him closely, the muzzle of his .45 now leveled at Rad's chest. "You don't look so glad to see me, boy."

Rad said quietly, "I reckon I'm glad to see you, Keg."

"It can be like old times, boy. I see you got his gun. You with me?"

"Where we going?"

"Leave that to me. I got it figured."

There was uncertainty in Rad's voice. "What about the old man? He's broke his ankle or his leg or something."

"Leave him lay here, like a fat hog. He'll die, most likely. You left your horses back on the high ground, didn't you? We'll cut 'em loose."

"Well—what about the hound?"

There was a threatening note in Keg's voice. "Seems to me like you're doing a lot of unnecessary worrying, boy," he said. "They been softening you up? I'll tell you what about this lousy hound. This lousy hound's been bothering me for some time, ain't you, lousy hound?"

Sal looked at him, knowing that she was being spoken to, uncertain of the tone of the man's voice. She took a tentative step toward him. Keg fired. Sal yelped once, jumped sideways, fell, and lay writhing in pain beside Sam. Sam felt the wetness of his eyes as he reached a helpless, hopeless hand toward her.

And then Keg's scream sounded high and thin and his .45 fired once more, harmlessly, the round burying itself in marshland. And Rad was upon him, crushing him into the mud, either forgetting in his blind rage to use the .38 or for some reason feeling that a round of ammunition was too impersonal a thing. Sam watched helplessly as the struggling figures rose and fell, flailing wildly, writhing in the lowland mists like some four-legged, four-armed, prehistoric creature. Now Keg was screaming again as Rad was astride him in the mud, landing crushing, crunching blows until the scream became a whimper and then a groan and then nothing.

Rad was standing now, staggering crazily, gasping, "There's your man." And then he was on his knees beside Sal, probing the gaping hole in her shoulder with gentle fingers, crooning half-words of sympathy and encouragement to her, then ripping strips from his ragged shirt to dress the wound.

And then there came to Sam, from the pine flats behind him, the sweet and mournful sounds of other dogs hot on a trail, and he recognized the voices as those of his own hounds—Prince, Beulah and the rest. He looked behind him and saw lights bobbing across the high ground, coming closer. In what seemed to Sam a very short time, the hounds were around Rad and old Sal and him, dancing stiff-legged, yelping happily. Then the men arrived. The deputy who had found Lawton's car was there, and for once Sam was glad that his orders had been disobeyed. There were two other deputies. There were half a dozen townsmen—friends of Sam's. Joe Whittaker, looking angry, was among them. Joe and one of the deputies hauled him to his one good leg, and Joe kept saying. "You damned old goat, you damned old goat!"

TWO of the men had Keg Lawton, still unconscious, between them. One of the deputies was trying to do something with handcuffs to Rad Morton, and Sam heard himself say, "Get away from that boy!" Rad stood, cradling old Sal gently in his arms, and said to Sam, "She'll be all right in a week, Sheriff."

Sam cleared the lump from his throat. "The governor of this state will hear from Judge Whittaker and me about you before he's had his breakfast, boy!"

And the sheriff of Sunshine County, a man of rare good judgment, squared his shoulders and figured, like Edna said, that he was good for at least four more years in office. And, by gonnies, he'd convince the voters of that!

THE END

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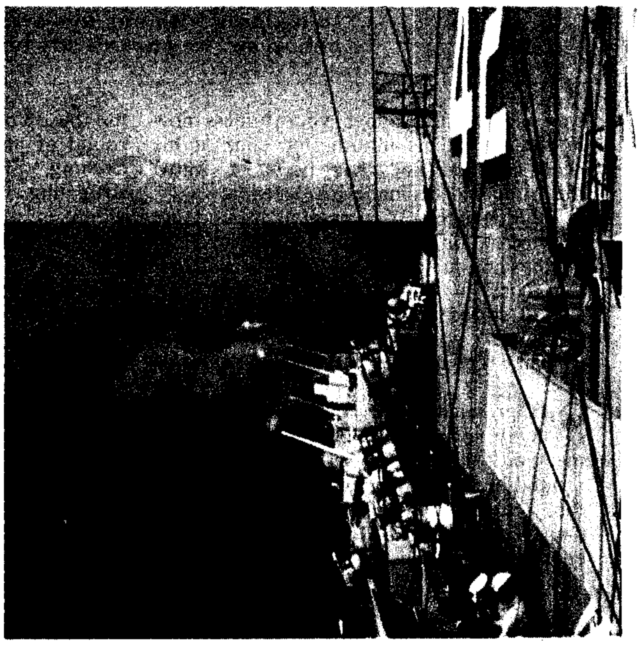
LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

America Fore ★INSURANCE GROUP★

Men of the Sixth Fleet are roving ambassadors in the Mediterranean area. On visit to Lisbon, curious and friendly U.S. sailors study—and are studied by—curious and friendly Portuguese

Jet airplanes, like this Banshee on the carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt, give fleet mobile power

Greek soldiers and Crete residents group around a beach marker to watch fleet landing drills



The carrier's big guns roar in practice. Ships usually serve in Sixth Fleet four to five months

In a simulated attack, the first wave of Marines leaves its landing craft to hit a beach at Crete

Admiral Robert B. Carney is boss of U.S. Sixth Fleet. He co-ordinates its activities with NATO

Easing up on fleet duties, gobs spend day ashore off Sudha Bay in Crete. They splurged on watermelons

During lull in amphibious maneuvers on Crete, natives enjoy chats with Yanks

SIXTH FLEET

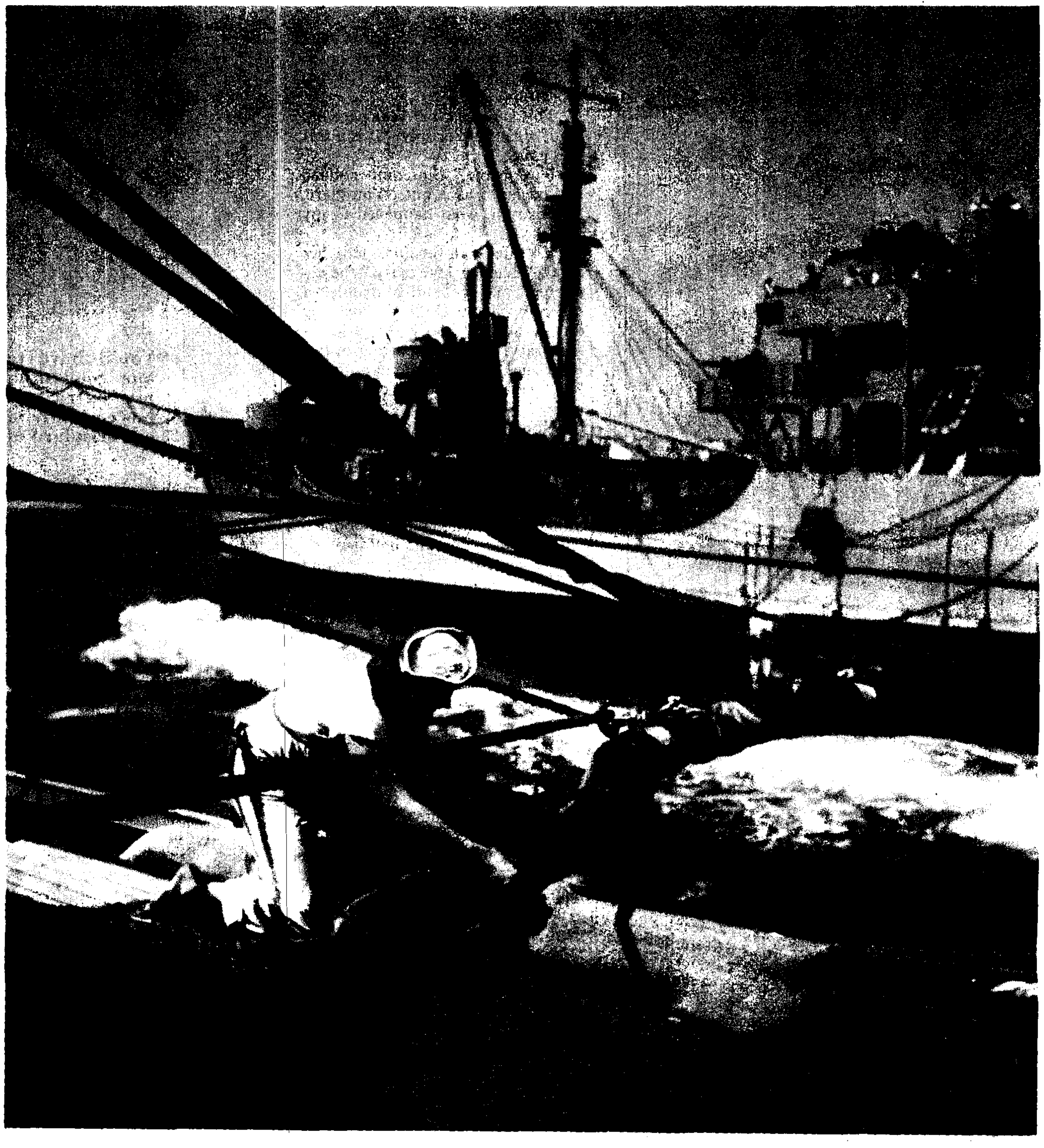
FOR millions of people living in countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea, America's contribution to the mutual defense effort has a friendly, nautical flavor. From Turkey on the northeast to Morocco on the southwest, ordinary citizens have the welcome assurance of frequent contact with the U.S. Sixth Fleet. The off-duty American sailor brings a large measure of good will to troubled Mediterranean ports. And until the day when the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's defense setup reaches full strength, the Sixth Fleet is also one bristling guarantee that any Soviet sneak attack in Europe would be swiftly answered.

Only one unit in the over-all command of Admiral Robert B. Carney, Commander in Chief of the Allied Forces in Southern Europe, and C-in-C of U.S. Naval Forces in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, the Sixth is a giant, nomadic task force of more than 20 vessels, including jet-launching aircraft carriers, cruisers, submarines and destroyers. It's manned by more than 15,000 Navy men and a reinforced battalion of Marines.

Virtually a complete modern Navy in itself, the fleet has no base in the Mediterranean, is continually on the move. Its men have as their specific jobs keeping their ships in fighting shape, demonstrating their ability and efficiency to the nations along the coast—and just being friendly. In line of duty they stage amphibious maneuvers, hold band concerts and mass picnics ashore and chat with local naval and military men from Portugal to Crete. Several weeks ago they joined with British, French and Italian fleets in the largest land-sea-air maneuvers ever held in the Mediterranean.

In large and small units, parts of the fleet visit some 90 ports on the million-square-mile inland sea. Men on liberty passes spend an average of $2,000,000 yearly in Mediterranean nations. But the people who accept their money see more in U.S. sailors than tourist dollars. As one Greek statesman has said: "In the powerful gray diplomats of the Sixth Fleet we see the guarantee of small peoples' independence." Agreeing with him are thousands of enthusiastic gobs, including the one who wrote home: "It looks like I've joined the Navy to *save* the world."

SEYMOUR FREIDIN



Fleet is world's largest without a fixed base. Ships refuel at sea moving about 80 feet apart

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROSS MADDEN

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

and arrows of Tom's life, but tonight it was obvious that there had been a snake in his tiny Eden.

The shelves of the refrigerator were always nearly empty, holding only a few wedges of cheese, a jar of olives, two bottles, and the chilled glasses. These things were the supplies for the two ritual Martinis he had before dinner, but tonight a prime ingredient was missing. The gin bottle was gone.

Tom frowned and went up the stairs, stroking his graying hair back with one hand. There was a murmur of voices at the end of the hall, and he advanced on it. Linda was on her knees, pinning the hem of a dress. The dress was very décolleté, and covered a part of their daughter Jean.

"Nuffever muhhlife sawrsuch stupideeple atstore," his wife mumbled angrily, and Tom wondered if she had somehow become harelipped during his absence. Advancing, he saw that her mouth was full of pins.

"Trouble?" he asked.

Jean was standing still, her hands clasped over her head. "Oh, Dad," she wailed, "you never remember anything. It's my class dance, and the fitter loused up the skirt and I just don't—"

"Looks all right to me," he said mildly. "Kind of naked, though. Where's the fringe on top?"

Both women, his kneeling wife grimacing and his daughter posed like a petulant statue, stared at him scornfully.

"This is not a Civil War pageant, Dad," Jean said crisply. "It is a formal dance."

"Pardon me," Lipscomb nodded and began to back out. "You there, Schiaparelli, what happened to my gin?"

His wife spat the pins into her hand. "I had a bridge party," she answered. "Madge and a couple of others wanted a Collins. Operating on the absurd theory that I am a necessary, if unsung, partner in this marriage, I mixed them a drink. Shall we make a federal case out of it?"

"Nope." Tom backed out with renewed vigor. "I'll just buy a lock, that's all. I didn't realize this was going to become headquarters for Alcoholics Prominent, with a bunch of harpies tanking up in the noonday glare."

He turned down the hall briskly. Behind him, Linda was shouting something about the Thursday-night clowns, but he only hummed to himself and went out the back door to the garage. He was getting in the station wagon when he heard the rustling noise. It came from overhead, and at first he thought it was rats. Then the rustling got louder, and he realized that nobody had rats that big. He got out of the car, and the cords in his neck began to tighten.

DROPS of scarlet paint were dribbling down between the cracks in the ceiling. As he watched in horrified silence, they began to festoon the hood of the station wagon. Scarlet streamers were falling all over the car. In panic, Tom whipped out his handkerchief and pawed at the ruddy drops.

That was a mistake. It turned the smart, dappled effect into a long red smear. Unnerved, Tom thrust the handkerchief back into his pocket (another mistake), and went charging around the garage and into the toolroom at the far side.

"Tim?" he bellowed. The rustling increased spasmodically, and then was stilled. "You better come here where I can see you!" Tom shouted angrily.

There were seconds of unbroken silence, muffled whisperings, and a reluctant movement along the rafters. A small blond head peered down into the toolroom.

"Hello, Daddy," said the head.

"What are you doing up there?"

"Me'n Chester are painting the attic."

Mr. Lipscomb patted his cheeks lightly, with both hands, as if he wished to start the blood flowing back to his head. "On the car," he explained. "The paint is running down on the car. I'm going to back it out, and you get some rags from Mother and mop up all the paint. And tell that pinheaded Chester to be gone when I get back, or I'm liable to paint the whole house with human gore."

"Yessirree, bob," replied the small head, and, withdrawing, began to relay the message to the invisible Chester. Tom got in the station wagon, which now had a carnival tracery all over it, and backed out of the drive. At the filling station, he explained to the astonished attendant, and stalked across the street to the liquor store. Then he went back to the station and spent half an hour helping the attendant sponge away the paint.

Then Tom drove back into his driveway and walked through the house to his study. Doggedly, like a frustrated alchemist, he compounded a Martini. He was sipping it, leaning back in the chair and beginning to relax, when Linda walked in.

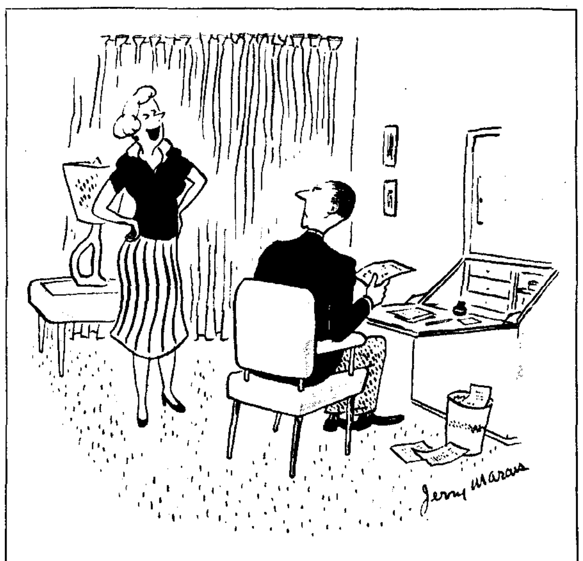
"What are you sitting in the dark for?" she asked sharply. "We had to eat dinner without you." When he did not answer, she came closer and leaned down to peer at him. "Think how peculiar it would look if someone came to visit, and I had to explain that you were sitting back here."

"I just this minute got here," Tom said. "Tim's been crying."

He watched her pluck a cigarette from the box on the desk, and saw her face become personalized as the lighter clicked. "He says that he was just trying to help, and that you were mean to him, and made Chester go home."

"True," answered Lipscomb. "He got paint all over the car, and he's going to get his tail fanned. Since I do not regard Chester as a member of the human race, I am buying a number-six bear trap. I hope to have Chester en casserole, with a sauce to disguise the gamy taste, for dinner one of these nights."

The tip of Linda's cigarette glowed as she took a drag on it. "You're being moody," she warned. "You're letting perfectly normal, everyday incidents upset you." When he did not reply, she moved toward the hall. Tom watched her shapely silhouette retreat, and heard her heels tapping on the floor. His bleak face was bathed in radiance as he leaned down and opened the refrigerator door again.



"You'll have to admit *one* good thing about my extravagance—it has certainly improved our standard of living!"

COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

The peace was undisturbed for half an hour. Tom Lipscomb savored the silence and the dusk, relaxed in the big chair that his constant slouching had finally broken down to a comfortable curvature. He thought about a couple of cases he had to try, and calculated his chances in them. He meditated on the plight of the American householder, and decided it wasn't so bad. Even Tim's paint escapade mellowed slightly; it assumed the aspect of an incipient legend, and he began to rehearse the way he would relate it to his friends.

THE telephone rang, and was answered upstairs. Tom sat in the darkened study and speculated on the call. Might be for me, he thought. Might be Washington calling. After all, reserve officers with an Intelligence background and legal training are not to be found on every corner. Perhaps it is that—the Republic reaching out to find me in a moment of travail.

This pleasant surmise was chilled by a sudden shriek from upstairs. It had to be Jean. Linda, his wife, was no longer capable of reaching that high one. Sounds like somebody jabbed a hatpin in her up to the flukes, he thought, and heaved out of his chair.

Linda met him in the upstairs hallway. "That miserable Rollins boy," she explained, her eyes filled with angry tears. "You might know it—"

"Hey, hey." Tom took her by the shoulders and shook her gently.

"He was Jean's date tonight, for the dance," wailed Linda. "Now he claims he's got a hernia or something, from gym class."

"All right!" Tom said soothingly, giving her another shake. "Maybe he did, maybe he has. We can't go over and search him."

"But she's planned it so long—"

"Can't she get another date?"

Linda was horrified. "Are you out of your mind? She had a chance to be queen."

"What time does it start?" Tom asked patiently, as if he were interrogating a difficult witness. When she answered, "Ten o'clock," he started with surprise. "You mean a seventeen-year-old girl doesn't go to a dance until ten?"

That, strangely, tapered off her grief. She sniffed. "There was another party first, at Budge Harrison's. The formal dances never start until ten."

"Okay, okay. There's a way. Couldn't I take her?" Tom was serious about it, but his wife stared at him and reverted to tears again. She turned and went blindly toward her bedroom. Tom walked back down to the study and sat in the big chair again. Fast track, he commented to himself. Kind of a comic-strip deal. A gigolo, maybe?

He was not underestimating the heartbreak involved, so he considered the problem gravely. Remembering how very cruel the young could be to one another, he looked at his watch. Ten minutes after seven. Going back upstairs, he broached his new idea to Linda. She was calm, reading a magazine, but her eyes were red behind her glasses. Young Bannister, Tom explained, the new boy in the firm. A Rutgers graduate and well turned out, good manners. Linda said no, wearily, and returned to her reading.

Tom went down the hall to Jean's room. She was sprawled across the bed, wearing slacks and a sweater. Her face was scrubbed clean, and she was doing schoolwork. She listened quietly as he presented the Bannister Plan.

"You're a doll, Dad," she said, "but he's a real ick. It would make me look silly."

"Just a thought." Tom patted her shoulder and turned back to the hall. Very

Would you throw 357 million tax dollars into HELL'S CANYON?

The government may do it for you—using *your* tax money to promote a giant federal power monopoly.

The plan is to spend more than a third of a billion tax dollars to build a dam and hydroelectric plant on the Snake River along the Idaho-Oregon border. The site: Hell's Canyon.

This would be a needless expense because the local electric light and power company already has offered to develop the power *at no cost* to American taxpayers. For more than four years the company, with the wholehearted support of its customers, has been ready with plans for a series of five dams.

But the job is held up. For there are those who want the federal government to take over electricity—as well as medicine and other businesses and services. They insist that the government develop the power even though it takes longer and costs many more millions.

Congress will make the final choice within the next few months. And these are the facts that will be considered:

If the local company does the job	**If the federal government does the job**
The company and its investors will pay for it.	*You* and every other American taxpayer will put up the money.
It will pay about $6 million a year in local, state and federal taxes.	Little or no local, state or federal taxes will be paid.
Power produced will be shared by all with rates regulated by public commissions.	Specially favored groups will have first call on all power. Rates won't be regulated by state commissions.
All dams can be completed and power available in about 2½ years.	Six years to build one high, costly dam. Ten years to complete project.

Those who want a socialistic America know that when government takes over electricity, it is a step toward the control of every business, farm and family. The time to stop the spread of socialized electricity is now. That's why these facts are brought to you by America's business-managed, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies*.

**Names on request from this magazine*

- "MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—*Sundays*—ABC—*9:15 P. M., Eastern Time.*

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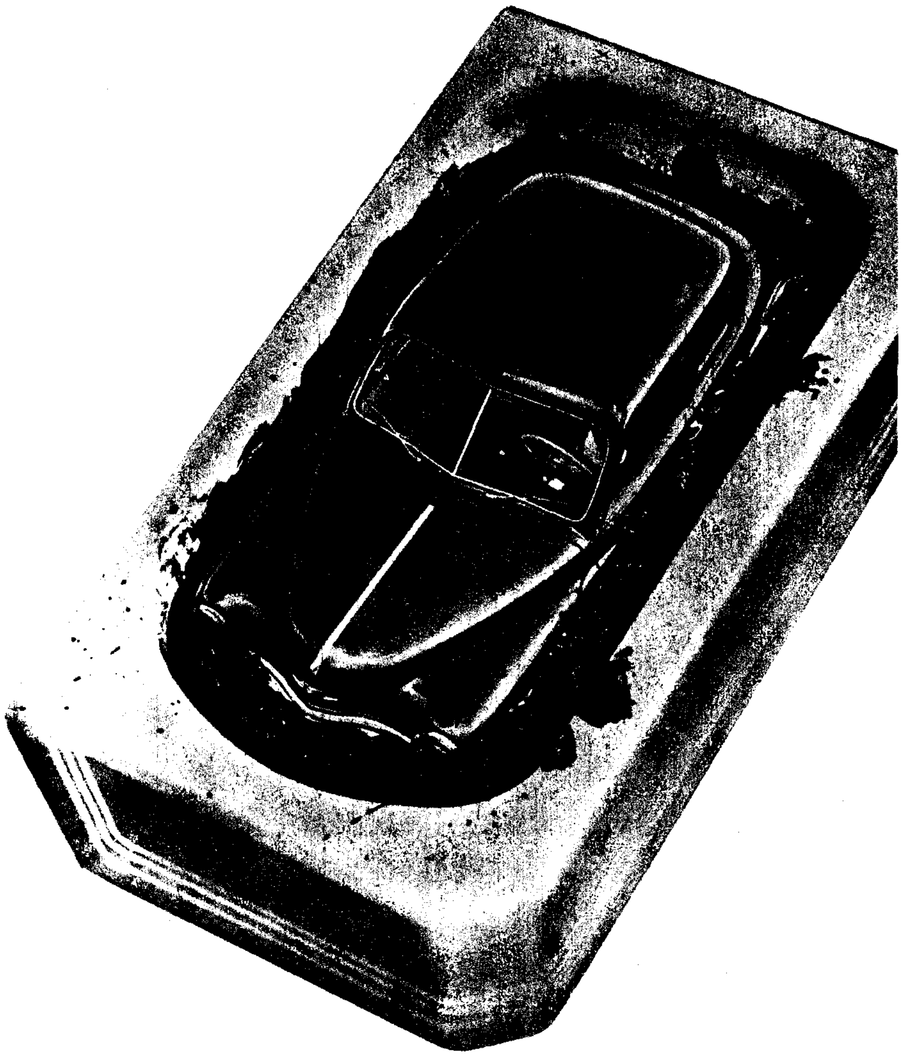
SPRING PUTS YOUR CAR IN A MUD-BATH!



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unstrung night, he thought; a Camille in every room. As he passed Tim's doorway, he poked his head in and said, "You get a reprieve, Tintoretto. But I will return."

The little boy held up both hands, to indicate absolute lack of guilt. Then he saw that the hands were still smeared with red paint, so he lowered them hurriedly.

Lipscomb went back into his wife's room. "I know it's important," he said. "Can't we get somebody?"

"I don't see how."

"Look, this kid didn't rupture himself just to keep from taking our flower to the waltz. Let's improvise, get somebody else."

"I'm afraid you don't understand about these things," Linda said gently, like an early Christian chiding a lion. "Maybe you had better just go back downstairs to your hidey-hole, and mix another drink."

It was a crisp verdict, delivered with all the quiet emphasis of Katharine Cornell plunging into the orchestra pit with both hands clutching velvet drapes. Tom flushed and turned around. He went downstairs and renewed his meditations with increased intensity. This is not so tough, he thought. Just another problem in human relations, and I've handled a lot of them. If I can work this one out, I'll make that housewife upstairs pay dearly for her last remark.

Then he glanced at his watch and saw *that it was twenty-eight minutes after seven.* Who's for dancing? he wondered wildly.

He made two calls, but no good came of them. In desperation, he switched on the desk lamp and opened the evening paper. As he turned the pages slowly, he was still concentrating on the problem. Finally his eye snagged on a news item, and his head lifted thoughtfully. He reached for the telephone again.

FIVE minutes later, he walked into Jean's room. She was lying motionless on the bed, with her head pressed into the pillows. Spanking her lightly, Tom said, "Let's put this show on the road."

His daughter turned to stare at him. "What are you talking about?"

"Let's get dressed for the promenade."

Her eyes began to fill with tears; he sat on the bed and took both her hands.

"Believe me," he said, "it's all right. I never lied to you, did I? You're going to have a wonderful time."

"But who? Not that jerky Bannister—"

"No." He winked at her. "Secret. But I think you'll find him, in the patois, real cool. Now hurry and get dressed."

Humming, Tom turned toward the door and nearly collided with Linda. His wife stepped back into the hall and blocked his way. Her face was set.

"If this is a joke, Tom Lipscomb," she whispered angrily, "I'll file suit for a divorce in the morning."

"Oh?" He nodded haughtily. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to let my firm handle the business?" Linda was speechless with rage, so he bowed and added that he would be in the hidey-hole if any more emergencies came up. Then he went down the stairs briskly.

In twenty minutes, the chimes sounded as someone pressed the front-door button. Tom sat motionless behind his desk, with his feet propped on one corner of it. The chimes sounded again, and Linda came down the stairs. He heard her open the door, murmur something, and then she came pattering back to his study. While he watched with Olympian detachment, she lifted the black orchid from the silver florist's box.

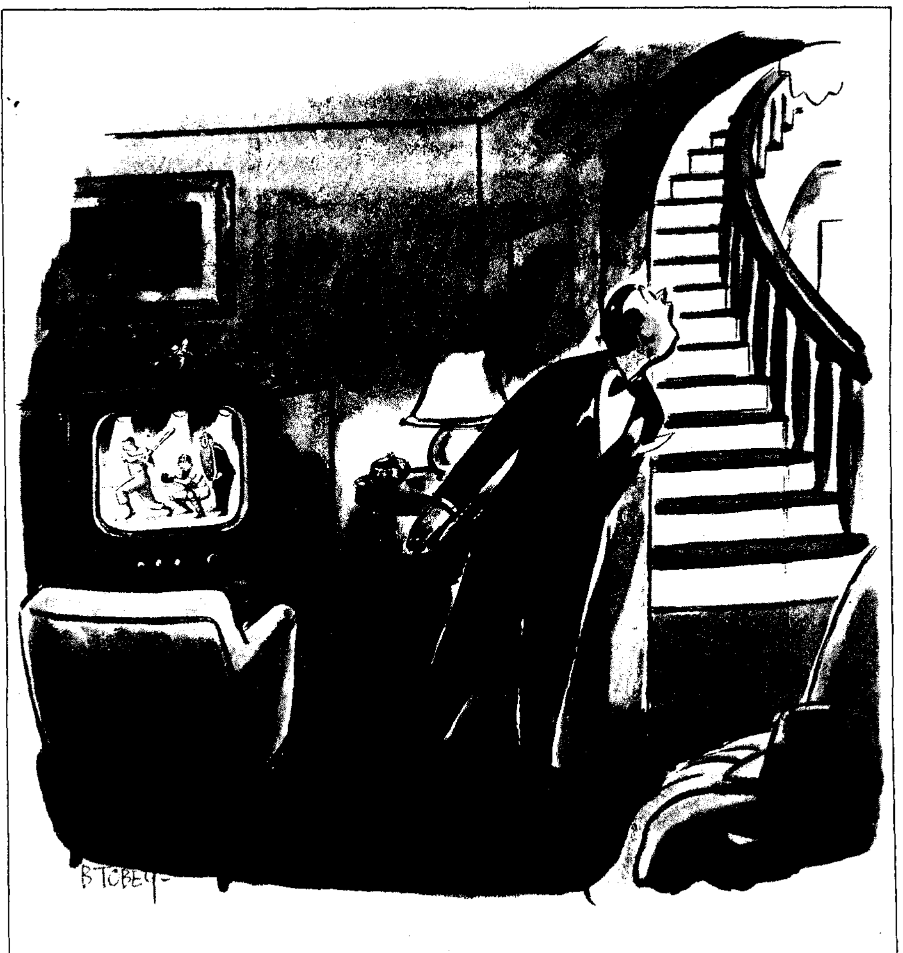
"Gorgeous," she breathed, and frowned at the little card. "It just says *Miss Jean Lipscomb*. Now, Tom—"

"*Obviously a plunger,*" he said. "No, not me. I can't afford those things."

"It will be perfect with her dress." Linda replaced the dark, lustrous flower in the box and turned toward the stairs. Tom heard her go down the hall to Jean's room, and then there was a squeal of delight. The Lipscomb women came to the top of the stairs together, stared down at him, and held a conference. Tom was whistling The Blue-Tailed Fly, and finally he heard their voices dwindle back down the hall.

When the door chimes sounded again, twenty minutes later, Linda came down the stairs like a racing whippet. Tom heard her say "Good evening" and gasp, so he swung his feet off the desk and walked into the hallway.

"Good evening." The visitor was tall, and smiling pleasantly. He wore faultless evening clothes, and an opera cape was slung across his shoulders. He was an indisputable *élégant,* a prince somehow wandered into suburbia. "I'm Jan Farnol, and



COLLIER'S "Take your time, Dolores" BARNEY TOBEY you must be Linda. I hope I'm not late."

"No," Linda said weakly, shaking hands. "I mean, certainly I recognized you, and of course you're not late. Please come in."

"Hi, Dutch." Tom advanced and shook hands with Farnol. "You made good time."

The actor laughed and pounded Lipscomb on the back. "They had an exhibitors' dinner lined up, but I ducked it. Hired an ark and cruised straight out. After all, I owe you one. Corsage come?"

Tom nodded, and, as they went on chatting, Linda stared at the movie star as if he might explode without warning. There was a noise at the top of the stairs, and all three of them turned. Jean was poised there. She saw the handsome stranger look up and smile, just as she had seen him smile from a hundred billboards and screens, and she had a moment of sudden panic. She was a portrait of a young lady with an expensive orchid pinned to her wrap, a young lady about to turn and run.

FARNOL went up the stairs lightly, and took her hand. "I think you were very nice, Jean," he said in his deep, pleasant voice, "to let me come along."

Jean's face flushed, but she did not speak.

"Or maybe," the actor added teasingly, "they won't let an ancient ham like me into the dance?"

As her father and mother watched from the hall below, Jean took a deep breath.

Retroactive

I handle this month's bills with calm;
I don't let them upset me.
They cause no worriment or qualm—
It's last month's bills that get me.

—LEONARD K. SCHIFF

"Oh, no," she said. "I expect they'll be glad to see you."

"Then what are we waiting for?" asked Farnol. He held out his arm, and she took it gravely. She seemed to float down the stairs, and to Tom it looked as if she had grown several inches taller. When Jean swept by her parents, her manner was definitely regal.

"Good night, all," she said grandly. "Don't wait up. We may be late."

Farnol whipped the door open, on cue, and Jean sailed out toward the waiting Rolls. The driver was standing motionless by the back door of the gleaming car. Farnol winked at Tom, and the opera cape swirled as he slammed the door. Linda still wore a stunned look; it had happened too fast. The Lipscombs listened as the long car purred away from the curb, and Tom lighted a cigarette with elaborate unconcern. He started to walk away, but Linda grabbed him firmly.

"Fraternity brother of mine," he explained casually. "He was at the reunion lunch today. Got to make a personal appearance with his new picture, opening tomorrow night at the Strand. I called him about our problem, and he worked it into his schedule."

"It was a nice thing to do," said Linda, in a small voice. "He's the handsomest man I ever saw."

Tom frowned into the hall mirror. "The bum is over forty," he answered sharply. "He wears a hairpiece, and his real name is Augie Broskie."

Linda started to speak, but he turned up the stairs.

Tim was taking a bath, but the ablutions were not effective because his hands and forearms were still covered with red paint. The little boy glowered as his father got a bottle of turpentine from the hall cupboard and began to scrub at the paint.

"Think you're so smart," said Tim, "always puttin' stingin' stuff on people."

"Listen, oaf." Tom stopped scrubbing. "In the excitement, you ducked a fanning. Now crank up some smart talk, and I'll belt you good."

"If you're so smart," retorted Tim, "tell me how many brothers has God got?"

Tom scowled and resumed the scrubbing. It seemed that some vague, sacrilegious angle was bound to be involved, but he couldn't locate it. When most of the paint had been removed, he dried Tim, put his pajamas on, and hurried him to bed. After the prayers had been said, and the covers were under the little boy's chin, his father asked cautiously, "How many?"

"Annhh . . ." Tim's voice was drowsy, but craft was in it. "I'm the only one knows, and I ain't telling nobody, see?"

"Okay, sport." Tom kissed him good night and flipped the light switch. As he turned out of the darkened room into the hall, he was smiling faintly. That's a pretty big thing to be keeping to yourself, he thought. All the other firmaments unrolling endlessly . . .

Most of all, however, he was feeling a glow of pride over the way he had handled the emergency of the grand ball. I guess I demonstrated pretty decisively who is the master of this manse, he thought.

Linda was in her bed, reading, propped up by pillows. Tom glanced at her briefly and saw that she was wearing the sheer black nightgown, the one he had given her for Christmas. Also, her face was not glistening with the usual goo. She wore make-up, and in her dark hair was a scarlet ribbon. Aha! thought Tom. He sat down on the hassock with silent dignity and began to remove his shoes and socks.

Linda was peering at him covertly, over the top of her book. "I still don't understand it," she said finally.

"Farnol?" Tom shrugged. "I covered up for him one night when he was caught in the switch, between two dates. But Lord, that was a long time ago." He looked out the window, rubbing his big toe, and smiled in recollection. "Wasn't so bad, at that. Her name was Eileen, a small blonde job with fluid drive. I remember—"

Throwing off the covers, Linda came across the room and kissed him. "Jean will have a wonderful time. She won't ever forget it."

Tom grunted and took off his shirt.

"And I'm sorry—that stupid remark about the divorce." Linda was kneeling beside him. She kissed him on the ear, lingeringly, and he glanced at the filmy gown.

"Maybe," he said, with a stony face, "you ought to go down to the hidey-hole and mix a drink, and not bother anybody."

"But Tom." She was petulant. "I said I was sorry. It's so late. I don't feel like—"

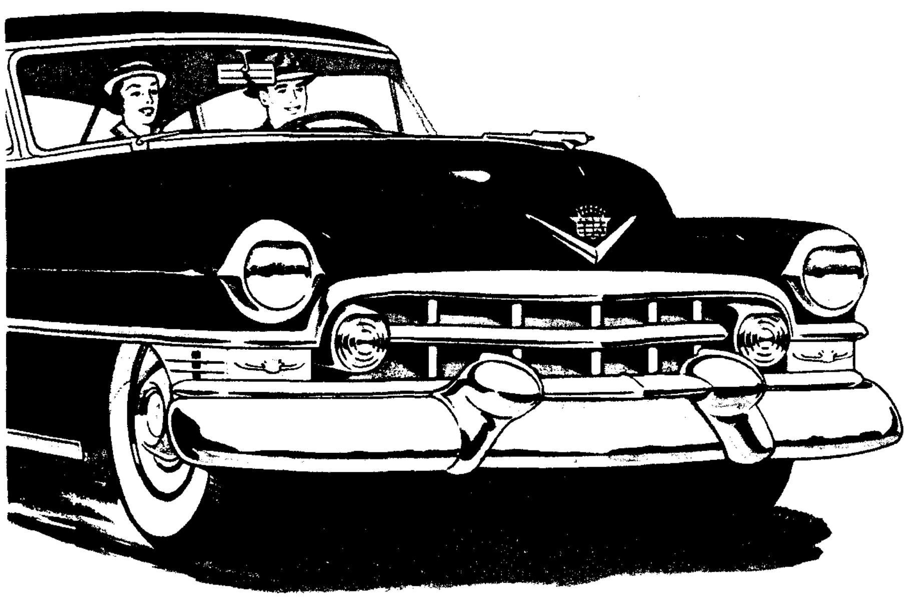
"A little penance is very good for the soul," he said remorselessly.

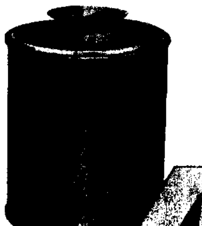
"I think you're mean!" Linda got up and flounced out of the room barefooted, and Tom watched her departure with great satisfaction. He took a shower, singing lustily, and put on his blue silk pajamas. After combing his hair carefully, he switched on the radio. Its bright eye winked at him, and the lilting refrain of The Shadow Waltz filled the room. That was strange, because the song went back to the beginnings of their marriage.

WHEN Linda came back in, he bowed to her. She said the radio was on too loud; it would wake Tim up. Tom said nuts; they had supported Tim long enough anyway. Tomorrow the kid could get a newspaper route. He went across the room, took her into his arms, and they began to dance.

They whirled around the room in silence, and Tom grinned at her. "Nice party," he commented, and added that he was about to elect a queen himself. Linda's face was somewhat flushed by her trip to the hidey-hole. Her arm tightened around him, and she murmured that if he was not careful, such a friendly type of dancing would get them thrown off the floor.

THE END





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AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Like famous pioneer ancestor for whom he is named, Daniel Boone VI is a blacksmith. Bringing his art up to date, he uses electric welder whenever possible, to save time

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

DAN'L BOONE VI

AMERICA'S Southern Appalachian Plateau is one of the nation's richest sources of folk songs, customs and legends. Folklorists journey up and down its "hollers" and ridges and through the hill passes of North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia seeking out the colorful people who live there. They are a people poor in pocket but rich in the joy of living; a people full of humor and gentleness, of great dignity and pride.

In Burnsville, North Carolina, near Asheville, there is a man who has much to be proud of. His name is Daniel Boone VI. He is a blacksmith who learned his trade from his father, who learned it from *his* father, and so on back to old Dan'l Boone himself. Folks for miles around know him for the remarkable wrought-iron articles he sets out for sale—everything from door hinges to andirons.

At the anvil in Boone's place, a strong, wiry man in his early forties swings a flashing hammer with the skill refined through six generations of blacksmithing. The piece of work on the anvil might be a fine candlestick, or a horseshoe, or a fireplace screen unbelievably intricate and as delicate as handmade lace.

Dan Boone the Sixth welcomes all with smiling, easy hospitality, taking pride in showing them the shop, and in talking about Daniel Boone the First, whom he calls "the Old Man."

"Yes, I reckon he was my great-great-great-grandfather, and a mighty restless man," Dan Sixth says. "His daddy undertook to make a scholar out of him, but finally gave it up and said, 'Let the girls do the spelling and Dan'l do the shooting.' Well, I'm not much for standing still myself."

In spite of his restlessness, Boone is one of the hardest-working men in Burnsville. But he does have a little spare time for puttering. Take the locomotive he's made. Every part is completely hand-forged, and it runs in a great circle around the room above his shop. When someone wants to see the train, Dan usually calls over to the house to his wife, Martha, to bring the children. Gary Daniel is a handsome, freckle-faced boy of nine, and Rebecca is six and named for her great-great-great-great-grandmother, the first Daniel's wife. Kay, the baby, will soon be three. The girls are afraid to ride the train, but not Gary. His father hoists him up, flicks an electric switch, and everybody yells as Gary and the train go charging around the track.

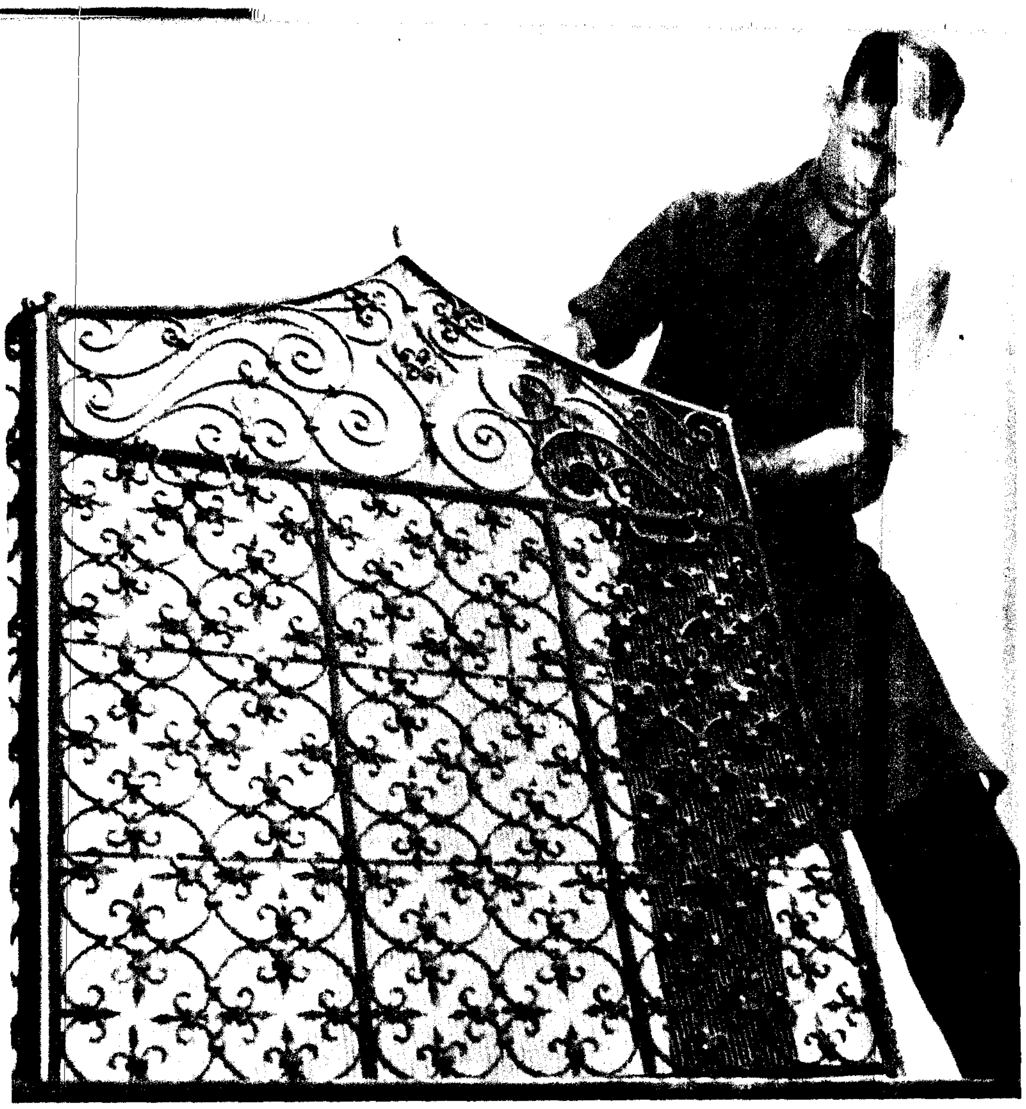
Martha explains the train. "Took him seven years of his spare time to make that thing. He got started and couldn't stop. Said he had to see if it would run or not."

Dan'l Boone the Sixth just smiles. "I'm like the Old Man, there, I reckon," he says. "Got to go puttering around, got to find things out."

And that's Dan Boone of North Carolina—not a man looking out for fame or fortune, just a little bit of America's living legend. And satisfied to be so.

JEAN RITCHIE

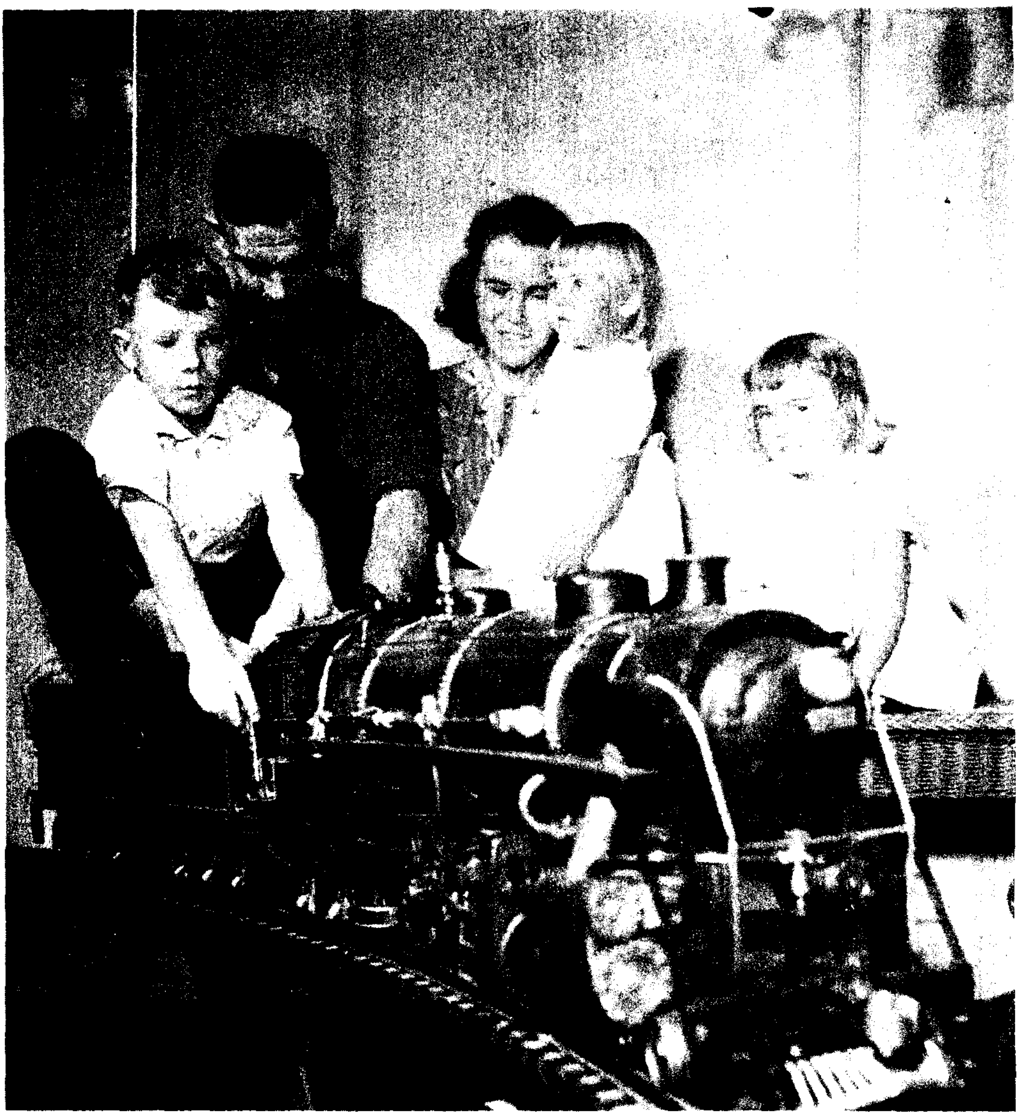
On his anvil at Burnsville, N.C., the present Daniel Boone fashions everything from weather vanes to fine wrought-iron table decorations



Daniel finishes up the hand-forged, hand-assembled screen that is going in front of his own fireplace. He sold one like it for $500

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE PICKOW

While blacksmith Boone still shoes an occasional horse brought in by old friends, almost all of today's work is for homes, not barns



As mother and sisters watch, Gary Daniel gets an engineering lesson on the big, scale locomotive father Daniel Boone forged in his shop

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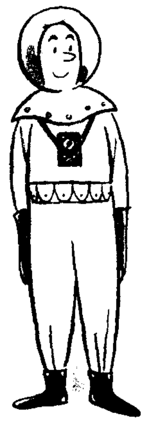
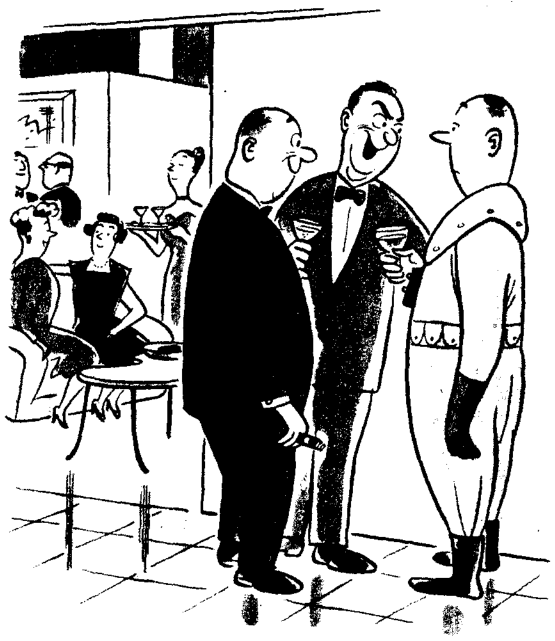
Space Pioneer

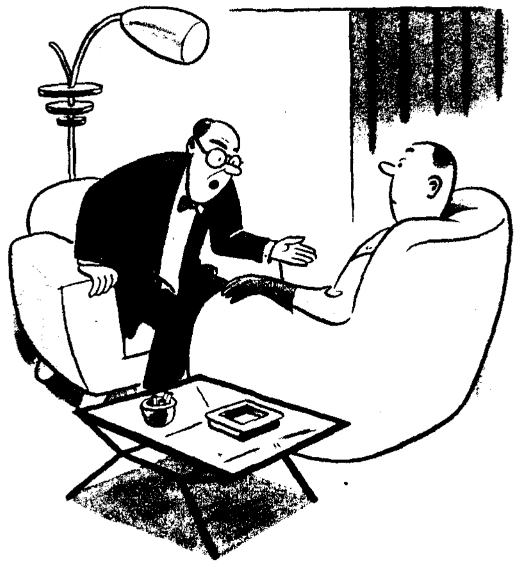
By DON TOBIN

Scientists say a trip to the moon will be possible not too many years from now. But after the pioneer returns, what?

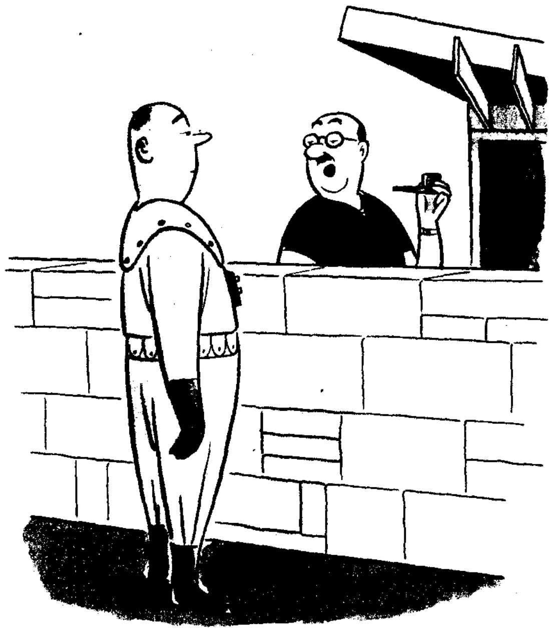




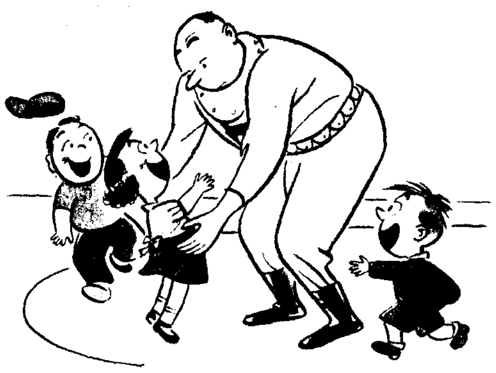
"C'mon, Jack—give. What about those lunar dames?"



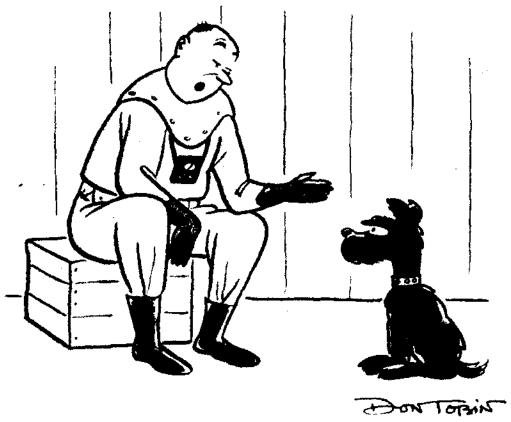
"And another thing about those craters. Now, the other day I was reading . . ."



"Haven't had such a nice summer in years around here. Too bad you had to miss it"



"What did you bring us, Uncle Jack?"



"And there I was—10,000 miles out in space . . ."

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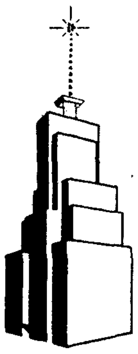

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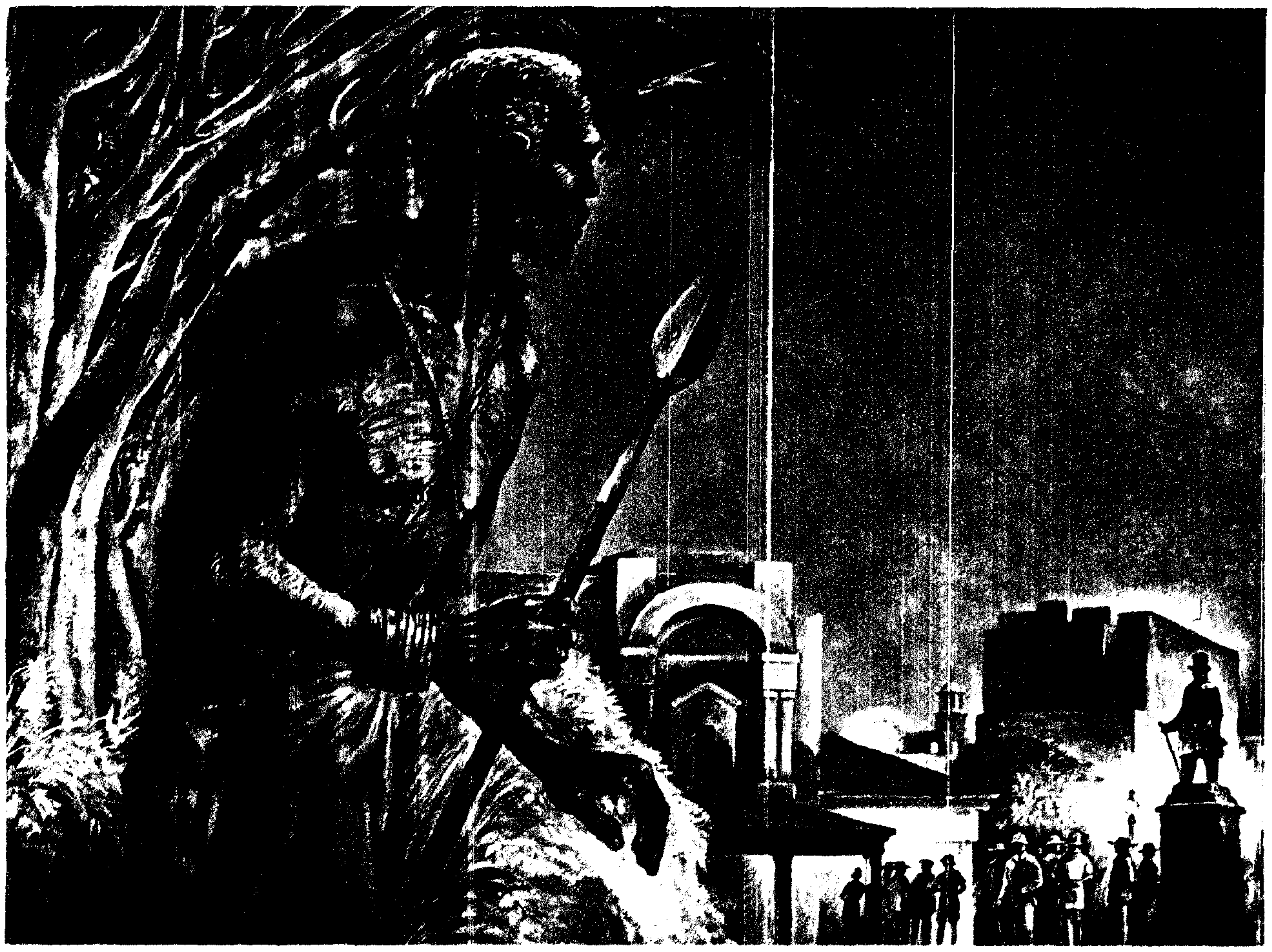

LYND WARD

Later he would think of food, but now he was content to admire the white man's marvels

VISIT TO SHAMVA

By LARRY FINN

UMJAAN was sharing a campfire and pleasantly drinking beer with the other *indunas* of the kraal when the subject of white men came up. Regretfully, he had to confess that his knowledge of them was scant. Twice, as a young man and captain of one of the royal impis, he had fought against them, and later, at the peace treaties, in which he had participated as an *induna*, or councilor, he had found them great talkers with mouths full of smiles; and yet he was still no wiser about them than he had been the day he drove his spear through the body of the first one he had ever met.

"They are all wizards," one *induna* said gloomily.

"No, they are men like us," said another. "And I should know, for I killed enough of them."

"I am an old man," Umjaan said cheerfully, "but I have heard so much about the white men that I feel I ought to go and see for myself."

There were murmurs of assent and murmurs of disapproval, but Umjaan waved a hand and quieted them. "I shall, of course," he added, "go alone. For surely the *Walungu* will know of me, Umjaan, wisest of the king's *indunas*. Therefore it is unnecessary to go with great pomp and ceremony."

A sober voice suggested that perhaps Umjaan was reverting to childhood, but the old *induna* just laughed and helped himself to more beer.

"Go then, Umjaan," the sober voice said. "But if you should happen to avoid getting lost, or being eaten by lions, or dying from fatigue by the wayside, then surely some evil will befall you in the kraal of the *Walungu*. Remember, we have survived because we have not mixed with them."

But there was no discouraging Umjaan from visiting the white man's town of Shamva, which was situated a day's journey away. He set out the following morning, carrying a little food in a bag, a splendid but impractical ceremonial spear, and a cloak of monkey skins. He took his time, not only because he was old but because there was so much to see. His eye dwelt fondly on the landscape before him, although it had changed much since he had seen it last, a decade before. The only landmark he recognized was a giant baobab tree.

Umjaan was enchanted with it all. The few members of his tribe he met along the road greeted him with respect, making his thin blood kindle with pride as it had in the old days when he had reviewed his regiment before going into battle.

Some time later, he was delighted to see a white man on a bicycle, and raising his hand, he called out, *"Mangwanani, bruga mina*—Greetings, my brother!"

The white man, who had been pedaling with his head down, suddenly looked up, swerved to avoid the old man in the middle of the road, and came to an abrupt halt in the grass. He was a big Afrikander with a very red face, and he shouted, "Vy don' you get out off der roat, blotty ol' fool!"

Umjaan acknowledged the waved fist with another salute; and the white man, rolling his eyes skyward, picked up his bicycle impatiently, and rode off. With the inward glow of a man who has just had a chance meeting with a very old friend, Umjaan continued his journey.

The car was standing well off the road when Umjaan, who by now was very tired, came abreast of it. There was no one in sight, and his gnarled old hand was about to touch the windshield in delicate appreciation when he heard a voice. Startled, he glanced carefully about him in all directions.

"No, I'm here, old chap. Down here, old man." A pale young man in khaki shorts crawled from under the car and slowly got up with a shy grin. "Spot of trouble, what?" he said, tugging embarrassedly at his small, ginger mustache.

Umjaan grinned back, saying in Cheswana, "I am Umjaan, *induna* and captain of the Bapedi. May your crops flourish, and your wives bear many children!"

"Oh ah!" The young man was new to the country, but he had a vague suspicion that it wasn't quite the right thing to be seen hobnobbing with a native. Retreating slightly, he said, "Oh ah!" again.

But Umjaan, with his innate sense of propriety, was already withdrawing, his right hand raised in salute. As soon as he was out of sight of the car, Umjaan crept into the bush and lay down to sleep. Shamva was much farther away than he had thought, and if he was to enjoy it to the full he must arrive fresh and alert.

It was dusk when he woke up, and the fear of being caught in the bush during darkness sent him scurrying along the road. He was only reassured when he caught a glimpse of lights in the distance and realized that Shamva was somewhere in the vicinity, after all. All the same, it was hours before he reached it, and when he did, tired but happy, he strolled calmly along the pavement and gazed in wonder at the shop windows.

Later he would think of food for his growling stomach, but just now he was content to admire the white man's marvels. He was quite unaware that he was the only native in sight, and that all the passers-by turned to stare at him.

When he reached the end of the street, slightly intoxicated with the many wonderful things he had seen, he nimbly crossed it and started down the other line of shops. But he did not get far. As he was staring in fascination at a window full of expensive lingerie, he felt a hand clamp on his shoulder and spin him around. Umjaan looked up at a tall, grim person in very attractive clothes.

"Well," said the police trooper, "you've certainly got a nerve! Where's your bloomin' pass?"

Umjaan grinned, raised his hand in the inevitable salute, and began to speak in Cheswana. He had got as far as wishing the trooper's wives would bear him many children when he was interrupted.

"I thought so! No blinkin' pass! Can you beat that?" The trooper seemed to be addressing someone in the sky, so Umjaan looked up also. "Walkin' around as large as life after curfew!" the trooper said. "No blinkin' pass or anythin'!"

"Baas, mina hamba—" Umjaan began.

"Come with me, me lad," the trooper said ominously. "It's the jug for you, all right." And taking Umjaan by the arm, he led him down the street.

"What's this, Trooper Gregory?" the sergeant at the police station asked, nodding at Umjaan.

"Out without a pass after curfew, Sarge," Trooper Gregory said. "Wanderin' around as large as life at this time of night!" Actually, Trooper Gregory was not so much surprised at finding a native out after the curfew hour set by a benevolent government as he was by finding one walking around so brazenly without a pass.

"He seems a nice fellow," the sergeant said, and, turning to Umjaan, he addressed him in Sindebele. Umjaan smiled and replied in Cheswana. The sergeant turned to the trooper. "Put him in cell number four," he said. "When Abbott comes on duty, he can try him out in Cheswana."

What happened next Umjaan was likely to remember vividly until the end of his days. He was washed, given a substantial meal, and then handcuffed and placed in a cell. Very soon the comfort of his surroundings had lulled him to sleep.

The following morning, after he had washed and eaten another enjoyable meal, he was brought before Sergeant Abbott, who was on duty.

"Who are you?" the sergeant asked him in Cheswana, and Umjaan was filled with joy.

"I am Umjaan, *induna* and captain of the Bapedi . . ."

Sergeant Abbott patiently heard him through, and then picked up the telephone. He was smiling.

"Yes, yes," Abbott was saying over the telephone. "It's old Umjaan from the reserve . . . Get a truck over here and take him back, okay?"

THAT night, when Umjaan was once more in his own compound, drinking beer with the *indunas,* he described in a voice heavy with respect his visit to the kraal of the *Walungu.* "I arrived a stranger," he said, sipping his beer, "wandering around like a child lost in the night, and then suddenly I was recognized. He was, I think, a minor chief of some kind, because his clothing was beautiful. He seemed surprised to see me at first—nay, he was shocked—and then he took me to the house of the chiefs, chiefs much greater than himself. I was received with great courtesy, one of then actually presenting me with magnificent bracelets, which I wore on my wrists. My food was brought on what must have been plates of gold . . ."

Thus spoke Umjaan, drunk with beer and the success of his venture, far into the night. ▲▲▲

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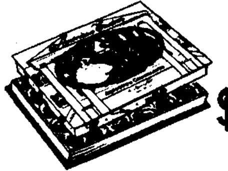

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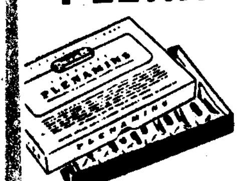

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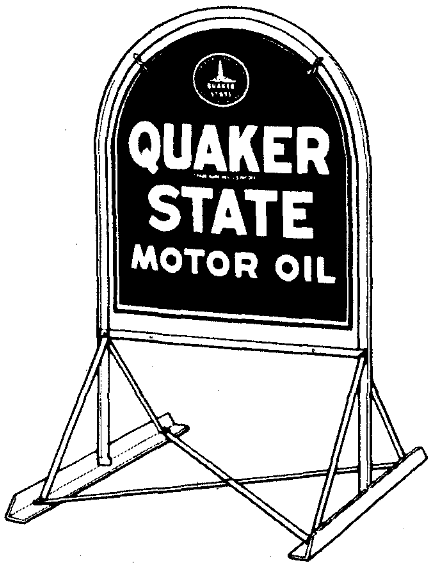

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How Red China Tortures Protestant and Catholic Missionaries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

boys at prayer, crucifixes on the walls all bring vile taunts of derision that, soon, are followed by eviction.

"The government decided that in accordance with the three principles of 'self-rule, self-support and self-propagation' foreigners could no longer teach in, or supply money to, such institutions. So, Chinese priests take over and work diligently, faithfully and heroically. When a call came from the Communists for the report on one seminary, the Chinese priest in charge painted a glowing picture of progress. When he finished, the government representative smiled, as only a Communist can, and replied, 'That's fine! Now close it up and send the boys home!' "

Thus fell the heartbreaking blow. "I have been told," he continued, "that the Chinese always hide their emotion and I think that in the majority of cases it is true. But the morning when those boys left their seminary, not one went out the gate with dry eyes. Each asked for a blessing and knelt in the dirt as we begged God's grace and mercy for him. Their thin shoulders shook with sobs as some hid their faces in their handkerchiefs, while still others proudly let us see their sorrow."

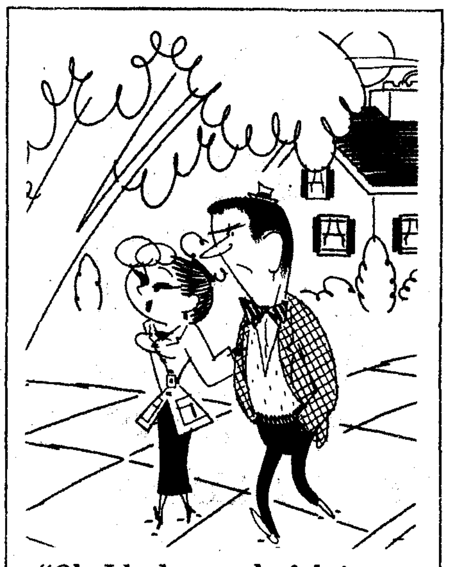
Heart-rending, sordid scenes far outnumber those that lift one's heart with hope, for the Satan-bred Stalinites are trained to prevent their captives even the solace of helping one another in their mutual grief and pain and torment. When Father X, imprisoned in a room of his rectory, tried to jump from the window into a crowd of Communist murderers to stop them from strangling and beating an old couple of eighty, he was himself tied and given the "water cure" as an example, the guards said, to others "who might wish to try to be brave."

This "water cure," often mixed with gasoline, is given even to little children to force them to testify against their own mothers or fathers. Red terrorists forced the son of one reputedly rich man to give his own father this "water cure" to try to make him tell them where he had hidden his money. He did not tell; perhaps he had none. Nevertheless the father was executed and the boy became insane!

* * *

Pre-execution parades are nearly as cruel and barbaric as the executions. The bugle sounds its weird cry warning hundreds, dry-rotting in the prisons, that some among them have slept their last sleep. Bearing placards on their chests, those chosen for the day's allotment are brought out, their faces and bodies disfigured from beatings, their wrists and ankles chained, and around their necks a rope, the noose drawn just tight enough partly to choke them. This keeps the bolder spirits from manifesting any sort of bravery or even resignation, as suffocating, blinded with sweat and blood, they are dragged out through the city gate and up the hill to the graveyard. Prisoners are forced to kneel facing away from the firing squad as bullets burrow into their backs.

One old man, over eighty, had lost the use of his legs. He could neither walk nor kneel, so the soldiers carried him up the hill in a rice basket and hanged him. Another old man, eighty-four, too weak to stand, was "permitted" to sit while he was shot. The executioners then paid a visit to the old gentleman's granddaughter, who was imprisoned in a cell with three missioners. Laughingly, the soldiers told the child about the execution. When she began to cry, the soldiers threatened to put her in chains, for crying, like praying, is a crime punishable by the "water treatment" or chains. The nuns comforted the child as best they could, silently asking for her God's mercy.



"Oh, I had a wonderful time, Melvin. . . . By the way, who was that fellow that danced with me the whole evening?"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

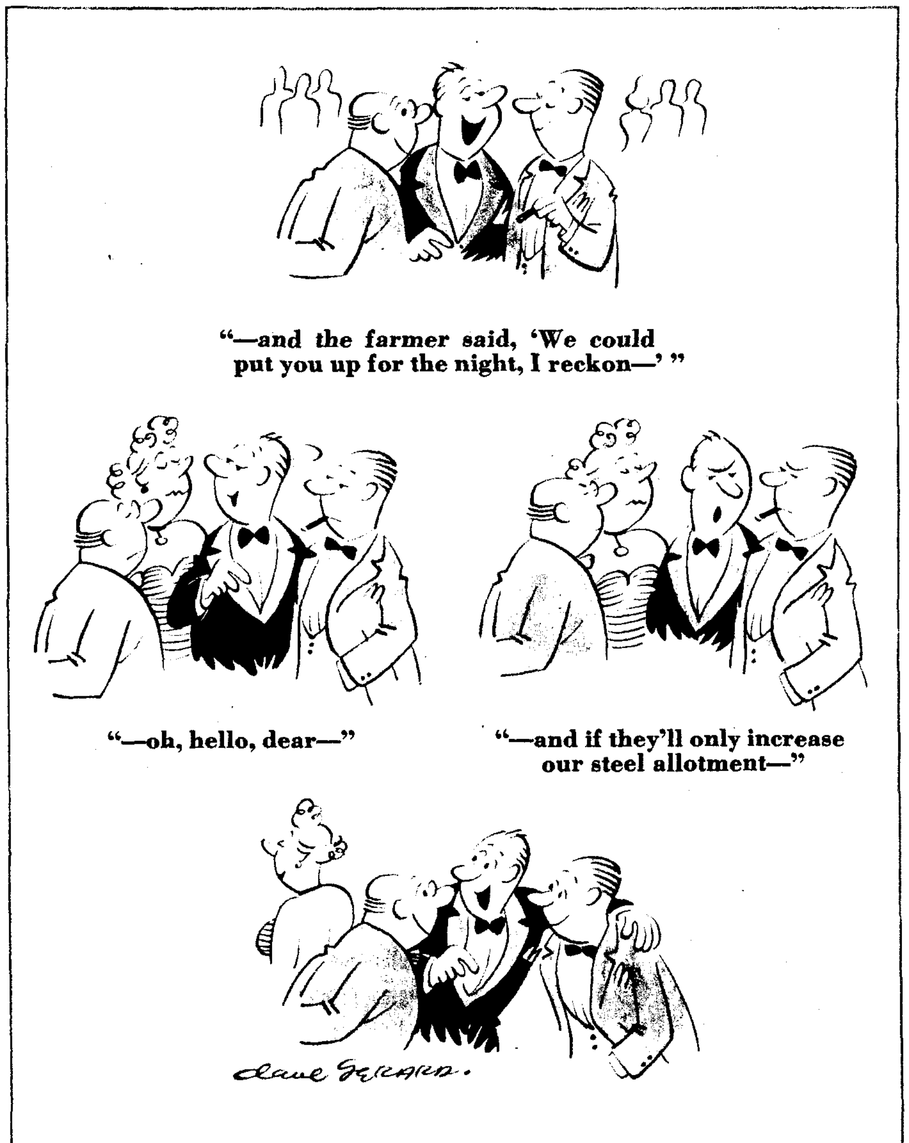
Other "treatments" that the guards and soldiers also enjoyed giving to the missioners are: tying wasps in the sleeves and bonnets of the Sisters; putting thorns on their arms and necks and crushing them into the skin with bricks on top of them; burning toes, fingers, eyelids with cigarettes, and setting fire to just enough of their habits to make them fear they are to be burned alive!

Suicides are daily occurrences. When one prisoner began to crack mentally under the terrible strain of solitary confinement, moaning, crying, screaming, praying out loud, guards cursed and punched him with a long pole thrust through the bars. Daily, they threw corpses' clothing into his cell until these reminders of their lifeless owners took up more space in his tomb-sized cell than the prisoner himself. This is one of the favorite pastimes of Red guards, soldiers and executioners.

When Sister R. asked permission to talk to the man, the guards at first refused; at last they agreed. She found him on the floor, huddled in a corner. In a highly agitated mental state, he told Sister that he knew if he was not released from the prison he would lose his mind. Two days later the water boy found his body, warm but lifeless, hanging from the bars of his cell. The prisoner's prophecy had come true—torture and solitary confinement had driven him insane!

Before the Communist regime several hundred orphanages run by Sisters, and sheltering over 15,000 waifs, were operating throughout China. Then came the Reds, and the treatment meted out to these Sisters followed the party pattern. Police officials would come with an order for the arrest of the nuns, who would be forced to leave the orphanage without any personal belongings. Soldiers pressing guns against their backs would drive them through the streets until they reached the police station where they would be questioned.

Their "crimes" were always the same: excessive mortality among the orphans due to cruelty of the Sisters; being spies and raising the orphans to be spies. Then,



"—and the farmer said, 'We could put you up for the night, I reckon—' "

"—oh, hello, dear—"

"—and if they'll only increase our steel allotment—"

" '—Yes, we can put you up for the night,' said the farmer—"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Here's how it seems in wishful dreams...

You dream you won through savage duels
An age-old map to hidden jewels.

Through jungle steam you fight your way,
No rest in weary night or day.

At last you hold within your hand
The fabled wealth of ancient land.

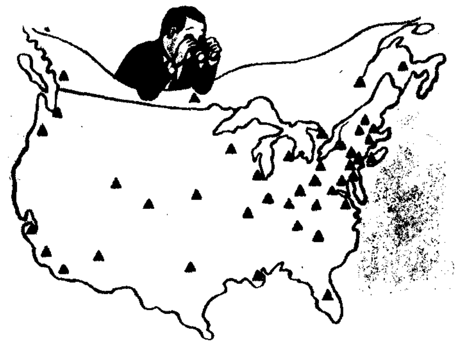
but here's what really happens

From dreams of wealth you're rudely shaken,
"My rings," she cries, "are lost or taken!"

You search the house from stem to stern,
And sadly sigh, "I'll never learn!"

"This loss was needless, well I know,
Insurance could have eased the blow!"

Why play a losing game?



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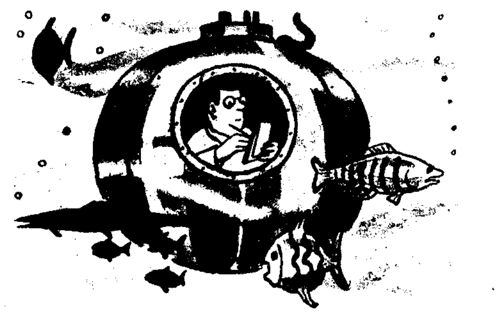

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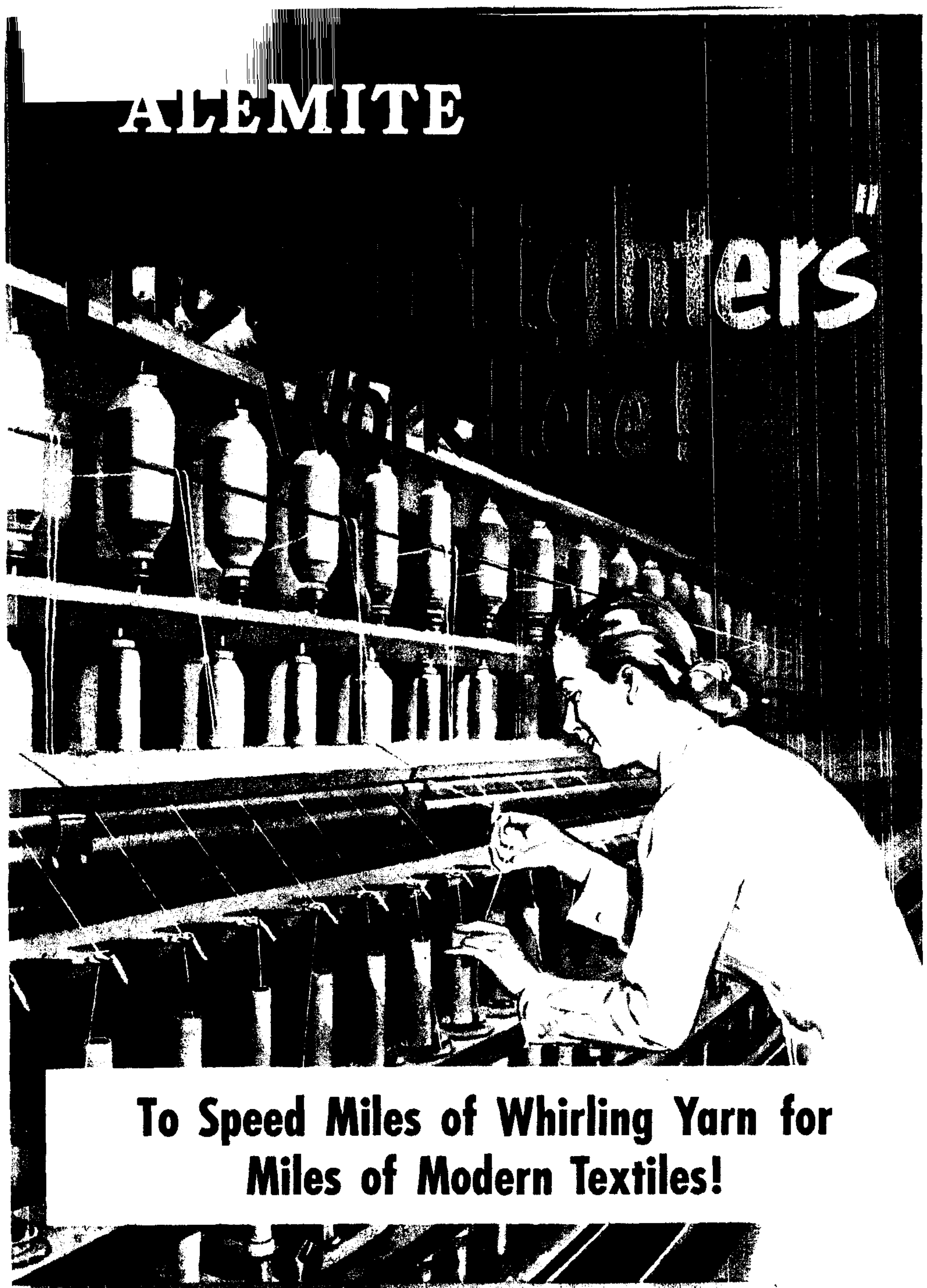

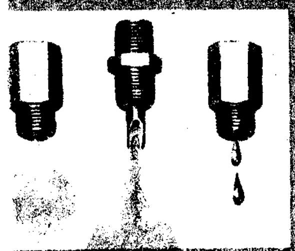

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ed . . . speed . . . and more speed is the con- driving demand here. Yet not a single bobbin spin were it not for the modern high-pressure cation system that makes speed possible— without ruin to vital machine parts.

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thrown into prison cells with 50 or 60 other prisoners, they would be left for a week, a month, even a year, awaiting "trial."

Their "privileges" were the same as those permitted to other prisoners—rice gruel twice a day, one cup of water for drinking, one for bathing, and permission to leave the cell for three minutes twice daily. If they were short enough, they slept stretched out on the bare floor; otherwise they tried to sleep sitting propped against one another or against the walls. In the middle of the night they would be taken out for questioning for three or four hours at a time.

Torture instruments were always left around the room, implying that this would be the next step of their punishment. Every word of the Sister's responses to the questionings was written down. Subjects were changed constantly, and, in order to try to entrap her, the guards would tell her what she had said at a previous session, not the way she had said it, but their own interpretation of it. Finally the nuns were sent back to their cells, overcome not only from the terrors they had experienced, but also from physical and nervous exhaustion induced by the drugs which were at times used in the questioning rooms.

* * *

Eighty thousand people in Hankow, Hanyang and Wuchang were gathered together to witness one "mock trial." Two American Sisters were accused of killing babies. As usual, an exhibit was organized as a side show for the huge crowds. Little boxes filled with skeletons and bones of infants were put on display as evidence of the "murders" committed by the missioners. Although one can walk along many streets of cities in China, as I myself have done, and see grotesquely bloated bodies of babies and little children lying in roadside gutters—dead from starvation—the baby skeletons "planted" by Communists were the evidence on which both Sisters were condemned.

One of the most brutal, heartbreaking tales from behind the Bamboo Curtain is the story of Father X and his brave, deathless love of God. After nine months of imprisonment, he, too, was ready for "trial"! Skeleton-thin, clothed only in a pair of flannel pajamas stained and ragged, wearing sneakers and an old fedora hat, ropes tied around his neck, arms and body, he was led out amid blasting of drums and shouting crowds. At the church two American and two Chinese Sisters were ordered to file out and fall in line behind him. The procession was on its way. They walked together praying the Rosary, while the mob along the road yelled and cursed, shouting vile names and hurling dirt and stones at them.

Cardinal Spellman has given all the rights to this article to the Maryknoll Missionaries, who care for orphans of all creeds in Korea

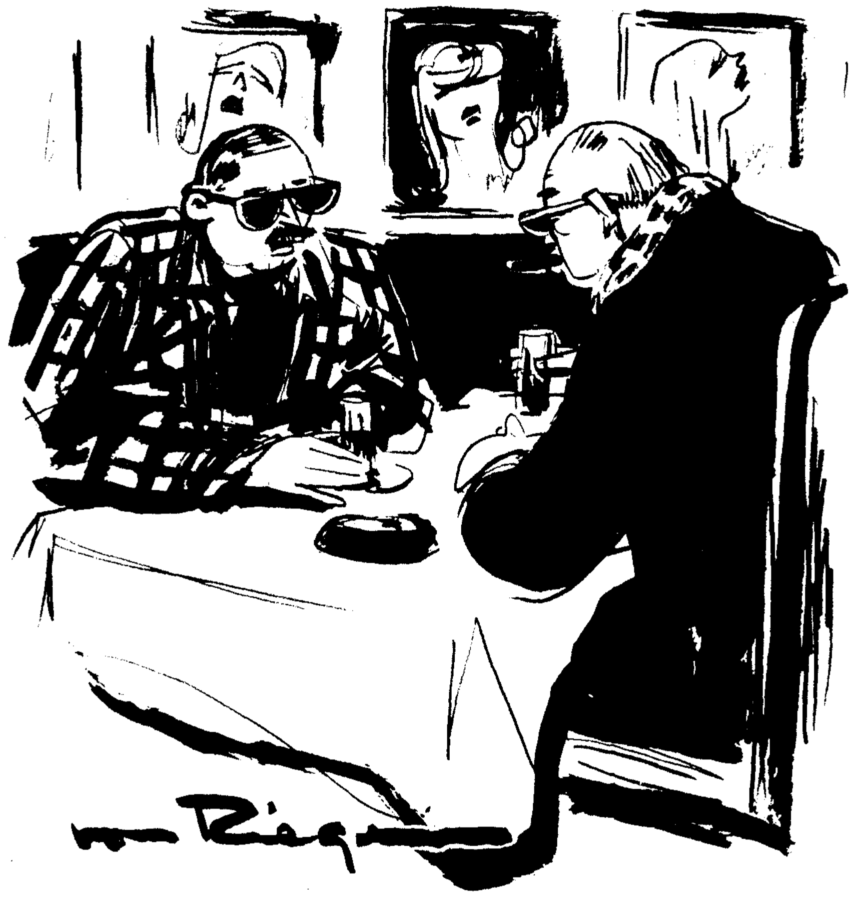
At a given signal someone yelled, "Tear off their veils!" Women yanked at the Sisters' veils, tearing them from their heads. Quickly the nuns picked them up from the dirt and carried them over their arms. In a raised section of the ball field which was to be the courtroom, they were ordered to sit on low wooden horses where they were easy prey for the angry mob which pressed in upon them. Even the children seemed to enjoy the morbid spectacle, and, shouting and pushing, they reached out trying to molest the prisoners; while young mothers in their teens, some with babies in their arms, also watched and participated in these tragic, bestial, pagan exhibitions.

The first accusation against Father X was that he had spoken against the Agrarian Movement. He denied this; so two young men swore they heard him, and it was an accepted fact.

He had extorted money from the poor because he had a basket for rice donations at the church door.

His dog had bitten a woman, years ago. And on and on for six hours of similar false charges. Asked to acknowledge each "crime," Father did not even attempt to answer the barrage of accusations.

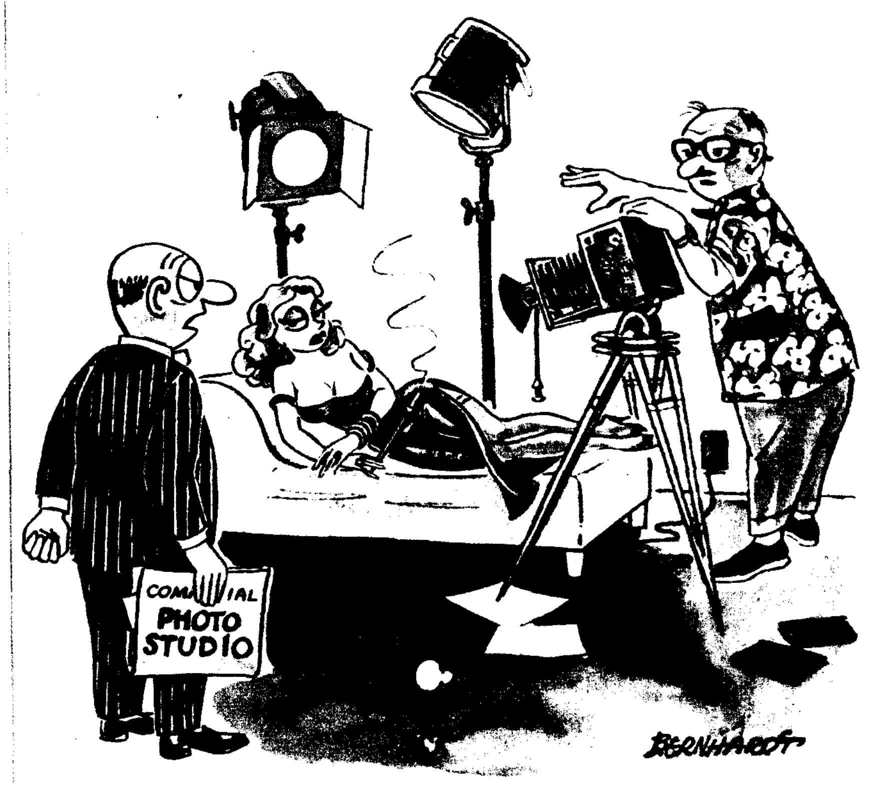
What were the Catholics doing during this tragic ordeal? When it began one



COLLIER'S

"He has everything: talent, brains, ambition . . . but just couldn't get used to being stabbed in the back"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



COLLIER'S "Go ahead, do it your way—but don't come crying to me when Sears, Roebuck take their catalog business elsewhere!" GLENN R. BERNHARDT

woman had stood up and in Father's defense said that he never extorted money from the people. She uttered only the first sentence when the judge silenced her, shouting, "You are a wealthy landowner and have no right to speak." She replied, "I am not but—" Angrily the judge interrupted: "There are landowners in your village; so that takes away your right." Guards grabbed her, roped her arms behind her and shoved her off to the local prison. Then guards began circulating among the people listening for a word, watching for a facial expression, any indication that might signify sympathy for Father. Within 15 minutes 19 more women and one crippled young man had been beaten and jailed.

While the missionary was not given one minute of respite, the judges, who in turn had taken several recesses, became weary, and decided to end the prosecution and persecution. One judge stood up, repeated the charges, declaring that others could be enumerated without end. After each accusation the "will of the people" was asked. A group of youngsters, previously coached, yelled, "Death or life imprisonment!" Father was then returned to jail to await the verdict.

It came two days later. He was condemned to death. Soldiers took him from his cell and, pulling, pushing, prodding him with bayonets, took him to the graveyard. There, before the eyes of thousands who dared not shed a tear or display any emotion, the guards began to club him. Bystanders also beat him about the face and head. Father bent to try to remove his sneakers. A guard yelled, "Stand up straight. That's not necessary!" "Yes, it is," he answered steadily, "I want to die just as Christ did!"

"Quickly, my Lord, quickly," were the missionary's last words. Soldiers pierced him with bayonets; then decapitated him! It was finished.

In the evening when the crowd had gone, his mission boy, frightened but faithful, claimed "his Father's" body. The boy and a friend reverently wrapped his broken and bloodied body in a blanket and buried him in the dead of night, on the land to which he had given the greatest part of his lifetime. Surely that night the angels must have sung exultantly about that Shansi village despite its blood-red flag flying aloft, the flag that symbolized slavery for all who lived beneath it—except for those who died for Almighty God. To them, Our Lord promised happiness and peace in life eternal.

* * *

As I listened to the harrowing, sorrowing experiences of the simple, humble soldiers of God, I thought of those other soul-stirring scenes to which I had been witness only a few days before when I had visited with another great group of soldiers—America's soldiers of the flag. I recalled Christmas in Korea, where, with our soldiers on Heartbreak Ridge, I prayed for our country and for world peace. And now with our missionaries as with America's soldier sons that day at dawn, again:

I saw Christ standing before me on a little hill
Beheld Him there all wounded and forlorn
And this was Christmas and the place, Korea,
And mine the privilege to offer Sacrifice
Amid the strange choiring of batteries at work
And stuttering machine guns amid the quiet ranks
Of men whose business was to play with Death,
To gamble Life—men who knew the stakes,
But still must wondering ask
What many back at home are asking now
These long drear months—"What is the purpose
Of this holocaust?" Must we the greatest of
The freeborn world appease with our sons' blood
This horde already crimsoned with a nation's rape?

I turned from silent faces to the shaken ridge
And there saw Christ, the sorrowful, who wept
Outside the city that would not receive
Its Saviour and His face was drawn
With all the agonizing pain of those
Who crawled atop that granite altar
Men now called Heartbreak Ridge.
I held Him in my hands and prayed
His mercy on the living and the dead.
For friend and foe I prayed, for well I know
The guilty are not dying at the front.
The noble die, like Christ upon the hill.
The noblest here pay Freedom's fullest price
They die—that we may live! THE END

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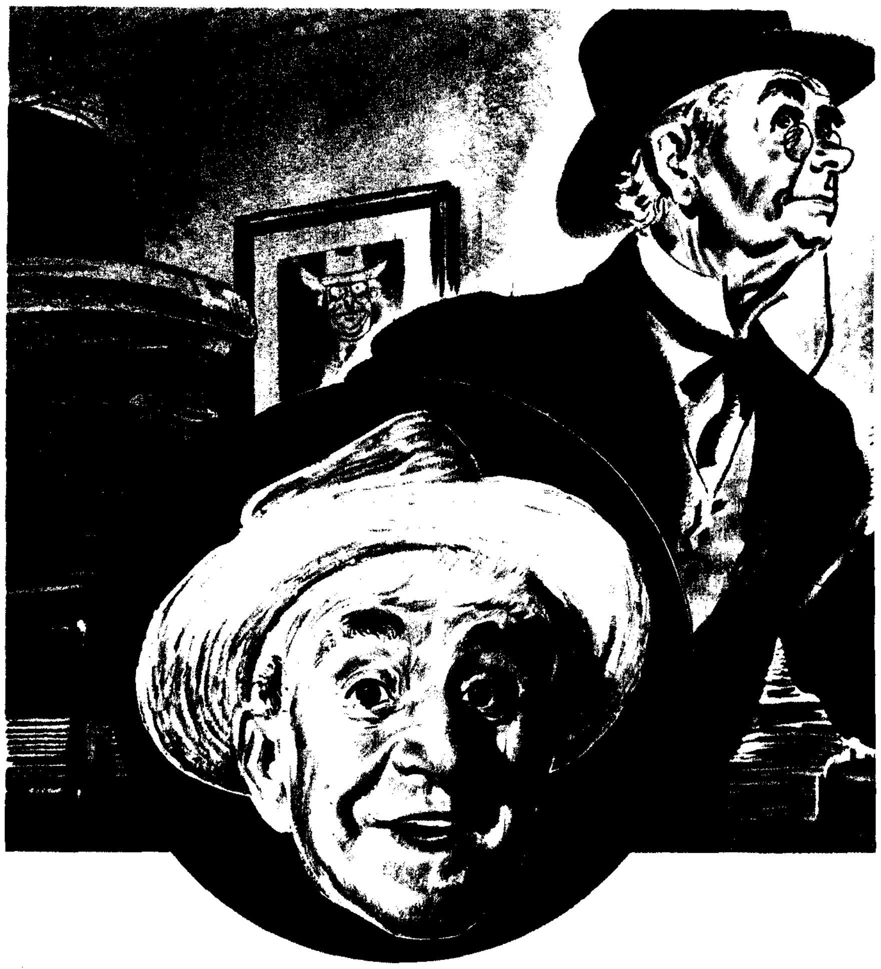


The Downfall of

Dear editar:

This bein a political year, with nearly every office in the country to be filled, from Public Weigher at Circleville to President of the United States, a bunch of us out here was sittin around the Circleville store discussin the situation, especially the two offices we're most interested in, Public Weigher and the President, and most of us agreed the candidates for the former office was outsmartin those for the latter, on account of nobody has come out for Public Weigher yet, while a lot of candidates for President have been runnin hard for months, some of em for years.

You can start too soon and run too fast. You can also be too thorough after you get in.

Take the case of Cong. Nat Caxton. Cong. Caxton was a member of the state legislature and one year when the state was bein redistricted he carved out a new Congressional district which snaked around through this area to where it was bordered on all sides by his kinfolks and well-wishers, and next year he ran for Congress and got elected.

Now Cong. Caxton wasn't very interested in international relations, the national budget, the economic index, or the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee. Gettin to Washington was already further than he had ever calculated on gettin, and he settled down to stayin there. The salary suited him fine, the hours were good, the bean soup was right up his alley, and free haircuts was what he'd been in favor of all the time. This was a good country, he had a top-notch job, and he aimed to stay there.

But he made one mistake. He was too thorough. While he sent out all the seeds he could get hold of in Washington and he held the record four years straight for sendin out the most copies of the Agricultural Yearbook, each one personally autographed by him, he wasn't content with the ordinary. He figured out a system which he estimated would keep him in Congress from then on.

What he did was subscribe to every weekly newspaper in his district, all 28 of em, and he hired one secretary to do nothin but read them papers and glean out all the names he could find. If somebody got married, Cong. Caxton immediately sent the couple a letter of congratulations and a complimentary pass to the House of Representatives. If somebody died, the survivors received a letter of sympathy. If somebody fell off a ladder and was layed up a week in the hospital, a letter from the congressman was on the way as soon as that fellow's weekly paper reached Washington.

Whatever a man had, good luck, bad luck, a broken leg, a new oil well, the first bale of cotton, if his name got in a weekly paper in that district he got a warm personal letter from his congressman. Ain't nobody ever got mad at gettin a personal letter congratulatin him if he was up or feelin sorry for him if he was down.

In an average year, Cong. Caxton figured, he was writin 5,000 personal letters to his constituents, and he believed the system would keep him in office permanently, and maybe it would have if he'd appointed Tom Cawfield postmaster at Oat Hill.

Tom, who was editar of the Oat Hill Gazette and was gettin on in years, wanted the job but it went to Jim Barton, who had more kinfolks.

Well, some folks are sensitive about bein rebuffed, especially editars and women, and editar Cawfield wasn't no exception. He bided his time, nursed his hurt along, and one

CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

Cong. Nat Caxton

week when he had gotten his paper out early he set to work and rewrote the front page, set it up in type, and printed two copies, wrapped one in the regular wrapper going to Cong. Nat Caxton, and put the other in his safe.

It was a stroke of genius.

Practically every leadin citizen in Oat Hill was reported in some mishap or another, or they was in the news for one reason or another. Arthur and Agnes Struthers, who had been married something like 35 years without any children, was reported to have a new son. Banker Johnathon Allbritten had stepped off the curb in front of the bank, fallen and broken his right leg. All the drug stock of M. C. Jackson was reported lost in a disastrous fire which swept the south side of Main Street, also damagin the variety store and the café.

John Honeycut, Oat Hill's sixty-nine-year-old bachelor, was reported to have married a young widow from Dallas and was buildin a new home. Crawford Jones, who farmed three miles south of town, was gored by a bull. Jimmie Hines, who had dropped out of school two years before on account of he found rackin balls at Dick's Pool Hall more fascinatin, was reported valedictorian of his class.

Well, this went on for several columns, and you can imagine the shock and confusion when along about Monday and Tuesday of next week letters started arrivin in Oat Hill from Cong. Caxton.

"Dear Johnathon," the letter to banker Allbritten began, "awfully sorry to learn of your painful accident, but hope the bone is now mending and you can be back at your office before too long."

"What accident is he talkin about?" banker Allbritten sputtered. "What's gone wrong with that lightweight we got in Washington?"

"New home?" bachelor Honeycut bellowed. "Married! Why, they better take ole Nat out and have his head examined. I'm still livin in the Roberts Hotel where I been for 43 years and I ain't married and don't intend to be."

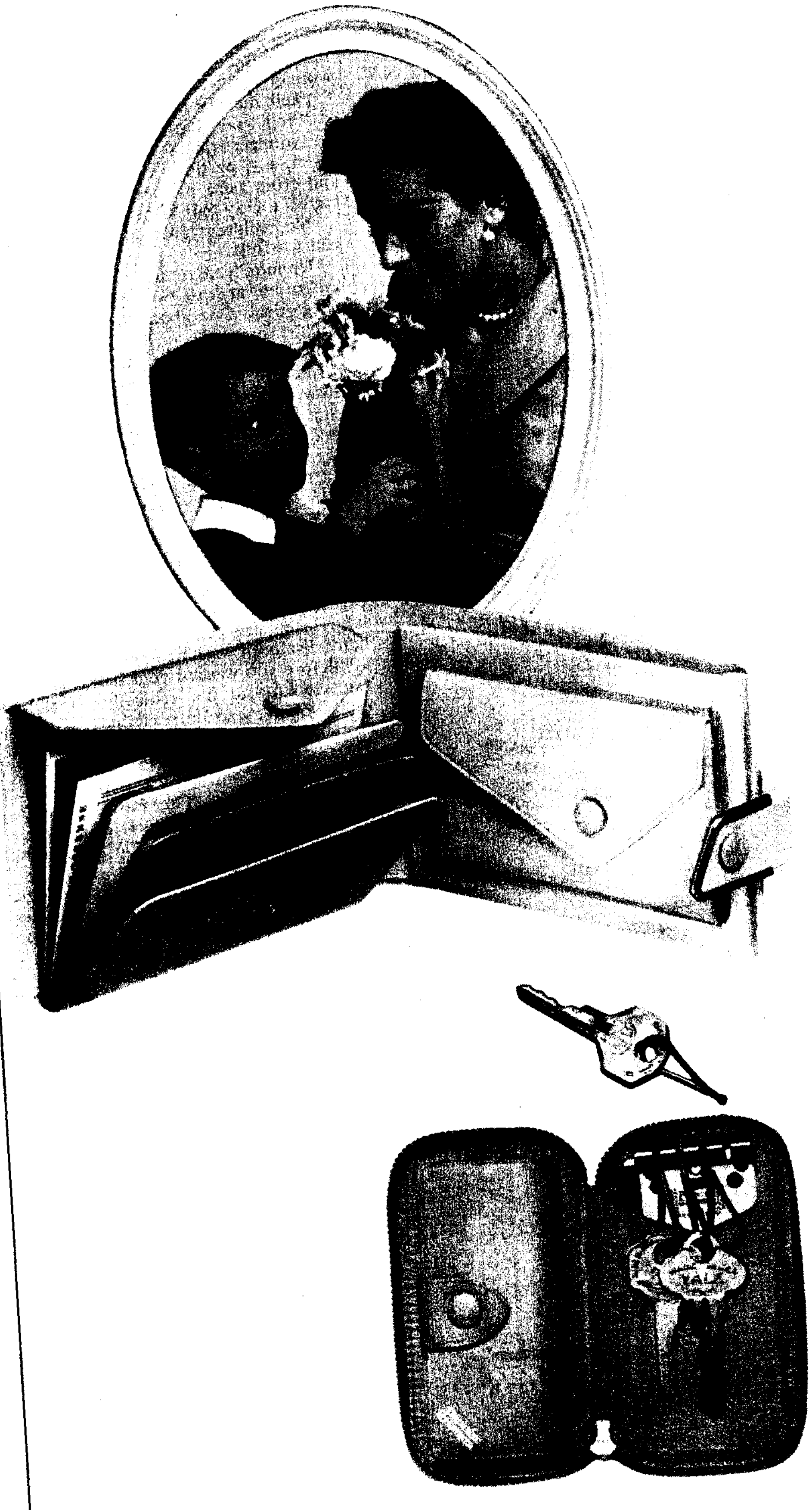
"I ain't even got a bull," farmer Crawford Jones said, when he brought his letter to town to see what it meant.

And what was said around the pool hall about Jimmie Hines's letter congratulatin him on his fine scholastic record ain't exactly worthy of print.

There ain't no use enumeratin all of em, but there was about 50 people around Oat Hill either hoppin mad or splittin their sides over them crazy, haywire letters from Cong. Caxton, and when next week editar Cawfield carried a big story in the Gazette about it, and passed his copy of the special edition around town, the news spread all over the district and Cong. Caxton was the laughinstock of the state. Couldn't even send out a letter on serious business without bringin a wisecrack from every postal clerk who handled it, and the return address of Nat Caxton on an envelope was a signal to bust out laughin. Needless to say it sure destroyed the congressman's confidence in the press.

Well, it beat him. If he'd stuck to seed and Agricultural Yearbooks, he might have still been there. Thoroughness can be carried too far. Last I heard of him he was runnin for Justice of the Peace in his home town. Said his Washington background equipped him for real service in the Justice of the Peace court.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox



TRÈS GAI FOR MOTHER'S DAY

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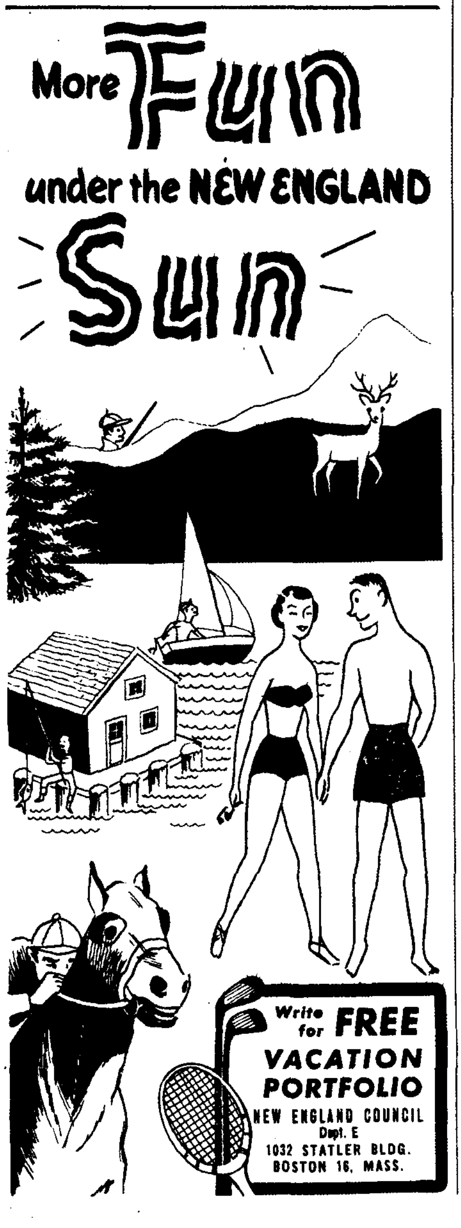


The Strangers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Barbara said. "I wish you could see this woman."

"Tell me about her."

"Well," said Barbara, "she must be a little younger than we are—about thirty-seven, say, or thirty-eight. And she's tall, and from here it doesn't look as though there's a gray hair in her head."

"No children, probably," Mrs. Webster said wistfully.

"Ummm," Barbara said dubiously. "There are at least two children playing in the garden. One about Michael's age, I'd think. Ten, maybe, or even eleven."

"Clean?" asked Mrs. Wesbter.

"She's wearing a knit suit," said Barbara. "Now, how many women that age can wear a suit like that one? The way she stands, I wonder if she's not rather a proud woman. Takes good care of herself, I imagine."

"I hope not," Mrs. Webster said. "I like a nice, neighborly type. One of the kind who doesn't expect us to keep up with her, even if we do live across the street."

Barbara started to say something, but stopped abruptly as the door slammed and her niece came in, shouting, "Aunt Barbara, listen, can you *do* something with my hair? I've been washing it and—"

"Before you washed your hair," Barbara said, looking at her critically, "I should think you'd try to do something with that costume you're wearing."

BABS stared down at the costume, which included a shirt of her father's, hanging raggedly out over torn blue jeans, and a pair of scuffed moccasins. "What's wrong with my clothes?" she asked.

"The trouble with you both," said Mrs. Webster, leaning down to search for her scissors, "is that you rush to extremes. You never stop to think about anything or anybody, or to be moderate, or—"

"Nothing extreme about *me,*" Babs said.

"Well, *I'm* certainly not—" Barbara began.

Mrs. Webster settled back comfortably in her chair, a fresh sock in her hand. *"I,"* she said, "do *not* go to extremes. For instance, I have not even made up my mind about the people across the street, although Barbara—"

"Have they moved in?" Babs asked, going hastily to the window. "Aunt Barbara, what do they look like?"

"Look for yourself," her aunt told her, coming over dutifully to sit down next to Mrs. Webster and pick up a sock.

Babs held the curtain back from the window unashamedly, and peered out. "Must be five or six kids," she said.

"Are they clean?" Mrs. Webster asked anxiously.

"They're beautiful," said Babs. "Clean, and healthy-looking. There's a little girl with curls, and a boy about Michael's age—"

"Taller than Michael?" Mrs. Webster asked reasonably.

"I don't believe he's a *bit* taller, Mother, and he looks as though probably he's not anywhere near as intelligent as Michael, and I'm positive he hasn't got one tenth Michael's manners."

"You know perfectly well—" Mrs. Webster began.

"Oh, look," said her daughter, interrupting, "there's the mother, just coming out on the porch."

"I saw her," Barbara said. "Handsome woman."

"Well, not exactly *handsome,* I wouldn't say."

"I told you they had new words for everything," Mrs. Webster remarked.

"Sort of like Mother," Babs said. "I mean, sort of pleasant, and lazy—"

"Lazy?" Mrs. Webster said. *"Lazy?"*

"I mean," Babs said hastily, "like she enjoyed being comfortable, and like she didn't worry too much."

Mrs. Webster was not mollified. "From what your aunt said," she said, "I should think this woman and I were very different indeed. I am not proud, for one thing." She put her sewing down and looked earnestly at her sister. "Barbara," she said, "didn't you ever learn how to darn?"

Barbara laughed. "I suppose I'd be more help if I went and set the table," she said.

"Babs," said Mrs. Webster, "you'd better put on some respectable clothes before your father comes home."

"She's seen me," Babs said. She smiled and waved.

"In those clothes?" said Mrs. Webster. "I hope she doesn't think I let you go around like that all the time."

"She looks very nice," Babs went on. "I'm glad we're going to have pleasant neighbors over there at last. Yet," she added, sighing, "all the children are so *young."*

Mrs. Webster and her sister smiled at each other, but Mrs. Webster only said, "I think I hear Dad on the porch, Babs. Better run right along and change."

As Babs went out, her mother said, "Sometimes I think that Babs's interests are not very wide—clothes and boys."

"I remember you at that age," her sister said wickedly.

"Nonsense," Mrs. Webster said stiffly. She turned her face to the door and smiled. "Come in, dear," she said. "We're just gossiping about your daughter."

Mr. Webster, as comfortable and placid as his wife, kissed her, patted his sister-in-law's cheek, said "Nice day," and sat down gratefully in his chair.

"The people have moved in across the street," Barbara told him.

"Nice people," Mr. Webster said. "Met him and his wife out for a walk as I was coming home. Nice-looking people."

"How can she find time to go walking?" Mrs. Webster asked of the world in general. "Here I am, just finishing off my socks."

"We haven't seen him," Barbara said. "I thought she was a striking-looking woman, though."

"Nice-looking woman," Mr. Webster agreed. "Nice voice."

"The children seem to be very attractive," Mrs. Webster said without conviction. "There's a boy about Michael's age, and several others."

"I think she said there were seven," Mr. Webster said.

"Seven?" Mrs. Webster repeated faintly. "How does she *manage?"*

"Seven?" said her sister. "And she still looks like *that?"*

"Seven, I believe she said," Mr. Webster affirmed. "Might have been six, or eight. But I think she said seven."

"Incredible," said Barbara.

"Said you'd drop over in a day or so, when they were settled," Mr. Webster told his wife.

"Surely," said Mrs. Webster. "I must say I'd like to have a look at the children."

"And what they've done to the house," Barbara added. "It was a terrible old wreck, I remember."

"He said they'd put in a modern kitchen," Mr. Webster said. "Paneled the living room, he said. Put on a back porch."

"She'd have to do *some*thing with the kitchen," Mrs. Webster told her sister. "It was perfectly awful."

"Dinner almost ready?" Mr. Webster asked, following a logical train of thought.

WITH the true instinct of the housekeeper, Mrs. Webster brought the whole question of dinner into its proper focus. "Babs is upstairs changing," she said. "Michael isn't home from the ball field yet. I'm just putting my mending away."

"What's for dinner?"

"He'll probably be filthy." Mrs. Webster shook her head dismally. "Roast pork and applesauce. I wish you'd speak to him."

"Set the table, set the table, set the table," Barbara said. "I knew I'd forget." Her red sandals clattering, she went into the dining room. Mrs. Webster looked after her and sighed. "I wish Babs . . ." she said. The Websters had been married for seventeen years; Mr. Webster looked up, followed his wife's gaze, and nodded.

"Just a stage," he remarked. "She'll outgrow it."

"I suppose so," said his wife, "but will Barbara?"

A tremendous slam of the front door, a stamping on the floor, and a great shout of "Where's dinner?" announced Michael's arrival; his father winced and said, "I wish you'd speak to that boy," as Michael raced into the room and brought up with a full stop next to his father's chair.

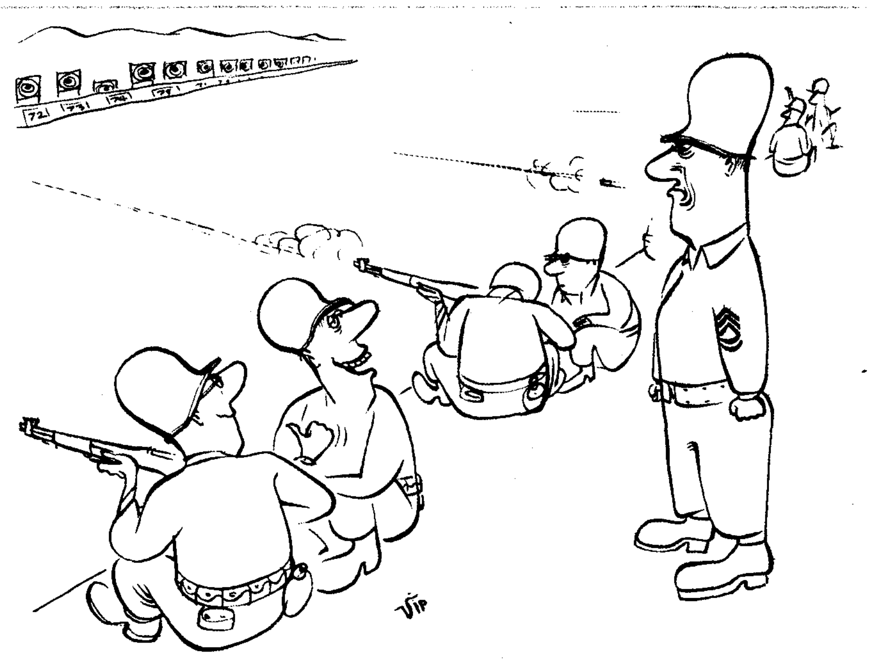
"Dad, listen," he said. "There are three new guys moved in across the street and their mother gave us all doughnuts."

"Just before dinner?" said Mrs. Webster, her opinion of the new family across the street going down visibly.

"No, a long time ago. I been over there playing all afternoon. They've got a punching bag."

"Are they nice boys?"

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

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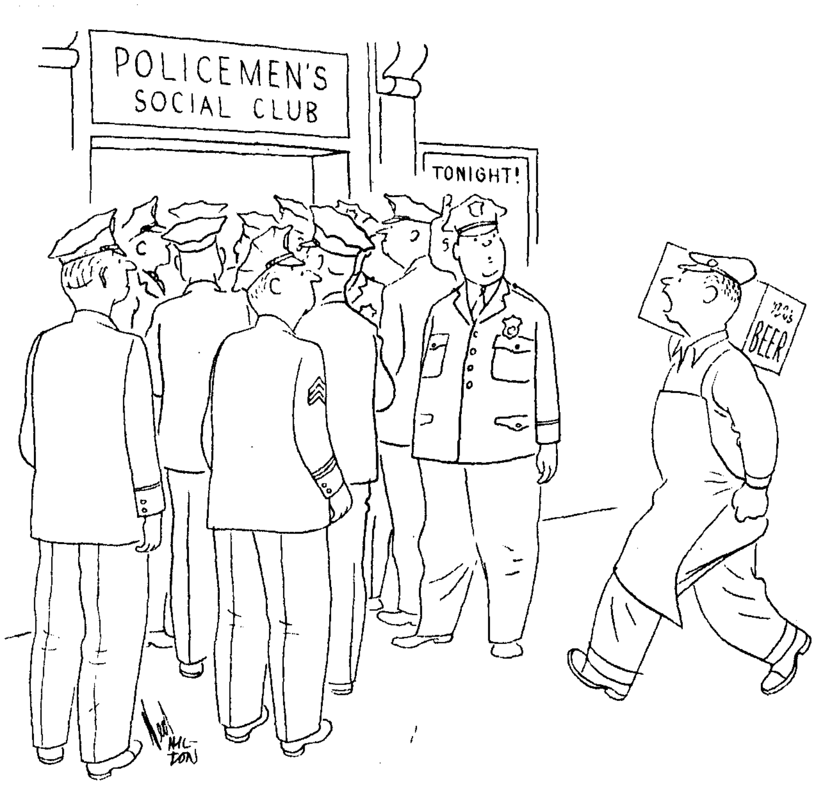

COLLIER'S **"All right, all right, break it up!"** NED HILTON

"And an electric train with two switches and a signal. And Jerry—that's one of the guys—spilled ginger ale all over the living-room rug and his mother just laughed."

"Laughed?" said Mrs. Webster; she had got up to go into the kitchen, but now she stopped, looking over her shoulder incredulously. "You say she just laughed?"

"She said, 'Boys will be boys,'" Michael told her.

Mrs. Webster closed her eyes briefly, started to speak and thought better of it, and went on into the kitchen.

"Are you wearing lipstick?" Mr. Webster asked suddenly; Michael stared and then realized that his father was speaking to Babs, who had just come into the room; she had changed into a dress, and sandals which resembled suspiciously the ones her aunt was wearing, and she had combed her hair onto the top of her head and tacked it there precariously with many visible bobby pins. "Of course I'm wearing lipstick," she said.

"Too much," Mr. Webster said to his paper. "You look like a chorus girl."

"But Dad, I'm *sixteen*. All girls—"

"Too much," her father said. "Family dinner table."

"But Aunt Barbara—"

"Your aunt," her father said grimly, "can wear what she pleases." He shuddered. "Lipstick on the coffee cups, on the glasses, on the forks."

Babs shrugged. "Of all the old-fashioned—" she said. She found a Kleenex in her pocket and patted daintily at her lips.

"Dinner's ready," Mrs. Webster called from the dining room.

"Just a minute," Michael said; he was at the window, looking out.

"Better go, Michael," his father said. "Dinner's ready."

Michael vanished draggingly, and Babs took his place at the window, pulling the curtain aside and remarking, without turning to her father, "Dad, did you see the new people across the street?"

"Met them as I was coming home. Nice-looking couple."

"Any idea about the children? Any—older ones?"

"Couldn't say," her father said. "She told me there were seven."

"Seven *children?*"

"Why not?" Mr. Webster put the paper down and looked curiously at his daughter. "Plenty of people have plenty of children," he said. "Why is everyone so surprised?"

Michael was heard in the dining room explaining to his mother that he *had* washed his hands, and that anyway they were clean enough for just dinner. Mrs. Webster said, "Barbara, turn off the light under the coffee, will you, dear?" and then, "Dad, Babs, dinner's ready."

Mr. Webster stood up and put his paper down on the chair. "Well, dinner," he said, giving his daughter an affectionate spank as she preceded him out of the living room. "Just got to wash my hands," he told his wife, and disappeared upstairs.

"That's why I never put the roast on until *after* I've called him," Mrs. Webster said helplessly to the rest of her family, who were assembling in the dining room. "Seventeen years," she added.

THE following morning, it was in Mrs. Webster's head to run across the street and see the new neighbors, but, as there were Michael's jeans to wash and Mr. Webster's socks and the half-dozen odds and ends which Babs had left, it was somehow afternoon before Mrs. Webster was really free of household duties, and by then she was *really* busy, since it had been in her head for a long time to throw together one of her lemon spongecakes which Mr. Webster admired so much, and the lemon spongecake which Mrs. Webster threw together took her approximately half as many hours as it did eggs. "I wish I knew where you find so much *time*," she said to her sister, who had, during the day, done her nails, set her hair, and knitted one sleeve of a sweater.

"After all, I don't have a family to take care of," said Barbara.

"But you ironed Babs's blouses and you helped me beat eggs and you did *all* the dusting."

"I suppose it's because I don't have the responsibility for everything. At any rate, dear, you run upstairs and comb your hair and I'll get the chops started."

That evening, Mr. Webster remarked that he had again met Mr. and Mrs. Halloran from across the street, taking an evening walk,

Give—
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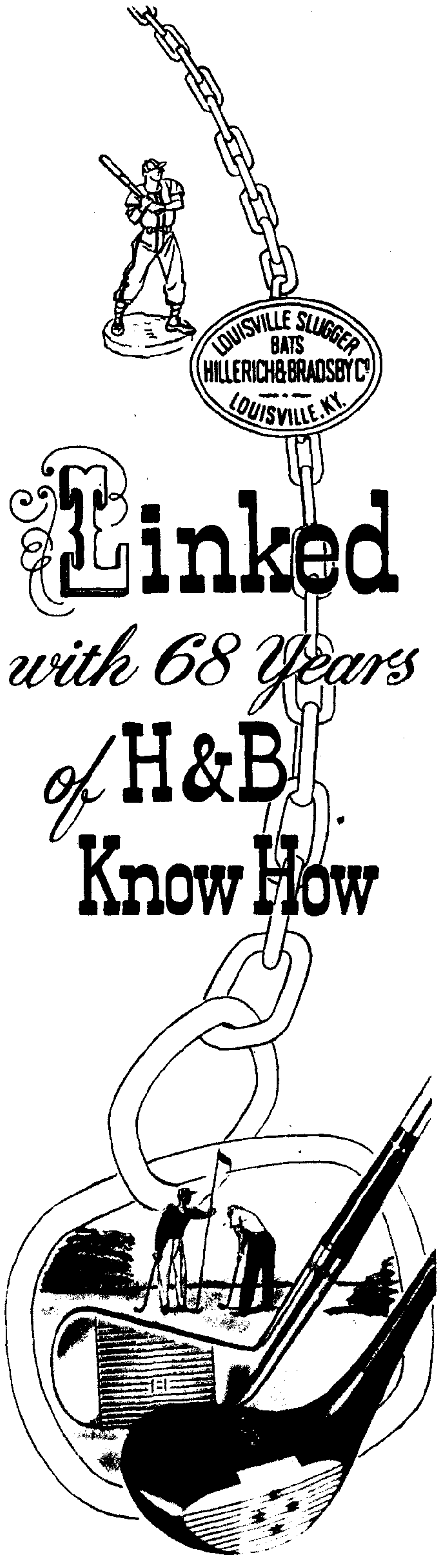
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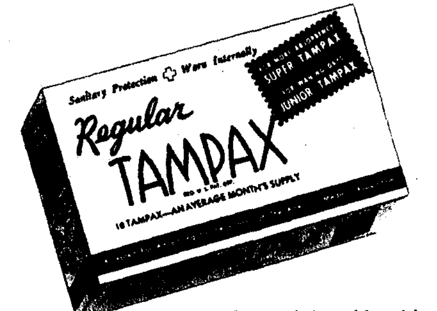
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when he was on his way home from his office. "When does she get her dinner done?" asked Mrs. Webster, staring, and Mr. Webster said absently that he supposed they were eating out.

"Can't understand why I remembered her as having such a nice voice," he said. "Nice-*looking* woman, though."

"Seven children, and she goes out for dinner," Mrs. Webster said indignantly.

"She can't get spongecake like this in any restaurant," Barbara said hastily. "It's really wonderful, dear."

"You know, Mother," Babs said with great casualness, "I've been wondering about going to New York this summer with Aunt Barbara. I mean, I might go and then again I might not."

"You don't need to decide just yet," said her mother.

"No, I mean," said Babs, speaking more quickly, "I think it's very important for a girl to spend more time at home. I mean, it's so much work for Mother."

Mrs. Webster put her fork down and looked at her daughter. Mr. Webster turned his head and stared inquiringly. Barbara looked down at her plate and seemed to be biting her lips. Michael said into the silence, with what he obviously did not intend as a change of subject, "You know, the new people across the street, there's a guy eighteen-nineteen years old. He's Mr. Halloran's brother or nephew or something and he goes to college and he's here for the week end and he's going to be here all summer."

"I do think," said Babs, raising her voice to be heard over her brother, "that I would do much better to stay home this summer and help Mother and learn to—learn to—well, *cook*, like this heavenly cake, Mother, and then maybe go to New York another time. Christmas vacation, maybe."

SHE looked brightly around the table, and Mrs. Webster said soberly, "I certainly think you ought to learn to cook."

"It's very important for a girl to be a good cook," her aunt added.

"Like your mother," said Mr. Webster, rounding off the subject.

"His name's Richard," said Michael. "They call him Dick."

"Michael," his father said sternly, "eat your dinner, and tomorrow night before you come to the table you make sure your hands are clean."

The next morning, after Mr. Webster and Babs and Michael had departed for their several morning destinations, Babs and Michael to school and Mr. Webster to his office, Mrs. Webster and her sister sat peacefully having another cup of coffee while Mrs. Webster planned the day's menus. Mrs. Webster paused, pencil in hand, to say, "I really *must* run across the street and see our neighbors today."

"How about this afternoon?" Barbara asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Webster, considering, "I really thought that this afternoon I'd go along into town and look at those cotton dresses on sale. Babs will have to have something for the summer, and since we can fry up the rest of last night's potatoes when we come home—"

"How about this morning, then?"

"You mean to run across the street? I really *must* find time to do that. I've been meaning to. I only hope I can find time this morning; I did plan to clean the kitchen shelves. They can't go on a day longer, really, the way they are."

"I never saw you so busy," Barbara said carelessly.

"Well, really, dear," Mrs. Webster said, surprised. "I don't suppose you realize the hundred and one things—"

"Mrs. Halloran—" Barbara began injudiciously.

"Mrs. Halloran," Mrs. Webster announced with vast dignity, "is certainly a better mother and a better housekeeper and a better cook and very good-looking and with a nice voice and is of *course* better than anyone else."

Barbara opened her mouth to answer and then thought better of it. "I'll go along into town with you," she said mildly. "I could use a summer dress."

Michael reported at dinner that night that he had spent all afternoon playing with the boys across the street and that their mother had spent most of the afternoon sitting in a comfortable chair in the living room, not doing anything except watching a puppet show the boys had composed. Mr. Webster had met Mr. Halloran and his wife taking their evening walk and had noticed particularly that Mrs. Halloran was not anywhere near the sort of woman he would ordinarily classify as "nice-looking" but was, on the contrary, a sort of cheerful, motherly body. "I can't for the life of me imagine why I thought she had a nice voice," he insisted.

"I think a nice voice is very important in a woman," Babs said vaguely. "Like on the phone, or some such thing. In a man, too. I think it's terribly important the influence a nice voice has on people."

"Like on the phone," her aunt murmured as the telephone rang.

"That can't possibly be for me," said Babs, getting up. "I'll answer it."

"Have you noticed," Mrs. Webster said to her sister as Babs left the room, "that Babs is speaking in a much more *cultured* fashion?"

"She's talking a lot like the new lady across the street," Michael volunteered. "She was over almost all afternoon, watching our puppet show." He thought. "Dick doesn't go back to college until Monday," he said.

"I intend to run over there tomorrow," Mrs. Webster said. "What sort of a house is it?"

"Just a house," Michael said intelligently.

"I'm very anxious to know how she's fixed up that living room," Mrs. Webster said. "You remember, it's an odd shape," she told her sister.

"Tell us about Mrs. Halloran," Barbara said to Michael. "What is *she* like?"

"She's all right," Michael said.

"I mean," Barbara said, "what do you think of her?"

Michael pondered. "She's all right," he said finally.

"I don't think," Mrs. Webster said peacefully, "that he'd recognize any of his own family if he met them on the street. He just doesn't *notice*."

Stung, Michael spoke sharply. "Yesterday she had on a blue dress," he said triumphantly.

"Yesterday *I* had on a blue dress," his aunt said. "You sure you're not thinking of me?"

"I can remember the living room over there," Michael said. "It's got chairs and a couch and tables in it, just like ours. They even got a lamp shade just like the one on Dad's lamp."

"I wonder if she got it at Smith and Wendy's," Mrs. Webster said with interest.

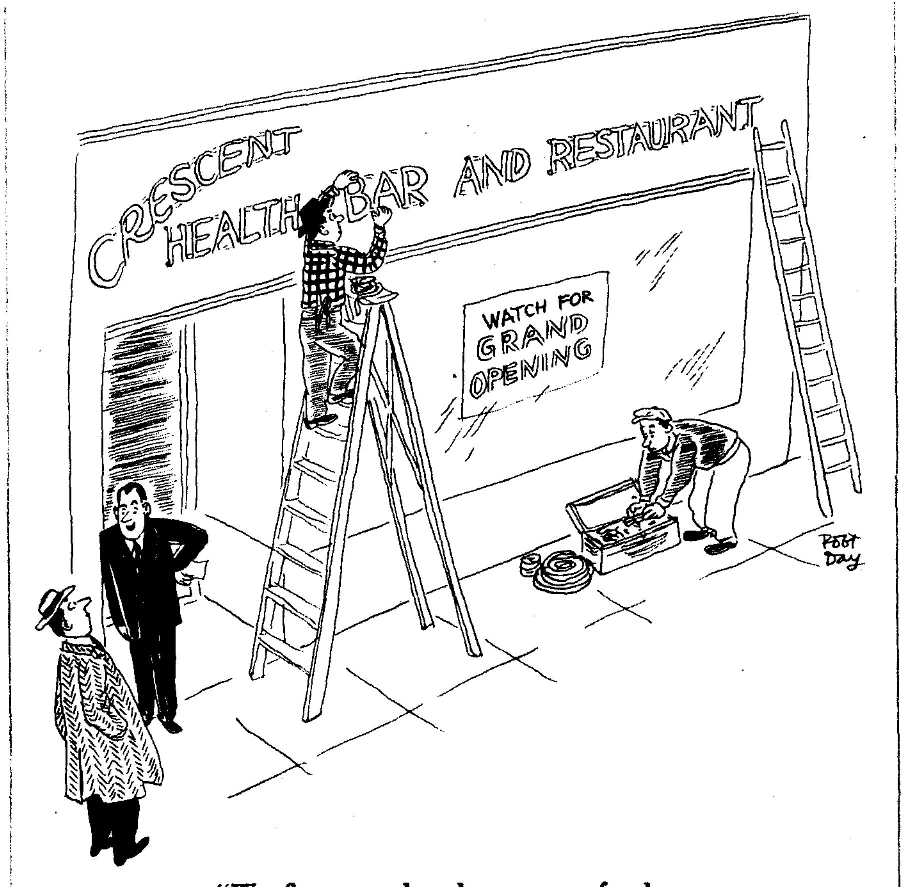
THE next morning, Mrs. Webster, who by now was seriously concerned over her lapse of manners in neglecting the new neighbors, found that she could only manage to run over if she sacrificed Mr. Webster's favorite salad dressing and gave up the weekly scrubbing of the bathrooms. Mr. Webster met Mr. and Mrs. Halloran on their evening walk and confirmed his first opinion that Mrs. Halloran did have a nice voice. "Funny how I could have mistaken it," he said. "Usually the first thing I notice about a woman."

Michael reported that the mother of the boys across the street had made doughnuts again and that the youngest girl was wearing a dress which had registered so extraordinarily upon Michael that he described it as "pretty." Her mother had made it the day before. She had also found time to parade her seven children, plus Michael, down to the corner drugstore for a soda. "*Not* just before dinner," Michael assured his mother. "Jerry takes a bath every night." He held up his own hands. "See?" he said. "I took a bath along with Jerry today."

"Voluntarily?" said his Aunt Barbara, since his mother seemed unable to open her mouth. "I mean, without argument?"

"Sure," said Michael. "Jerry's mother read stories to us while we were in the tub. It was fine." . . .

Mrs. Webster was not able to make it across the street the next morning, although she was looking extremely thoughtful. She had planned to make cookies, since there were no baked things in the house. It was also her day to vacuum the rugs and air the rooms. In addition, she would not be presentable until she had washed her hair. Around three, Mr. Webster called to say that he might be a few minutes late for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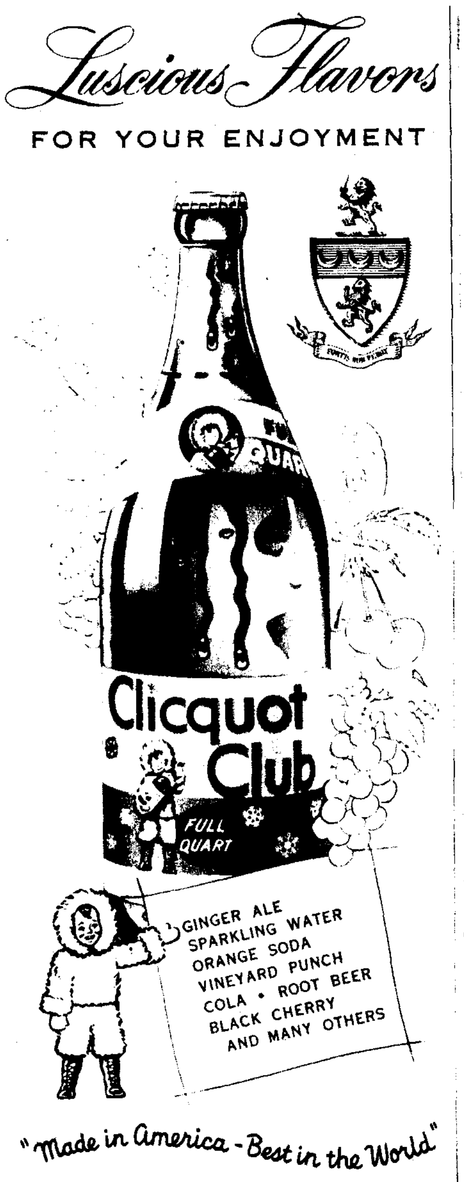
COLLIER'S "We figure to break even on food and make our profit on carrot juice" ROBERT DAY



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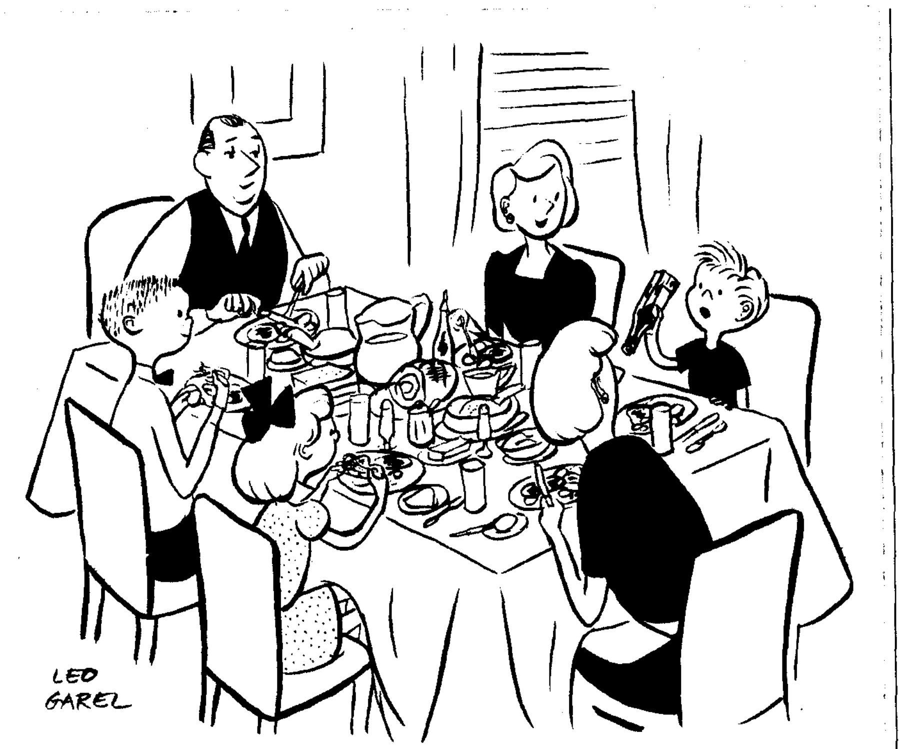


COLLIER'S "Anybody want the catchup while it's down at this end of the bottle?" LEO GAREL

dinner, and he added that he had encountered Mr. and Mrs. Halloran having lunch together downtown and that while she was certainly a fine-looking woman he was at a loss to know how he had come to believe that she had such a nice voice. Mrs. Webster made no comment, but set grimly to work with the cooky cutter. Barbara spent the day looking over her clothes; her visit was due to end soon.

Babs came home just in time to freshen up for dinner; she had a faraway look and had to be spoken to twice. Michael came in early; his friends across the street had been unaccountably not at home, and there had been no one at the ball field. He bothered Mrs. Webster, eating hot cookies, until she spoke to him sharply and sent him out of the kitchen, and then he bounced a ball against the side of the house until his Aunt Barbara put her head out the window and told him she would give him a quarter if he would go off and spend it.

MR. WEBSTER was not more than a few minutes late, and reached his chair in the living room fifteen minutes before dinner was ready and ten minutes before Babs came downstairs with too much lipstick on.

Michael's hands were not washed; Mr. Webster disappeared upstairs just as dinner was called; and Mrs. Webster was worn and tired after her day's baking.

Mr. Webster, unfolding his napkin, glanced down at his soup and said, "Seems as if there was something I wanted to tell you."

"Elbows off the table," Mrs. Webster said, and everyone moved his elbows off the table except Michael, whom she had been addressing.

"Heard it at the office?" Mr. Webster asked his soup. "Read it in the paper?"

"When do you leave, Aunt Barbara?" Babs asked idly.

"Week from tomorrow," said her aunt.

Babs played with her fork. "I've half a mind to go with you, after all," she said.

"Nothing's been decided yet," her mother put in.

"I mean," said Babs, "I think a girl ought to see more of the world before she settles down. Once she's married—"

"Of course," said Mr. Webster. "Comes back to me now." He lifted his head and said down the table to his wife, "Meant to tell you, they caught that fellow Halloran."

"Splendid," Mrs. Webster said absently. "We don't have to make up our minds tonight," she told her daughter. "After all, you haven't spoken to Dad about it."

"Caught him?" said Barbara, and Michael said, "You mean, the *cops* or something?"

"Caught him," said Mr. Webster, nodding. "Heard it at the office."

"But he was such a nice man," said Mrs. Webster. "I was going over to see his wife tomorrow morning, first thing."

Mr. Webster laughed shortly. "Wives," he said. "I should have known I couldn't be wrong about a woman's voice. First thing I always notice."

"Wives?" Mrs. Webster said faintly.

"Michael, use your napkin," said Mr. Webster. "Three of them. Bigamy. Three wives."

"You mean that terribly smart woman?" said Barbara.

"You mean that nice motherly type?" said Mrs. Webster.

"You mean that nice lady who bought us sodas?" said Michael.

And Mr. Webster nodded again. "Three wives," he said. "All living together. Met a different one every night, coming home from the office, you see. I *knew* I couldn't be wrong about her voice."

"I'm so glad I didn't run over," said Mrs. Webster.

"I'm glad—" Babs said, and stopped abruptly. "I always knew there was something wrong with that family," she said. "I always say you can tell there's something wrong with a family if the younger members of it have no manners."

"Jerry was all right," Michael said.

"I didn't mean Jerry," Babs said.

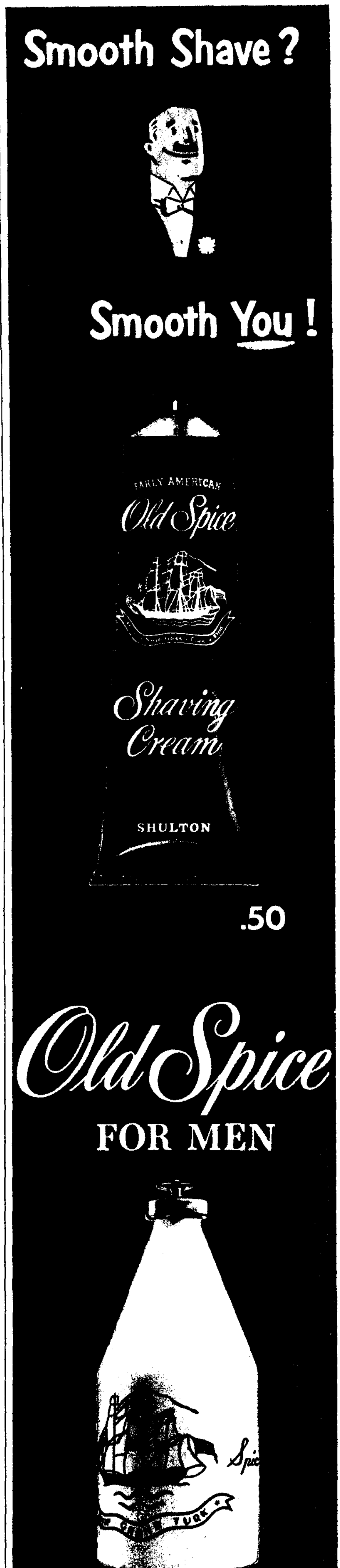
"So *that's* how she had so much time for everything," Mrs. Webster said. "Doughnuts and dinner in restaurants and puppet shows and making dresses and going down for sodas and going for walks and having lunch with her husband." Mrs. Webster sighed.

"And the seven children?" Barbara asked weakly.

Mr. Webster shook his head.

Suddenly Mrs. Webster laughed out loud. Her astonished family stared at her, at the light in her eyes, at the line of her mouth, at her head thrown back and her hair coming unpinned; and then they looked at one another. If they had not all of them known Mrs. Webster so well, they might have perceived in her laughter Mrs. Webster's first faint glimpse of a bright new world, a world where perhaps the mild Mr. Websters buried themselves at their offices and the Mrs. Websters, in groups of two or three, sat peacefully over their afternoon tea, their mutual housework done, their common children fed and clothed, their long and comfortable hours spent in unending leisure.

THE END



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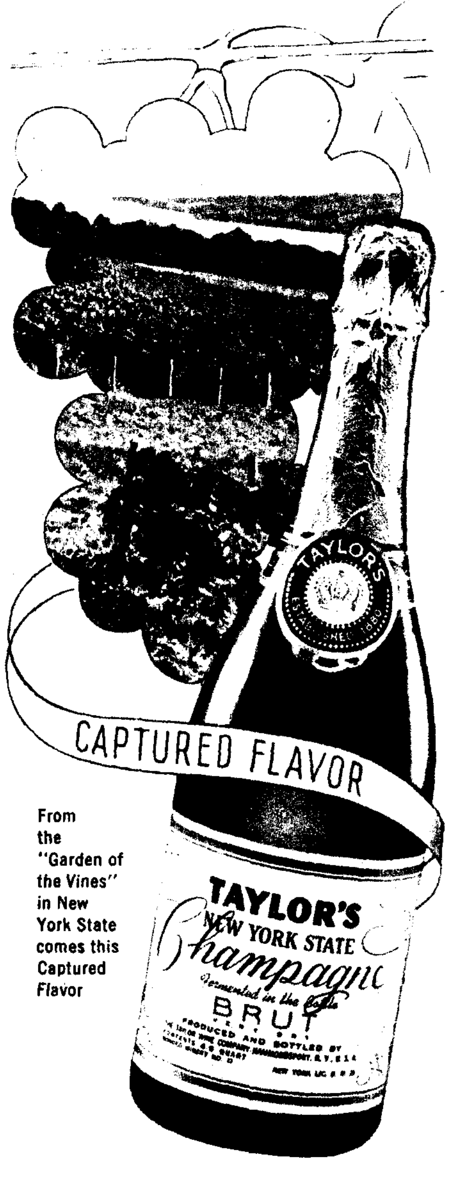

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The Depression Deepens

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

thrown into utter confusion. Central European states, trying to attract to themselves a movement of capital and thus of gold in order to protect their currency, offered higher interest rates. That failing, they tried to stop, by law, the flight of capital and the outward movement of gold to pay debts or buy imports. Then they restricted imports and tried to stimulate exports, in order to create a surplus of foreign exchange in their favor.

This actual although not initially admitted abandonment of the gold standard, begun in Central Europe, was to disturb the world, including ourselves, for many a year to come. No merchant could know what he might receive in payment by the time his goods were delivered. Thus the multiplied risk further hampered trade.

Europe Blames Uncle Sam

The European press charged that by our economic policies the United States was sucking in the world's gold, thereby undermining exchanges, currencies and the gold standard. It was the usual European practice of blaming Uncle Sam for their own failures.

The fact was—and I at once announced it through the press—that total gold imports into Europe in the previous two years had exceeded gold imports into the United States. We had added less than $600,000,000 to our gold stocks since 1929; European gold stocks had increased by $1,500,000,000. And our increase was more than accounted for by foreign capital sent to the United States for refuge because of a lack of confidence in the European currencies themselves.

Also, prior to 1930, our banks had accumulated a good deal of gold from many smaller nations who sent us the gold reserves behind their currencies in the confidence that dollars were as good as gold. They thus earned interest on their currency reserves, as our banks paid interest on such deposits.

In any event we could not stop gold shipments to us; that would amount to a refusal to accept payments to us. To stop export shipments of gold would be in effect a refusal to pay our debts in gold, and thus amount to our repudiating the gold standard.

During this new stage of the depression such refugee gold and foreign-government reserve deposits were constantly driven by fear hither and yon over the world. In fact, there was a mass of gold and short-term credit which behaved like a loose cannon on deck in a tempest.

As the strain increased in all international payments and exchange, I asked Secretary of State Stimson and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon to study some method of relieving this pressure through relaxation of the huge world-wide intergovernmental payments for reparations and war debts. These totaled more than $1,000,000,000 a year, of which we annually received about $250,000,000 by way of payments on our war debts.

The secretaries were unable to make any suggestion. On June 5th, I called them to the White House, together with Undersecretary of the Treasury Mills, and suggested that in order to ease the situation I propose to all governments a one-year moratorium on all intergovernmental payments.

Mr. Mellon objected that it was Europe's mess and that we should not involve the United States. Messrs. Stimson and Mills supported my idea. As Mr. Mellon was leaving for Europe next day on a vacation, I suggested that he look into the situation abroad. I was also relieved to be able to deal directly with Mr. Mills, who would be acting secretary, and who had a younger and more vigorous mind than Mr. Mellon.

The next day the German Finance Minister visited London. He informed the British government—and also publicly stated—that the Austrian panic was infecting Germany, but that he did not expect any acute crisis for 60 days. But people do not wait for a threat 60 days away. The next week runs began on all German banks, both by citizens and foreign banks. The latter demanded payment of outstanding German trade bills and acceptances.

I had previously agreed to make two speeches in the Midwest and so was compelled to be away from the capital for a few days. When I returned to Washington on June 18th, Mr. Mellon, now in Europe, had reversed his views and was frantically cabling that action must be taken at once or American financial safety would be seriously involved.

I also found an official appeal from President von Hindenburg of Germany stating that the Weimar Republic was in danger of collapse. His message said in part:

"The need of the German people which has reached a climax compels me to adopt the unusual step of addressing you personally.

"The German people has lived through years of great hardship, culminating in the past winter, and the economic recovery hoped for in the spring of this year has not taken place . . . All possibilities of improving the situation by domestic measures without relief from abroad are exhausted . . . As the developments of the last few days show, the whole world lacks confidence in the ability of the German economic system to work under the existing burdens. Large credits received by us from foreign countries have been withdrawn . . . the Reichsbank has had to hand over to foreign countries one third of its reserves of gold and foreign currency.

"The inevitable consequence of these developments must be a further serious restriction of economic life and an increase in the numbers of unemployed who already amount to more than one third of the total number of industrial workers . . . The relief must come at once if we are to avoid serious misfortune for ourselves and others . . .

"You, Mr. President, as the representative of the great American people, are in a position to take the steps by which an immediate change in the situation threatening Germany and the rest of the world could be brought about."

I spent two days after my return to Washington interviewing and telephoning Congressional leaders and ranking members of committees in both houses and both parties, seeking their approval of my moratorium proposals. Senator Robinson and Speaker Garner, Democratic leaders of the Senate and House, refused to agree, but Senator Glass and some other important Democratic members did.

As soon as I was sure of enough Democratic members of Congress, in addition to Republicans, to pass legislation, I instructed the Secretary of State to communicate the proposals to the different governments.

Unfortunately one senator informed the press of my proposals in a distorted form. This precipitated a situation where I had to make a public announcement of them before we could hear from the governments concerned.

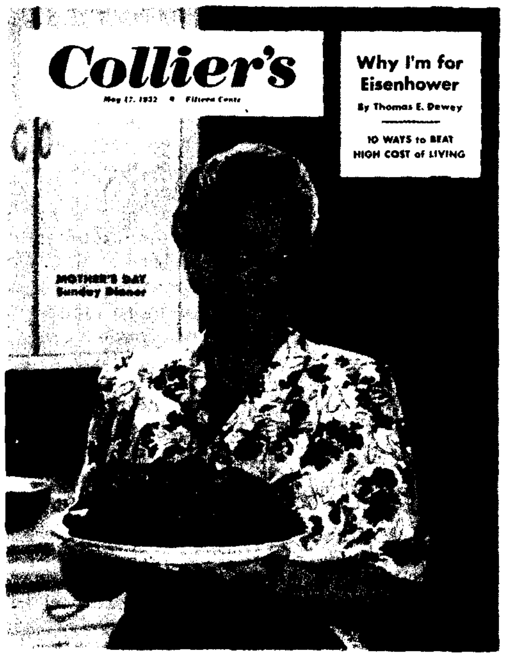
Via Transatlantic Phone

During this and subsequent weeks, I was in hourly touch with our representatives in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna by transatlantic telephone, and they were likewise in touch with one another. It was the first time such extensive use had been made of that method of communication by our government officials. Thanks to mechanical devices, these conversations could not be tapped, and afforded far better understanding and quicker contact than by cables which had to be coded and decoded.

Within a week 15 of the governments concerned had accepted the moratorium proposals unconditionally. The only important opponent was France. The real animation of the French mind was to see Germany in misery. The French government raised a host of technical and fictitious difficulties and continued to produce fresh ones as fast as we met them. They kept this up for more than three weeks.

Finally, on July 5th, I instructed our ambassador to France, Walter Edge, to inform the French that I had secured enough support and did not require France's consent; that France could exact payments due it from other governments and that the others would continue to exact payments due them from France. It happened that this would leave

Next Week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France little better off on balance than if she accepted the moratorium.

On receipt of this message, the French Cabinet, with much heat, reversed itself and accepted our plan, with a few minor reservations. On July 6th, I announced completion of the agreement, and I breathed easier in the hope that it might still save the situation. There was again a momentary lift in the economic world—but it lasted less than a week.

The three-week delaying action by the French, by fostering a mood of discouragement and uneasiness, had permitted destructive forces again to rise. During this time there had been more runs on Central and Eastern European banks and more gold poured out of Europe. By July 15th practically all Austrian, German, Hungarian and European banks further east were closed.

In the meantime, Secretary of State Stimson had gone to the South of France on a holiday. Through Acting Secretary William R. Castle, I suggested to the British government that they call a conference in London on the European financial situation. I requested Messrs. Mellon and Stimson to attend. The meeting was set for July 20th.

At an intermediate meeting in Paris, the French proposed that the British, French and American governments lend Germany $500,000,000. I informed Secretary Stimson (who urged it) that the United States could not join in such a plan, as in my view it would be totally ineffective even if Congress were called into session and approved.

Risks Taken by American Banks

With all these bank closings in Central Europe, I naturally wanted to know whether American banks had any loans to or deposits in the banks of this crisis area. I asked Henry Robinson, chairman of the board of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles, to make a preliminary and confidential survey for me. He reported that many of our banks had bought German trade bills and "bank acceptances," both 60- and 90-day. The trade bills were supposed to be secured by bills of lading covering goods shipped, and to be payable on delivery of the goods. The "bank acceptances" were simply "kited" bills without any collateral.

I at once inquired of the Federal Reserve Board what amounts of these bills were held by American banks and business houses. After some inquiry, the board informed me that our banks held only $400,000,000 or $500,000,000 worth, and that they could be easily handled.

Worrying over the matter that night, I was somehow not satisfied with this report, especially in view of Mr. Robinson's information. In the morning I directed the Comptroller of the Currency to secure for me an accurate report on such American holdings direct from the banks.

Twenty-four hours later I received the appalling news that American holdings exceeded $1,700,000,000—that certain banks having over $1,000,000,000 of deposits held amounts of these bills equal to their total capital and surplus.

Some of our bankers had been yielding to sheer greed for the 6 or 7 per cent interest offered by banks in the European panic area, and these hidden loans had no doubt been partially facilitated by the Federal Reserve's inflation of credit in 1927.

Worse still, the comptroller informed me that these European banks were already in default on many bank acceptances and were frantically seeking renewals. He thought that the acceptances comprised a major part of American bank holdings, and told me that some of the trade bills did not have the collateral documents attached.

I sent for Acting Treasury Secretary Mills, disclosed my fears and requested him to ask Bank of England officials by telephone what they knew about the volume of these bills. In a day or two they replied, in alarm, that there might be $2,000,000,000 of them in British and Dominion banks, that banking houses in Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Holland and Denmark held quantities of them, and that German and other Eastern European banks were desperately trying to renew the bank acceptances and were being refused.

It looked as if the Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and other Eastern European countries had as much as $4,000,000,000 of these short-term bills afloat. The Germans had also, since the war, floated many long-term loans by their government, municipalities and business houses. (As Secretary of Commerce, I had frequently protested these German bond issues in the United States on the ground that their payment was second to reparations, and that they were being used for this purpose.)

It now seemed that the total German external debt, in addition to reparations, possibly exceeded $5,000,000,000. They not only had paid all their reparation installments to the Allies out of this borrowed money, but had paid for reconstruction of German industry and for budget deficits. It was obvious that they could never repay such sums.

It was now clear why the European crisis had been so long delayed. These countries had kited bills to A in order to pay B and also their internal deficits.

I don't know that I have ever received a worse jar. The haunting prospect of wholesale bank failures and the necessity of saying not a word to the American people—lest I precipitate panic—left me little sleep.

The question was no longer one of helping foreign countries so as to benefit everybody indirectly. It was now a question of directly saving ourselves.

That day, July 19th, I came to the conclusion that, in view of the confusion among leaders in Europe, we must take a strong hand if we were to save our situation as well as theirs. I called in Acting Secretaries Mills and Castle, Senator Dwight Morrow and Ambassador to Britain Dawes, who was then in Washington. They fully agreed to a new and drastic solution I proposed—for a "standstill" agreement among all banks everywhere which were holding German and Central European short-term obligations, whereby they would maintain these outstanding lines of credit.

I communicated my plan to Messrs. Stimson and Mellon in London. Secretary Mellon, at heart a good country banker, simply could not believe that such evil forces could be moving in the financial world.

He and Secretary Stimson objected to placing this plan before the London conference lest we appear to be dictating to it. The conference met and the French again proposed the American-French-British $500,000,000 loan to Germany. Mellon and Stimson again strongly urged this measure on me.

I replied that this was a banker-made crisis and that the bankers, not our taxpayers, must shoulder the burden of solution; moreover, that the amount proposed for the loan would not be a drop in the bucket; that such a loan would not even take care of the American situation alone.

At this point I instructed Mr. Mills to ask the governor of the Bank of England by telephone what their idea was of the French loan proposal. He found that the Bank of England did not approve. The matter began

Mr. Hoover's memoirs of his days as Commerce Secretary and of the nondepression aspects of his era as President were brought out as a book by Macmillan on April 28th, under the title, The Cabinet and the Presidency: 1920-1933. The chapters now running in Collier's about the depression will appear as a separate volume expanded in form and titled The Great Depression. Its publication date will be August 11th, a day following the 78th birthday of our distinguished ex-President

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to take on the color of the usual European attempt to make us the first to refuse something and therefore the scapegoat for anything that happened.

I finally telephoned Messrs. Stimson and Mellon emphatically that we would not participate in such a loan and that I was publishing the gist of the "standstill" proposal to the world that very minute. They protested its publication as undiplomatic. I issued it nevertheless.

The next day, with the now public proposal in front of it, the conference adopted the essence of my plan and delegated the Bank for International Settlements to carry it out. Its success depended on bankers of all countries holding the trade bills and also agreeing to accept without preference payments on unsecured bills until payment could be extracted by the Bank for International Settlements.

A group of our New York banks informed me that they could not agree to the "standstill" plan, and that the only solution was for our government to participate in a large international loan to Germany and other countries. I was probably too abrupt when I replied that, if they did not accept within 24 hours, I would expose their banking conduct to the American people. They agreed.

As mentioned above, we had believed that the amount of these short-term bills afloat totaled about $4,000,000,000. But the European financial pit was far deeper than even our estimates showed.

A Report on World Finances

A year later, in 1932, the Bank for International Settlements made a long detailed report which said in part:

"When, at the end of March, 1931, the Bank for International Settlements closed its books for the first financial year, the depression . . . still showed in most respects the main tendencies of an ordinary depression. On the capital markets there was a large supply of short-term funds at declining rates . . . government credit had not yet been seriously weakened . . .

"(But) it is now possible to estimate that the total amount of short-term international (private) indebtedness which existed at the beginning of 1931 aggregated more than $10,000,000,000. At that time the magnitude of this indebtedness was not known . . . When . . . short-term funds are recalled . . . as the result of the breakdown of confidence . . . [this was] almost certain to break the situation at some point. The liquidation in a single year [was] of more than six billion of short-term indebtedness.

"It is unnecessary to emphasize the havoc wrought . . . In an effort to cope with the situation . . . new forces, themselves dislocating, were introduced into the international economic system of the world."

Among these forces the bank's report mentioned exchange controls, import restrictions, temporary suspension of the gold standard and consequent depreciation of currencies.

No greater proof of one cause of the hurricane that swept our shores is needed than this statement.

What the debacle added up to is that the American people paid twice. They suffered not only huge losses on the European bank paper itself but also huge damage to our own economy from Europe's follies.

During the period from March to August, 1931, we lost all economic gains for the first three months of the year and more. Industrial production decreased by 15 per cent, construction contracts by 20 per cent, farm prices by 10 per cent on the average and common stocks by 20 per cent.

However, with the moratorium and the "standstill" agreement, we had avoided a panic in the United States. The world too breathed more easily again with both these measures, and recovery began to show itself in the market places.

But our breathing spell was short, and Americans were soon to learn about the economic interdependence of nations by a poignant experience which knocked at every cottage door.

We had scarcely begun to hope that the Central European situation had struck bottom when we sustained a new and worse blow from Britain.

On July 24, 1931, the French began to withdraw their considerable gold deposits from London. This was at once interpreted as a lack of confidence in the stability of British currency and credit, and a run on Britain from other countries quickly started.

The British were bankers for the world, holding large deposits from all countries and in turn making loans to other countries. They also held huge amounts of the above-mentioned German and other European short-term bills. Thus confronted, the British found their situation akin to that of a bank faced with depositors' demands but unable to call its loans and turn them into cash.

The Bank of England tried to stop the run and attract capital—and thus gold—to Britain by the usual device of offering higher interest rates. That device does not work in times of fear and, in this instance, had little effect except to spread more fear. On August 1st, the British government asked if our government had any objection to their negotiating a $250,000,000 private bank loan, largely in the United States. This, which we encouraged, was completed at once by our banks. But the loan served mostly to increase fear.

On August 5th came a further severe break in British exchange, and on the 26th the British asked if we would approve another $400,000,000 loan from our banks. We did approve, and the loan was made.

Economic earthquakes also have political effects. During the last of August, revolutions stemming from economic shocks took place in several South American countries. This was no helpful lift to confidence. Then suddenly the world was sent shuddering by a mutiny in the British navy on September 14th.

Finally, on September 21st, the Bank of England defaulted on payments to foreigners. Most security and commodity markets in Europe closed at once. Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Bolivia and India refused gold payment. Greece, Italy, Germany, Austria and Hungary already had imposed such restrictions on exchange as to amount to the same thing.

There have since been elaborate attempts to prove that the British debacle was the result of having established too high a convertibility—or any convertibility at all—of their currency into gold.

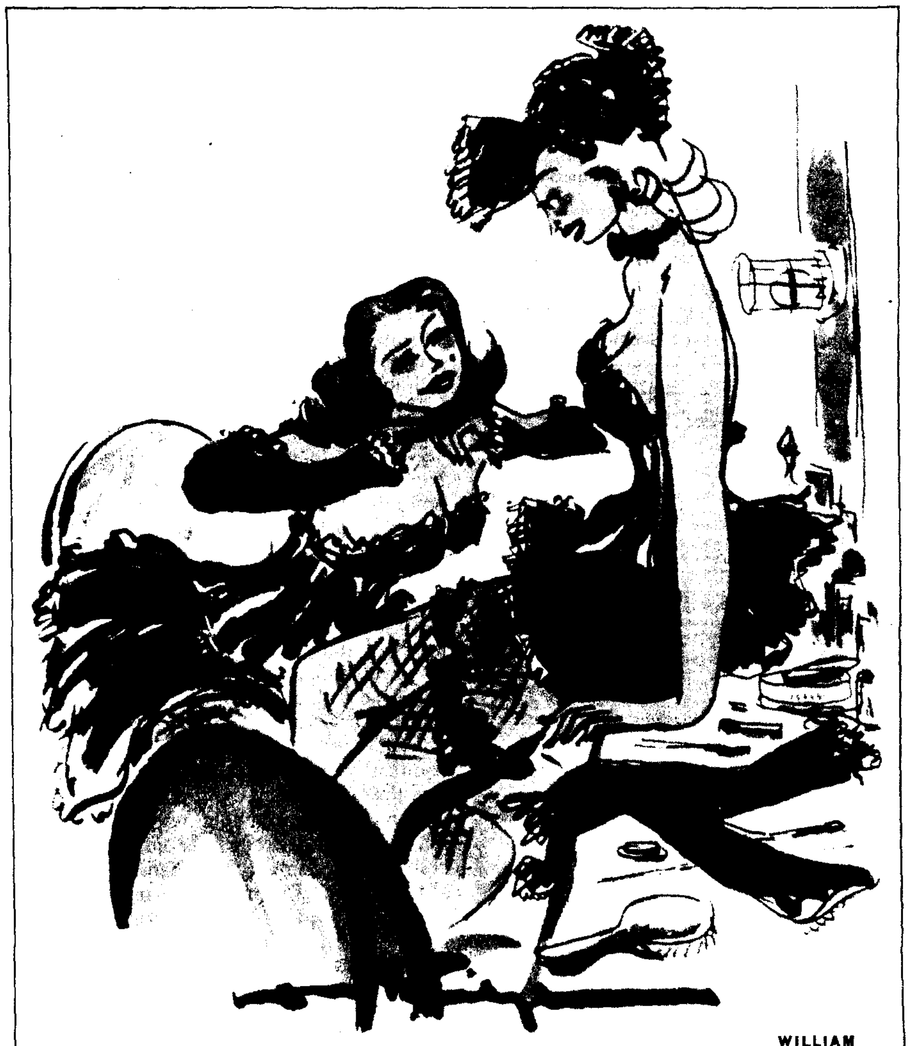
Huge Loans, Feeble Security

At best that is only a partial explanation. The worst was that they had loaned huge sums at high rates on feeble security (as we also had) and their abandonment of the gold standard became inevitable from this cause alone.

The United States kept open and doing business on all our exchanges and paying good dollars over the counter. But it seemed to me that the bottom was fast dropping out of the economic world. Certainly it dropped out of commodity prices in the United States. Failures among our weak and improperly run banks flared up, and senseless runs on good banks began. Our banks away from the great centers were calling for more and more help. Our bankers began to make the situation worse by fears of their own. Unable to liquidate long-term loans, they called in or restricted loans essential to industry and commerce. At this time foreigners concluded that the United States would be the next bulwark of international stability to go. They began to withdraw their deposits in the United States in the form of gold. By the end of October we were to lose about $700,000,000 from our monetary and bank stocks. This cramped our volume of credit and increased our banks' demands on their borrowers.

To add to our troubles domestic hoarding of gold and currency by our citizens began. Our exports of principal farm products to Europe had now dropped to almost zero, further demoralizing our commodity prices. Unemployment swelled.

It was in the midst of this nightmare



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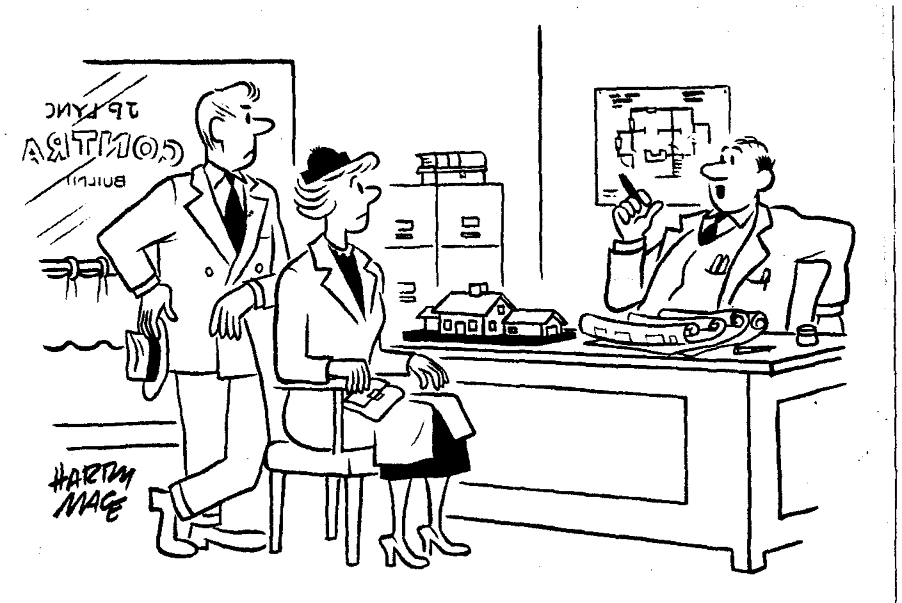

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that, as I mentioned in an earlier chapter, the American Legion announced its purpose of seeking payment of the veterans' bonus of $3,400,000,000 in cash from the government. I addressed the Legion's annual convention in Detroit and as a result staved off that blow—for a while.

In mid-September I held an off-the-record press conference in which I asked the press to do its utmost to keep the country "steady in the boat."

I told them that all now depended upon the United States—that we were now the Verdun of world stability.

With the Bank of England's collapse I decided that unprecedented and bold action must be taken if panic were not to extend to the United States. We were dealing not only with tangibles, such as unemployment, falling prices, gold movements and bank deposits, but with fear. And because of the increased speed of world communication, fear had grown even more virulent. Our people began postponing purchases and new enterprises—all of which added to our difficulties.

It was easy to expound on the unlimited resources of the United States, its stocks of food, its production, its skills and the evanescent character of our difficulties; but when fear strikes, such comfort has little effect. Our job was to dissipate fear as well as to deal with tangible things.

I determined first to try to mobilize our private institutions and, if that failed, to summon every resource of the federal government. The center of our weakness now was obviously in our banking and financial system—the element most sensitive to fear. And one of our troubles was that we did not know—in advance—how weak it was.

Also, I was faced with a Democratic majority in Congress, whose partisan action no man could measure or conciliate. The skirmishing for the 1932 campaign had begun. Out of power for three administrations, the Democrats at last saw a chance for victory. They were hot with partisanship, and would not regret it if demoralization extended through the election.

During September, I had called a confidential meeting of Treasury officials, the Federal Reserve Board and the board's Advisory Council, consisting of 24 bankers. At that moment the British had not yet collapsed, but already the signs were bad enough in our own banking world.

I suggested that our banks create a central pool of credit of $500,000,000, with powers to borrow another billion, to be administered by their own committee and used to rescue banks throughout the country which were under pressure. We also tentatively discussed a government corporation for this purpose.

The meeting arrived at no decision. Those present did not take the situation as seriously as I did, and said that they wanted to study these ideas further.

But on October 2d, 11 days after the British collapse, I called—through Mr. Mellon—the heads of leading banking, insurance and loan agencies, together with leading federal officials, to meet with me on the evening of the 4th. I also asked Congressional leaders of both parties and the chairmen of the committees concerned to a similar meeting on the evening of October 6th.

I was by no means sure that the financial institutions either could—or would—take up the burden. If not, I intended to arrange for a special session of Congress or in any event inform Congressional groups of the situation.

To avoid public alarm and press speculation, the meeting with the 40 banking and insurance leaders was held at Mr. Mellon's home. It attracted no public notice.

Dual Plan to Ease Pressures

After discussion of the situation, I presented a program in two parts—one concerning credit relief in general banking, and the other relief from mortgage pressure on farms, homes and real estate generally.

To the banking group, I proposed a stop to policies of "getting liquid" by needless calling of loans, and urged that they try to furnish full credit to industrial concerns and to other banks under pressure, as an essential for maintaining employment and prices.

I proposed that the banks set up a corporation with $500,000,000 paid-in capital, to help banks in need and to loan against the assets of closed banks, in order to melt large amounts of frozen deposits and stiffen public confidence. I suggested that this new corporation have powers to borrow, in addition to its capital, so as to expand its funds by another billion dollars. On the assurance of Federal Reserve Board governor Eugene Meyer, I promised the bankers that the reserve banks would assist them to the utmost of their powers.

I also informed the conference that I had called a meeting of Congressional leaders for two days later, declaring that I could take no risks of failure to meet the situation, but urging that American private enterprise demonstrate its ability to protect both the country and itself.

Few of the group evinced enthusiasm for my idea. They constantly reverted to a proposal that the government do it—despite my urgings that such a course should be avoided if private enterprise were to perform its own functions.

We had a long and sometimes not too pleasant discussion in which, in courteous and condescending terms, I was given elementary instruction in the principles of banking and insurance.

Finally, however, the banking group agreed to call a meeting of all New York

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banks the next day to see whether they could effect this proposal of *mine.*

To the insurance and real-estate loan groups at the meeting at the Mellon residence I proposed that they announce a suspension of mortgage foreclosures on the homes and farms of responsible people. I also proposed that we set up a system of mortgage discount banks. I had developed the plan for such a system when Secretary of Commerce, at that time to aid home builders. I now expanded it to cover the entire real-estate mortgage field.

I proposed that we establish a national system of 12 mortgage discount banks somewhat comparable to the 12 Federal reserve banks (which served only commercial loans); that the system have a central institution, and that the 12 subsidiary institutions have, say, $50,000,000 initial capital each, to be advanced by the government but ultimately absorbed by insurance companies, banks and various lending institutions.

These branch mortgage banks were to issue debentures—after the fashion of the Farm Loan Banks—and discount live mortgages up to 85 per cent of face value with the guarantee of the discounter. I proposed that the central mortgage bank stand behind the branch banks and issue debentures to the public to secure further capital if necessary. All of this was to protect especially the savings banks and insurance companies.

I suggested that these debentures would be a prime security as they would have behind them (a) the property, (b) the mortgage, (c) the discounter's guarantee, and (d) the capital of the discount bank.

Benefits of System Explained

I expounded on the constructive aspects of this system of mortgage discount banks: it would save homes and farms from foreclosure, thaw the frozen real-estate market; restore the liquidity of several billion dollars' assets of banks and other institutions; and, by making mortgage money liquid, enable the resumption of much construction—thus aiding employment.

The insurance and real-estate groups were something less than enthusiastic. But I asked them to meet with me and a larger group of their representatives at the White House three days later.

I returned to the White House after midnight more depressed than ever before.

I had long since arranged to attend the World Series game between the St. Louis Cardinals and Philadelphia Athletics at Philadelphia the next day. Although I like baseball, I kept this engagement only because I felt that my presence at a sporting event might be a gesture of reassurance to a country suffering from a severe attack of "jitters."

On the train en route, I dictated and signed a letter to George Harrison of the New York Federal reserve bank, putting in writing—as the bankers had requested the night before—the details of my proposals for a bank-guarantee corporation. I was not able to work up much enthusiasm over the ball game, and in the midst of it was handed a note informing me of the sudden death of Senator Dwight Morrow. He had been a great pillar of strength, and his death was a great loss to the country and to me.

I left the ball park with the chant of the crowd ringing in my ears: "We want beer!"

That evening the bankers' committee reported that they would form the National Credit Association as requested.

As prospects seemed dim for co-operation from the insurance and other real-estate loan groups concerning farm mortgages, I sent for chairman Paul Bestor of the Federal Farm Loan Board and with him worked out a method for further liberalizing suspensions of foreclosures on farm loans by the Federal Land Banks. We also drew up a plan that I would present to the October 6th meeting of Congressional leaders, by which the government would advance more capital to these banks, to enable them to expand their loans by $1,000,000,000, and thus relieve farmers being pressed from other quarters to pay off mortgages.

On the evening of October 6th, at the White House, I met with the Congressional group—32 leading senators and congressmen, their political complexion about equally Republican and Democrat. Congress was not in session but this group included the majority and minority ranking members of the committees concerned.

I frankly presented the world situation confronting us, recounted the various steps we had taken and informed them that our tax collections had fallen by 50 per cent, that we were faced with a huge deficit, and that we must expect new taxes, more reliable than those on personal incomes.

The group seemed stunned. Only Speaker Garner and Senator Borah were wholly obstructionist. The others appeared shocked at the revelation that our government, for the first time in peacetime history, might have to intervene to support private enterprise.

I already had dictated the outlines of a memorandum for the legislators to consider, which we might issue to the press as expressing our views. There was strong opposition to my proposed system of mortgage discount banks and, in order to get agreement on a statement, I substituted the proposal to expand the Federal Land Banks. After much discussion and changing of some particulars, the press statement was agreed to at one o'clock in the morning and handed to the press.

It announced that I would recommend that Congress advance more capital to the Federal Land Banks, and that the nation's bankers had agreed to set up the $500,000,000 National Credit Association. It also stated that if the need arose I would recommend the setting up of a government finance corporation—similar to the old War Finance Corporation—with funds available for any legitimate call in support of credit.

(Later this was done in the form of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.)

The next day came the second meeting of the insurance and real-estate mortgage groups further to discuss the mortgage situation. Their opposition to my proposals persisted—all except some of the savings banks and the building and loan associations.

One leading insurance president stated as his objection the fact that my plan would result in lower interest rates and thus reduce policyholders' income. It did not seem to me that this was much of an answer to people about to lose their homes, and who, in most cases, were also policyholders.

In the face of this opposition and that of Congressional leaders the previous evening, I concluded that I was not likely to get Congress to set up so radical a general system. I therefore reduced this mortgage-bank idea to a system of Home Loan Banks, for here I could secure the powerful support of the savings banks and building and loan associations.

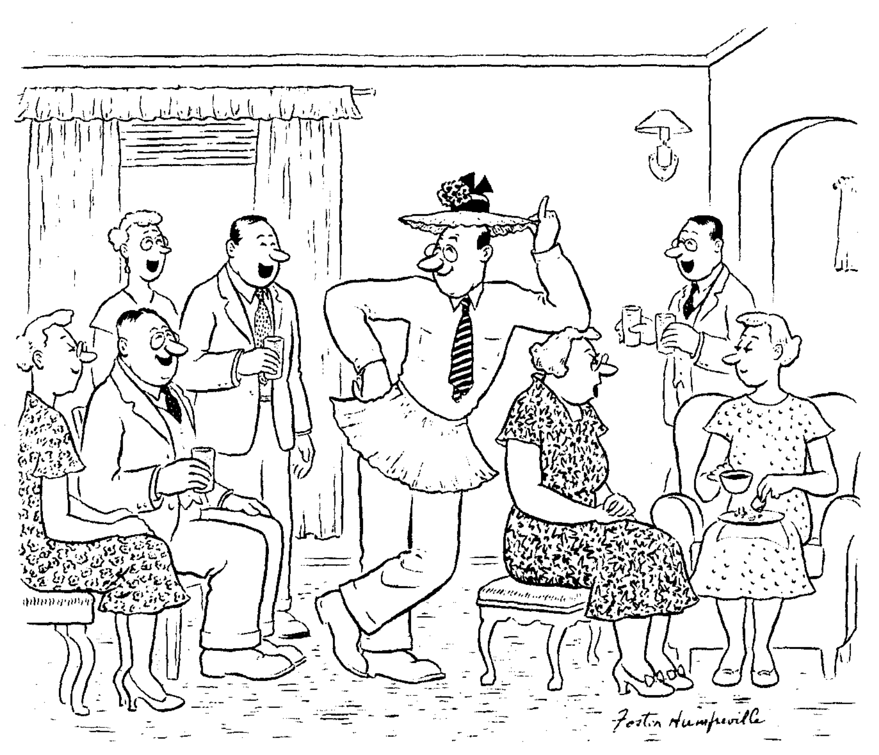
We would never have needed the Home Loan Banks, the RFC, and the half-dozen other government props to credit which we were compelled to introduce later, had we possessed adequate banking laws.

In fact, as I look back over our whole era of boom and slump and our passage through the valley of the shadow after the European panic of 1931, I feel that the worst part of the tragedy with which I had to deal was our own banking and financial system. I can truthfully say that I recognized some of the weaknesses of this system from the first. Time and again—beginning with my first annual message to Congress in December, 1929—I urged reform in our banking laws and the setup of a special joint commission to investigate and recommend remedies. Congress did not take to my suggestions.

In sum, the outstanding weaknesses of our banking structure were its 50 different regulatory systems, state and federal; the fact that too many banks had insufficient capital; the fact that some larger banks had "affiliates" through which they engaged in stock speculation and promotion, indirectly using their depositors' money—with great losses; and the banks' excessive long-term loans through mortgages and bonds, with the consequent pressure on them, when under stress by their depositors, to call in short-term business loans.

In the normal working of the banking system, the banks and loan companies in the farm area borrowed seasonally from the nearest cities; these cities borrowed in turn from New York and other large centers. The moment depression came the city banks drew in funds from their country correspondents to furnish their own needs. The insurance companies abruptly ceased lending on mortgages, and foreclosed wholesale on defaulted mortgages. As a result, farmers and small businessmen were immediate victims.

Nor was our financial weakness solely in the banks. Throughout the whole busi-



COLLIER'S "My husband always manages to enjoy himself, but personally I don't care much for parties" FOSTER HUMFREVILLE ness of providing capital for our economic life there ran a pollution—the habit of making money by manipulating and promoting securities. And that promotion too often disregarded the merits of the goods it sold. In addition, the financial world, instead of providing merely the lubricants of commerce and industry, had often set itself up to milk the system. Worse still, instead of being financial advisers to commerce and industry, the financiers had in many cases set themselves up to dictate the management of it.

That the fault lay not in our economic system as a whole but in the singular weakness of the banking system is evidenced by the fact that the 5,100 banks which failed in the three-year depression period represented 25 per cent of the number of banks. In the same period the failure of industrial enterprise represented only 1½ per cent of the number of industrial concerns.

That it was possible—by proper organization and inspection—to have a banking system in which depositors were safe was demonstrated by Britain, Canada, Australia and South Africa, where not a consequential bank failure took place in the depression. Their economic shocks were as great as ours—or worse. But their banks did not try to manage industry or promote stocks, and the British had evolved methods of restraining a large part of their irresponsible promoters without burning down the house. Before the depression we were habituated to bank failures. What should have shocked the community we accepted as the common fate of man—and it took a hurricane to make lethargic democracy wake up and act.

By the latter part of October, 1931—because of the creation of the bankers' National Credit Association and our other measures and proposals born of the European panic—the country began to regain confidence that we were strong enough to armor ourselves against blows from abroad. November bank failures fell to about the normal predepression death rate for banks. The hoarding of currency dropped from the October level of $245,000,000 to practically nothing in November. Foreigners lost their fears that the United States, like Britain, might go under financially; the outward flow of "fear gold" to foreigners, amounting to $337,000,000 in October, changed to an inward flow of $89,000,000 in November. Industrial common stocks rose nearly 40 per cent in a month; the price of wheat (helped by the Farm Board), nearly 50 per cent.

An acute crisis which was rapidly nearing panic had been defeated. Again I began to hope that we had touched bottom, that we would not need to ask Congress for very extensive financial legislation; that the time had come when we could devote our energies to reforms and other measures for the common good which the crisis had forced us to neglect.

But by the end of November this small burst of recuperation had petered out. All the ground we had gained—and more—was quickly lost. December opened under great economic strain and with a Democratic Congress bent on obstruction. The whole economic situation in Europe proved even more precarious in its foundations than even I had feared. Could we have had an accurate European balance sheet before us a year sooner, our course and our remedial measures would have been better. But we were defending ourselves in a dim light at best.

Renewed blows fell on our economic system, each harder than the one before. After a few weeks of enterprising courage the bankers' National Credit Association became ultraconservative, then fearful, and finally died. It had not exerted anything like its full possible strength.

Its members—and all the business world—threw up their hands and asked for governmental action.

A new phase of the depression opened with the convening of the Democratic-controlled Congress in late 1931. Mr. Hoover describes his bitter battles with Capitol Hill in next week's issue. Order a copy of Collier's now

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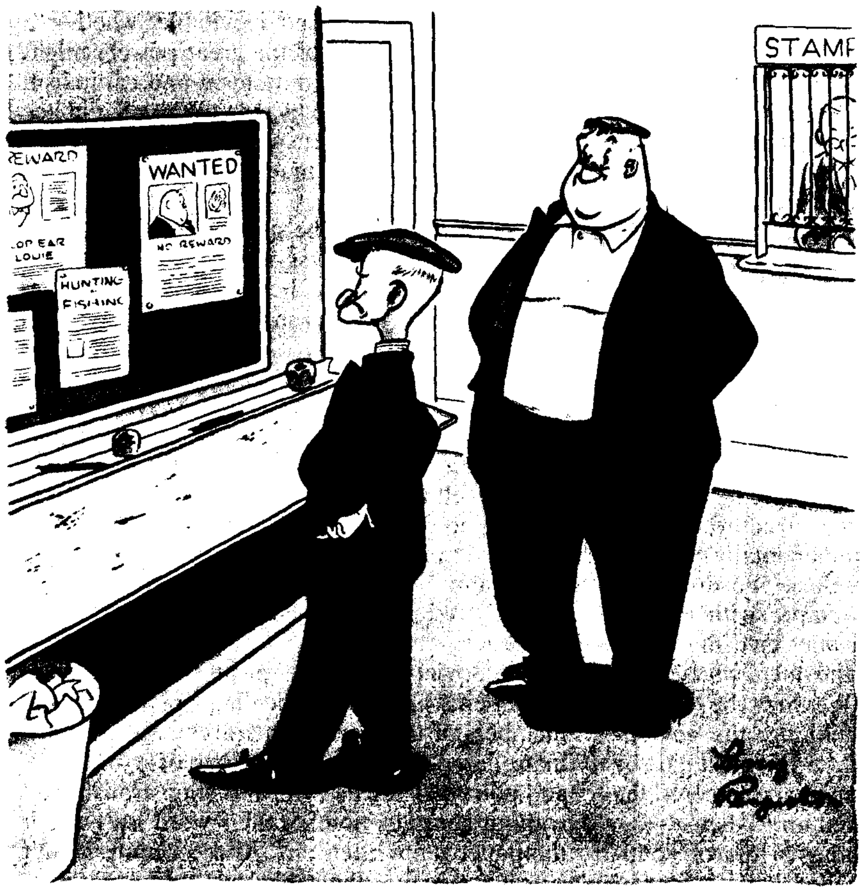

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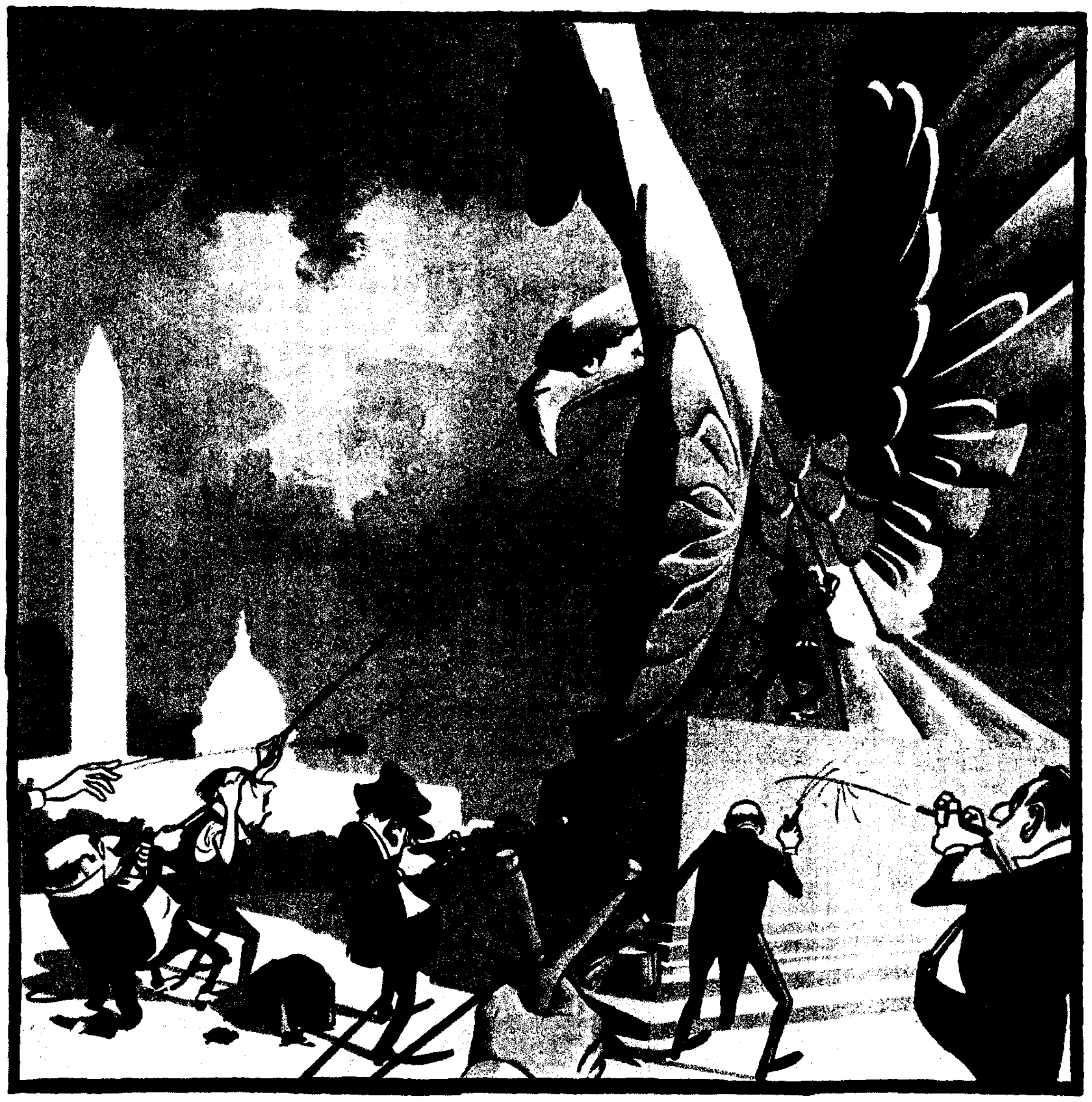

HARRY DEVLIN

The Campaign Issues

Our Strength Still Grows

A WOMAN READER wrote to this department the other day in a mood of considerable discouragement. She said she had addressed a few pertinent questions in letters to her two senators in Washington about their stand on some pending legislation. She received routine acknowledgments from the secretaries of both senators, but no answers. So she tried again.

The second time around one senator sent her another copy of his form-letter acknowledgment. The other didn't even bother to reply. She ended her letter with the sorrowful observation that she was beginning to have "very little faith in this government of ours."

We offered our sympathy in reply, and admitted that the behavior of some of our busy legislators can be rather trying. But we asked the lady, for the sake of her own peace of mind, not to confuse "this government of ours" with some of the people who are hired to help run it. We repeat that request here and now, because the confused and often opprobrious use of such words as "government" and "politician" is not uncommon—particularly in the year 1952.

A lot of worse things than the indifference of members of Congress toward their constituents have happened in the last five or six years in Washington and the outposts of the federal government. Big shots and petty bureaucrats, in dismaying numbers, have once again forgotten that government service is a public trust and not a license to plunder. Private citizens have once again chosen to ignore the fact that the services, funds and influence of the national government are not commodities to be bought and sold in undercover transactions.

The result is the current history of bribery, cheating, chiseling and stealing. No wonder that decent, honest citizens, in and out of government, are inclined to grow cynical.

But the great wonder—the great, abiding, hopeful wonder—is that the structure of our government has not been fundamentally changed or even weakened by the selfish and dishonest people who have tried to tamper with it from time to time. For this we may give thanks to the farsighted wisdom of the men who established that government. We may be equally grateful that, from the beginning, the government has been administered for the most part by men and women who cherished and fostered the heritage that has been handed on to them.

To anyone who feels today a loss of confidence in what is loosely called "government," we would suggest a rereading of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. The Declaration remains not only a noble and moving statement of lofty principles, but also an expression of workable and continuingly influential ideas. Its basic concept, once thought so revolutionary, now seems to the free world true and logical beyond any dispute.

And the Constitution, which brought into practical political being the concept of a nation of free and equal men, is a no less remarkable document. The country for which it established a government has grown in territory and population, in wealth and power, in social and economic complexity beyond the wildest imaginings of the men who wrote the Constitution. Yet in spite of that incredible expansion, the original blueprint has required only 22 alterations in more than 150 years to fit it to the lives and purposes of its citizens in this unpredictably changing world.

That, then, is "government." And it seems to us an important issue of this election year that American voters remember clearly that their government is not officeholders or office seekers or the present administration or any other administration. It is, ideally, as nearly perfect an instrument as was ever devised for the orderly living together of free people. And it is the duty of all of us—citizens, voters and members of the government—that we "mutually pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor" to see that the underlying ideal is preserved.

Why Play Stalin's Straight Man?

NOW THAT PREMIER STALIN has again given the usual answers to some familiar questions put to him by a group of American editors, we venture the weary hope that our native journalists will abandon the practice of remote-control "interviews" with the Soviet dictator. They're helping Communism. They're also getting more than a little tiresome.

For years now, American politicians, writers and what not have been asking Stalin whether world war was near and inevitable, whether a meeting of the heads of the great powers might be useful, whether Communism and capitalism can live peaceably side by side. When Stalin has deigned to reply, his answers have always been the same: no to the first question, yes to the other two.

These answers can be summed up by borrowing Mr. Truman's description of Presidential primaries—only here the description is accurate. They are "eyewash." They are contrary to the speeches and writings of Lenin, and of Stalin's home-consumption pronouncements. They meant nothing when Stalin gave them to such men as Wendell Willkie, Claude Pepper, Harold Stassen, Roy Howard and Elliott Roosevelt, as well as to sundry journalists. They mean nothing now. They simply serve as material for the Soviet propagandists, who use them to picture Stalin to the people of Europe and Asia as a kindly old grandpa who is honing and pining for peace.

The Soviet record of torn-up treaties, broken agreements and double-dealing proves that the members of the Kremlin hierarchy are consummate liars. They lie for reasons of expediency and policy. They lie cynically, monstrously and without compunction. Stalin's word isn't worth the paper it's written on. And certainly it isn't worth the cost of the cable tolls that Americans have paid to bring his hypocritical palaver to the world's attention.

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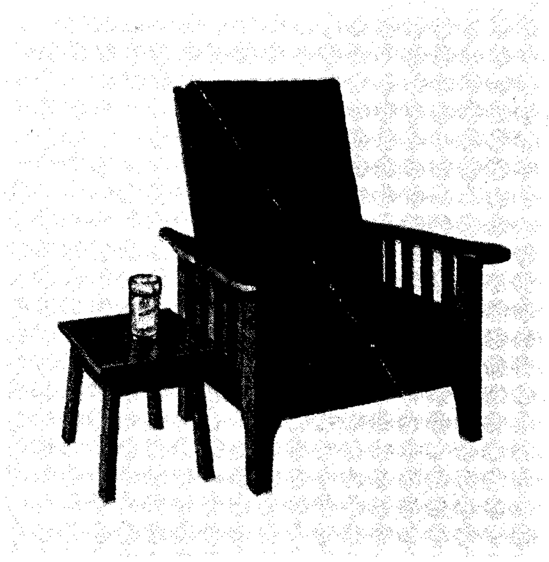

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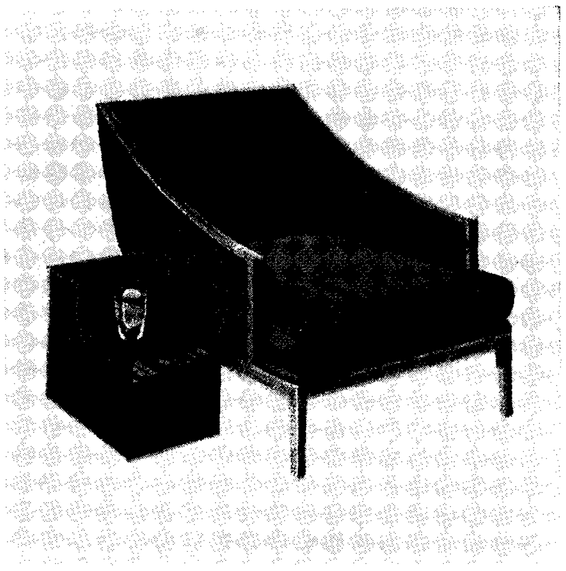

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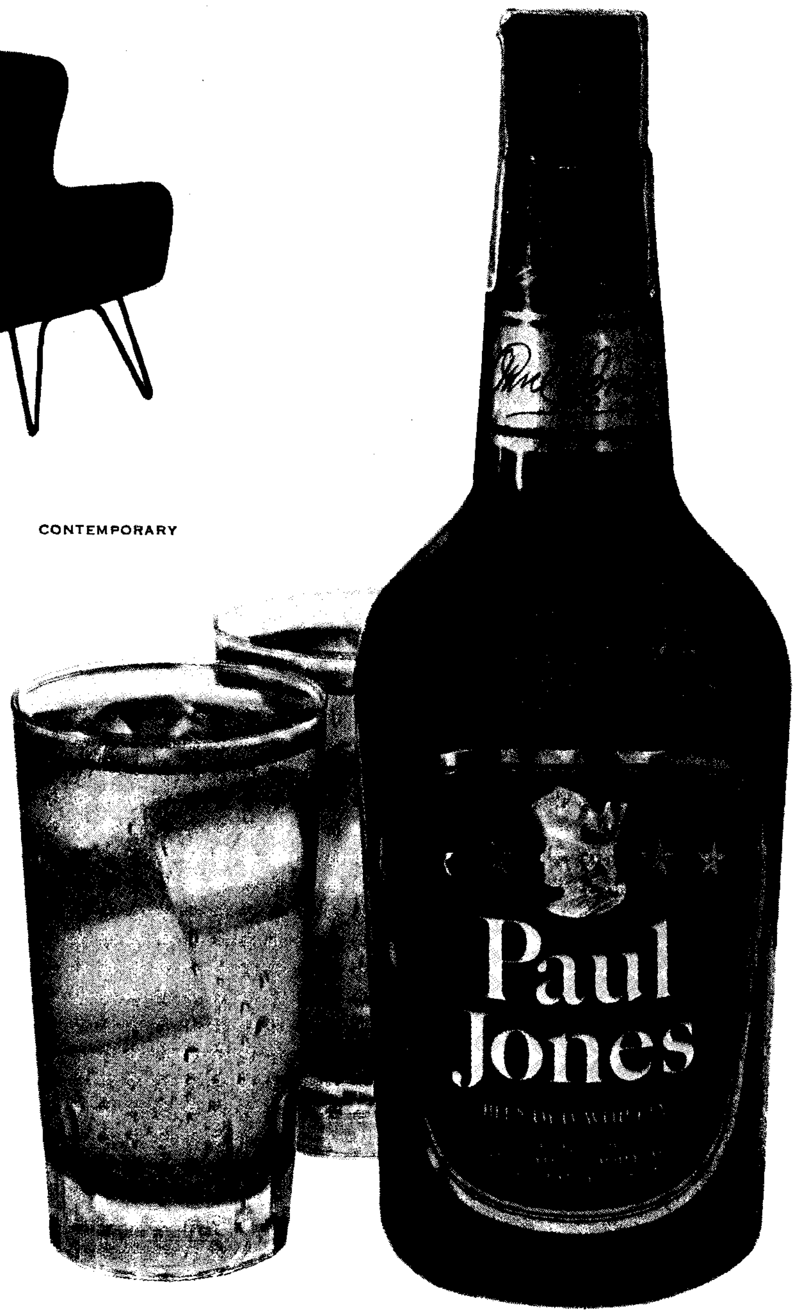

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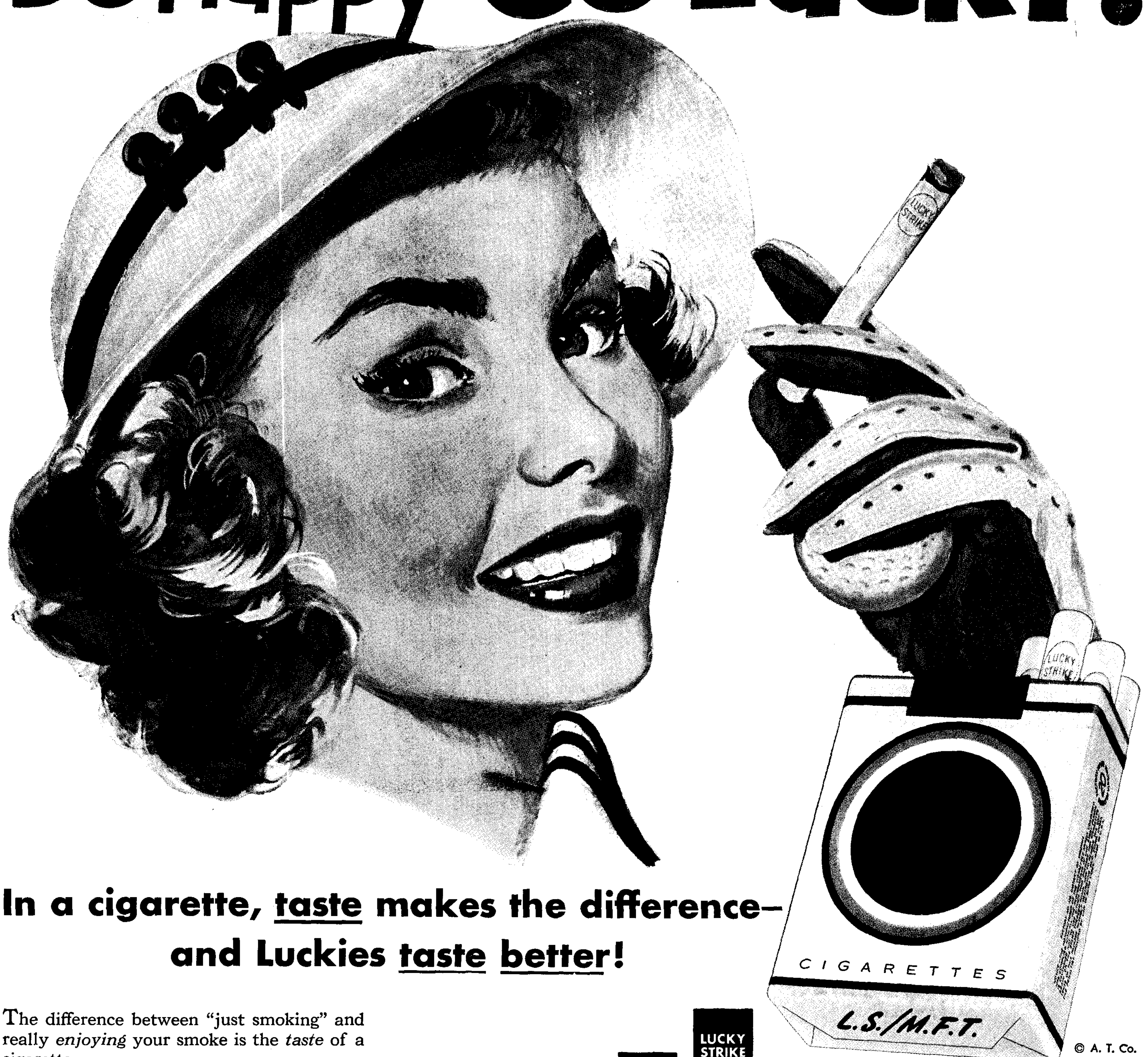

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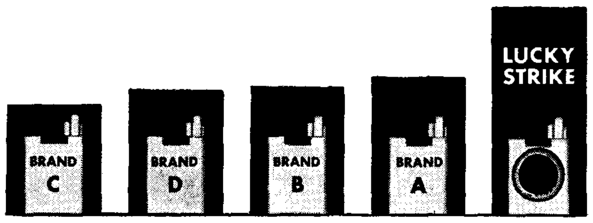

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